

J. Hamilton 1819
CAMILLA: 469

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OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA AND *CECILIA*.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

D U B L I N :

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1796.



CAMILLA;

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

CHAP. I.

The Pleadings of Pity.

TO oblige Mr. Tyrold, who had made the arrangement with Sir Hugh, Eugenia consented to dine and spend the day at Etherington, which she quitted at night in a temper of mind perfectly composed.

Camilla was deeply penetrated by the whole of this affair. The sufferings, so utterly unearned by fault or by folly, of a sister so dear to her, and the affecting fortitude which, so quickly upon her wounds, and at so early a period of life, she already began to display, made her blush at the dejection into which she was herself cast by every evil, and resolve to become in future more worthy of the father and the sister, who at this moment absorbed all her admiration.

Too reasonable, in such a frame of mind, to plan forgetting Mandlebert she now only determined to think of him as she had thought before her affections became entangled; to think of him, in short, as he

seemed himself to desire; to seek his friendly offices and advice, but to reject every offered establishment, and to live single for life.

Gratified by indulgent praise, and sustained by exerted virtue, the revived Eugenia had nearly reached Cleves, on her return, when the carriage was stopt by a gentleman on horseback, who, approaching the coach window, said, in a low voice, as if unwilling to be heard by the servants—"O, Madam! has Fate set aside her cruelty? and does Fortune permit me to live once more?"

She then recollected Mr. Bellamy: She had only her maid in the carriage, who was sent for her by Sir Hugh, Miss Margland being otherwise engaged.

All that had so lately passed upon her person and appearance being full upon her mind, she involuntarily shrunk back, hiding her face with her cloak.

Bellamy, by no means conceiving this mark of emotion to be unfavourable, steadied his horse, by leaning one hand on the coach-window, and said, in a yet lower voice—"O, Madam! is it possible you can hate me so barbarously?—will you not even deign to look at me, though I have so long been banished from your presence?"

Eugenia, during this speech, called to mind, that though new, in some measure, to herself, she was not so to this gentleman, and ventured to uncover her face; when the grief painted on the fine features of Bellamy, so forcibly touched her, that she softly answered—"No, Sir, indeed I do not hate you; I am incapable of such ingratitude; but I conjure—I beseech you to forget me!"

"Forget you?—O, Madam! you command an impossibility!—No, I am constancy itself, and not all the world united shall tear you from my heart!"

Jacob, who caught a word or two, now rode up to the other window, and as Eugenia began—"Conquer, Sir, I entreat you, this ill-fated partiality!"—told her the horses had been hard-worked, and must go home.

As Jacob was the oracle of Sir Hugh about his horses, his will was prescriptive law; Eugenia never disputed it,



it, and only saying,—"Think of me, Sir, no more!" bid the coachman drive on.

Bellamy, respectfully submitting, continued, with his hat in his hand, as the maid informed her mistress, looking after the carriage till it was out of sight.

A tender sorrow now stole upon the just revived tranquillity of the gentle and generous Eugenia. "Ah!" thought she, "I have rendered, little as I seem worthy of such a power, I have rendered this amiable man miserable, though possibly, and probably, he is the only man in existence whom I could render happy!—Ah! how may I dare expect from Clermont a similar passion?"

Molly Mill, a very young girl, and daughter of a poor tenant of Sir Hugh, interrupted these reflections from time to time, with remarks upon their object. "Dearee me, Miss," she cried, "what a fine gentleman that was!—he sighed like to split his heart when you said, don't think about me no more. He's some loveyer, like, I'm sure."

Eugenia returned home so much moved by this incident, that Sir Hugh, believing his brother himself had failed to revive her, was disturbed all anew with acute contrition for her disasters, and feeling very unwell, went to bed before supper time.

Eugenia retired also; and after spending the evening in soft compassion for Bellamy, and unfixed apprehensions and distaste for young Lynmere, was preparing to go to bed, when Molly Mill, out of breath with haste, brought her a letter.

She eagerly opened it, whilst enquiring whence it came.

"O, Miss, the fine gentleman—that same fine gentleman—brought it himself: and he sent for me out, and I did not know who I was to go to, for Mary only said a boy wanted me; but the boy said, I must come with him to the style; and when I come there, who should I see but the fine gentleman himself! And he gave me this letter, and he asked me to give it you—and see! look Miss! what I got for my trouble!"

She then exhibited a half-guinea.

CAMILLA.

"You have not done right, Molly, in accepting it. Money is bribery; and you should have known that the letter was improperly addressed, if bribery was requisite to make it be delivered."

"Dearee me, Miss, what's half-a-guinea to such a gentleman as that? I dare say he's got his pockets full of them!"

"I shall not read it, certainly," cried Eugenia, "now I know this circumstance. Give me the wax—I will seal it again."

She then hesitated whether she ought to return it, or shew it to her uncle, or commit it to the flames.

That to which she was most unwilling, appeared, to the strictness of her principles, to be most proper: she therefore determined that the next morning she would relate her evening's adventure, and deliver the unread letter to Sir Hugh.

Had this epistle not perplexed her, she had meant never to name its writer. Persuaded her last words had finally dismissed him, she thought it a high point of female delicacy never to publish an unsuccessful conquest.

This resolution taken, she went to bed, satisfied with herself, but extremely grieved at the sufferings she was preparing for one who so singularly loved her.

The next morning, however, her uncle did not rise to breakfast, and was so low spirited, that fearing to disturb him, she deemed it most prudent to defer the communication.

But when, after she had taken her lesson from Dr. Orkborne, she returned to her room, she found Molly Mill impatiently waiting for her: "O, Miss," she cried, "here's another letter for you! and you must read it directly, for the gentleman says if you don't it will be the death of him."

"Why did you receive another letter?" said Eugenia, displeased.

"Dearee me, Miss, how could I help it? if you'd seen the taking he was in, you'd have took it yourself. He was all of a quake, and ready to go down of his two knees. Dearee me, if it did not make my heart

go pit-pat to see him! He was like to go out of his mind, he said, and the tears, poor gentleman, were all in his eyes."

Eugenia now turned away, strongly affected by this description.

"Do, Miss," continued Molly, write him a little scrap, if its never so scratched and bad. He'll take it kinder than nothing. Do, Miss, do. Don't be ill-natured. And just read this little letter, do Miss, do;—it won't take you much time, you reads so nice and fast."

"Why," cried Eugenia, "did you go to him again? how could you so incautiously entrust yourself to the conduct of a strange boy?"

"A strange boy! dearee me, Miss, don't you know it was Tommy Hodd? I knows him will enough; I knows all the boys, I warrant me, round about here. Come, Miss, here's pen and ink; you'll run it off before one can count five, when you've a mind to it. He'll be in a sad taking till he sees me come back."

"Come back? is it possible you have been so imprudent as to have promised to see him again?"

"Dearee me, yes, Miss! he'd have made away with himself if I had not. He'd been there ever since six in the morning, without nothing to eat or drink, a riding up and down the road, till he could see me coming to the stile. And he says he'll keep a riding there all day long, and all night too, till I goes to him."

Eugenia conceived herself now in a situation of unexampled distress. She forced Molly Mill to leave her, that she might deliberate what course to pursue.

Having read no novels, her imagination had never been awakened to scenes of this kind; and what she had gathered upon such subjects in the poetry and history she had studied with Dr. Orkborne, had only impressed her fancy in proportion as love bore the character of heroism, and the lover that of an hero. Though highly therefore romantic, her romance was not the common adoption of a circulating library: it was simply

ply that of elevated sentiments, formed by animated credulity playing upon youthful inexperience.

"Alas!" cried she, "what a conflict is mine! I must refuse a man who adores me to distraction, in disregard of my unhappy defects, to cast myself under the guidance of one, who perhaps, may estimate beauty so highly as to despise me for its want!"

This idea pleaded so powerfully for Bellamy, that something like a wish to open his letters, obtained pardon to her little maid for having brought them. She suppressed, however, the desire, though she held them alternately to her eyes, conjecturing their contents, and bewailing for their impassioned writer the cruel answer they must receive.

Though checked by shame, she had some desire to consult Camilla; but she could not see her in time, Mrs. Arlbery having insisted upon carrying her in the evening to a play, which was to be performed, for one night only, by a company of passing strollers at Northwick.

"My decision," she cried, "must be my own, and must be immediate. Ah! how leave a man such as this, to wander night and day neglected and uncertain of his fate! With tears he sent me his letters!—what must not have been his despair when such was his sensibility? tears in a man!—tears, too, that could not be restrained even till his messenger was out of sight!—how touching!—"

Her own then fell, in tender commiseration, and it was with extreme repugnance she compelled herself to take such measures as she thought her duty required. She sealed the two letters in an empty cover, and having directed them to Mr. Bellamy, summoned Molly Mill, and told her to convey them to the gentleman, and positively acquaint him she must receive no more, and that those which were returned had never been read. She bid her, however, add, that she should always wish for his happiness, and be grateful for his kind partiality; though she earnestly conjured him to vanquish a regard which she did not deserve, and must never return.

Molly

Molly Mill would fain have remonstrated; but Eugenia, with that firmness which, even in the first youth, accompanies a consciousness of preferring duty to inclination, silenced, and sent her off.

Relieved for herself, now the struggle was over, she secretly rejoiced that it was not for Melmond she had so hard a part to act: and this idea, while it rendered Bellamy less an object of regret, diminished also something of her pity for his conflict, by reminding her of the success which had attended her own similar exertions.

But when Molly returned, her distress was renewed: she brought her these words, written with a pencil upon the back of her own cover:

“I do not dare, cruellest of your sex, to write you another letter; but if you would save me from the abyss of destruction, you will let me hear my final doom from your own mouth. I ask nothing more! Ah! walk but one moment in the park, near the pales; deny not your miserable adorer this last single request, and he will fly this fatal climate which has swallowed up his repose for ever! But, till then, here he will stay, and never quit the spot whence he sends you these lines, till you have deigned to pronounce verbally his doom, though he should famish for want of food!

ALPHONSO BELLAMY.”

Eugenia read this with horror and compassion. She imagined he perhaps thought her confined, and would therefore believe no answer that did not issue immediately from her own lip. She sent Molly to him again with the same message; but Molly returned with a yet worse account of his desperation, and a strong assurance, that if she would only utter to him a single word, he would obey, depart, and live upon it the rest of his life.

This completely softened her. Rather than imperiously suffer such a pattern of respectful constancy to perish, she consented to speak her own negative. But fearing she might be moved to some sympathy by his grief,

grief, she resolved to be accompanied by Camilla, and deferred, therefore the interview till the next day.

Molly brought back his humble acknowledgments for this concession, and an account that, at last, slowly and sadly he had ridden away.

Her feelings were now better satisfied than her understanding. She feared what she had granted was a favour; yet her heart was too tender to reproach a compliance made upon such conditions, and to prevent such evils.

C H A P. II.

The disastrous Buskins.

CAMILLA, though her personal sorrows were blunted by the view of the calamities and resignation of her sister, was so little disposed for amusement, that she had accepted the invitation of Mrs. Arlbery, only from wanting spirit to resist its urgency. Mr. Tyrold was well pleased that such a recreation came in her way, but desired Lavinia might be of the party: not only that she might partake of the same pleasure, but from a greater security in her prudence, than in that of her naturally thoughtless sister.

The town of Etherington afforded no theatre; and the room fitted up for the night's performance could contain but two boxes, one of which was secured for Mrs. Arlbery and her friends.

The attentive Major was ready to offer his hand to Camilla upon her arrival. The rest of the officers were in the box.

The play was Othello; and so miserably represented, that Lavinia would willingly have retired after the first

first scene : but the native spirits of Camilla revisited her in the view of the ludicrous personages of the drama. And they were soon joined by Sir Sedley Clarendel, whose quaint conceits and remarks assisted the risibility of the scene. She thought him the least comprehensible person she had ever known ; but he was totally indifferent to her, his oddity entertained without tormenting her.

The actors were of the lowest strolling kind, and so utterly without merit, that they had never yet met with sufficient encouragement to remain one week in the same place. They had only a single scene for the whole performance, which depicted a camp, and which here served for a street, a senate, a city, a castle, and a bed-chamber.

The dresses were almost equally parsimonious, every one being obliged to take what would fit him, from a wardrobe that did not allow quite two dresses a person for all the plays they had to enact. Othello, therefore, was equipped as king Richard the third, save that instead of a regal front he had a black wig, to imitate wool : while his face had been begrimed with a smoked cork.

Iago wore a suit of cloaths originally made for Lord Foppington : Brabantio had borrowed the armour of Hamlet's Ghost : Cassio, the Lieutenant General in the christian army, had only been able to equip himself in Osmyn's Turkish vest ; and Roderigo, accoutred in the garment of Shylock, came forth a complete Jew.

Desdemona, attired more suitably to her fate than to her expectations, went through the whole of her part, except the last scene, in the false weeds of Isabella. And Amelia was fain to content herself with the habit of the first witch in Macbeth.

The gestures, both of the gentlemen and ladies, were as outrageous as if meant rather to intimidate the audience, than to shew their own animation ; and the men approached each other so closely with arms a-kimbo, or double fists, that Sir Sedley, with pretended alarm, said they were giving challenges for a boxing match.

The ladies also, in the energy of their desire not be eclipsed, took so much exercise in their action, that they tore out the sleeves of their gowns; which, though pinned up every time they left the stage, completely exposed their shoulders at the end of every act; and they raised their arms so high while facing each other, that Sir Sedley expressed frequent fears they meant to finish by pulling caps.

So imperfect were they also in their parts, that the prompter was the only person from whom any single speech passed without a blunder.

Iago, who was the master of the troop, was the sole performer who spoke not with a provincial dialect: the rest all betrayed their birth and parentage the first line they uttered.

Cassio proclaimed himself from Norfolk:

The Deuk dew greet yew, General,

Being not at yew're lodging to be feund - - -

The senate sent above tree several quests, &c.

Othello himself proved a true Londoner; and with his famed soldier-like eloquence in the senate-scene, thus began his celebrated defence.

Most potent, grawe, and rewerend Seignors,
My wery noble and approwed good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's darter—
I vill a round, unwarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; vhat drugs, vhat
charms,

Vhat conjuration, and vhat mighty magic
I von his darter vith —

Her father lov'd me, oft inwited me —

— My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,
She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas vondrous pitiful;

She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd

That Heaven had made her such a man. —

This only is the vitchraft I have us'd;

Here comes the lady, let her vitnesh it.

This

This happily making the gentle Desdemona recognised, notwithstanding her appearance was so little bridal, her Somersetshire father cried :

I pray you her 'ur zpeak.
If a confez that a waz half the woer
Deztruction on my head, if my bead bleame
Light o' the mon !

His daughter, in the Worcestershire pronunciation, answered :

Noble father,
Hi do perceive ere a divided duty;
To you hi howe my life hand heducation,
My life hand heducation both do teach me
Ow to respect you. You're the lord hof duty;
Hi'm itherto your daughter: but ere's my uf-
band ! ———

The fond Othello then exclaimed :

Your voices, lords ! beseech you let her vill
Have a free vay ! ———

And Brabantio took leave with

Look to'ur, Moor ! if th' azt eyez to zee ;
A haz deceiv'd 'ur veather, and may thee.—

They were detained so long between the first and second act, that Sir Sedley said he feared poor Desdemona had lost the thread-paper from which she was to mend her gown, and recommended to the two young ladies to have the charity to go and assist her. "Consider," he said, "the trepidation of a fair bride but just entered into her shackles. Who knows but Othello may be giving her a strapping, in private, for wearing out her cloaths so fast ! you young ladies think nothing of these little conjugal freedoms."

Mrs. Arlbery, though for some time she had been as well diverted by the play as Camilla, less new to such exhibitions, was soon tired of the sameness of the blunders, and, at the end of the fourth act, proposed retiring. But Camilla, who had long not felt so much entertained,

tertained, looked so disappointed, that her good humour overcame her fatigue, and she was insisting upon staying; when a gentleman, who visited them from the opposite box, proposed that the young ladies should be carried home by his mother, a lady who lived at Etherington, and was acquainted at the rectory, and who intended to stay out not only the play but the farce. Lavinia consented; the son went with the proposition, and business was soon arranged. Mrs. Arlbery, who had three miles to go beyond the parsonage-house, and who, though she delighted to oblige, was but little in the habit of practising self-denial, then consigned the young ladies to General Kinsale, to be conducted to the opposite box, and was handed by Colonel Handover to her coach.

The General guarded the eldest sister; the Major took care of Camilla: but they were all stopt in their passage by the sudden seizure of a pickpocket, and forced hastily back to the box they had quitted.

This commotion, though it had disturbed all the audience, had not stopt the performance; and Desdemona being just now discovered in bed, Camilla, not to lose the interesting scene, persuaded her sister to wait till the play was over, before they attempted again to cross to the opposite box; into which, in a few minutes after, she saw Mandlebert enter.

They had both already seated themselves as much out of sight as possible; and Camilla now began to regret she had not accompanied Mrs. Arlbery. She had thought only of the play and its entertainment, till the sight of Mandlebert told her that her situation was improper: and the idea only occurred to her by considering that it would occur to him.

Mandlebert had dined out with a party of men, and had stept in to see what was going forwards, without any knowledge whom he should meet: he instantly discerned Lavinia, and felt anxious to know why Camilla was not with her, and why she sat so much out of sight: but Camilla so completely hid herself, he could only see there was a female, whom he concluded to be
some

some Etherington lady; and he determined to make further enquiry when the act should be over.

The performance now became so truly ludicrous, that Camilla, notwithstanding all her uneasiness, was excited to almost perpetual laughter.

Desdemona, either from the effects of a bad cold, or to give more of nature to her repose, breathed so hard, as to raise a general laugh in the audience; Sir Sedley, stopping his ears, exclaimed, "O! if she snores I shall plead for her no more, if she tear her gown to tatters! Suffocation is much too lenient for her. She's an immense horrid personage! nasal to alarm!"

Othello then entered, with a tallow candle in his hand, staring and dropping grease at every step; and, having just declared he would not

Scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

perceived a thief in the candle, which made it run down so fast over his hand, and the sleeves of his coat, that, the moment not being yet arrived for extinguishing it, he was forced to lay down his sword, and, for want of better means, snuff it with his fingers.

Sir Sedley now protested himself completely disordered: "I must be gone," cried he, "incontinently; this exceeds resistance: I shan't be alive in another minute. Are you able to form a notion of any thing more annihilating? If I did not build upon the pleasure of seeing him stop up those distressing nostrils of the gentle Desdemona, I could not breathe here another instant."

But just after, while Othello leant over the bed to say—

"When I've pluck'd the rose
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither"—

his black locks caught fire.

The candle now fell from his hand; and he attempted to pull off his wig; but it had been tied close on, to appear more natural, and his fright disabled him; he
therefore

therefore flung himself upon the bed, and rolled the coverlid over his head.

Desdemona, excessively frightened, started up, and jumped out, shrieking aloud—"O Lord! I shall be burnt!"

This noble Venetian Dame then exhibited, beneath an old white satin bed gown, made to cover her arms and breast, the dress in which she had equipped herself, between the acts, to be ready for trampling home; namely, a dirty red and white linen gown, an old blue stuff quilted coat, and black shoes and stockings.

In this pitiable condition, she was running, screaming, off the stage, when Othello, having quenched the fire, unconscious that half his curls had fallen a sacrifice to the flames, hastily pursued her, and, in a violent passion, called her a fool, and brought her back to the bed; in which he assisted her to compose herself, and then went behind the scenes to light his candle; which having done, he gravely returned, and, very carefully putting it down, renewed his part with the line.

"Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee. And love thee after—"

Amidst roars of laughter from the whole audience, who, when he kissed her, almost with one voice called out—"Ay ay, that's right—kiss and friends!"

And when he said—

"I must weep"—

"So must I too, my good friend," cried Sir Sedley, wiping his eyes, "for never yet did sorrow cost me more salt rheum! Poor Blacky! thou hast been most indissolubly comic, I confess. Thou hast unstrung me to a degree. A baby of half an hour might demolish me."

And again, when Othello exclaimed—

"She wakes!"

"The deuce she does?" cried Sir Sedley, "what! has she been asleep again already? She's a very caricatura of Morpheus. Ay, do thy worst, honest Mungo. I can't

can't possibly beg her off. I would sooner snuff thy farthing candle once a day, than sustain that nasal cadence ever more."

"He's the finest fellow upon the face of the earth," cried Mr. Macdersey, who had listened to the whole play with the most serious interest; "the instant he suspects his wife, he cuts her off without ceremony; though she's dearer to him than his eye sight, and beautiful as an angel. How I envy him!"

"Don't you think 'twould have been as well," said General Kinsale, "if he'd first made some little enquiry?"

"He can do that afterwards, General; and then nobody will dare surmise it's out of weakness. For to be sure and certain, he ought to right her fame; that's no more than his duty, after once he has satisfied his own. But a man's honour is dearest to him of all things. A wife's a bauble to it—not worth a thought."

The suffocating was now beginning; but just as Desdemona begged to be spared—

"But al! han our"—

the door-keeper forced his way into the pit, and called out—"Pray, is one Miss Tyrold here in the play-house?"

The sisters, in much amazement hung back, entreating the Gentlemen to screen them; and the man, receiving no answer, went away.

While wondering what this could mean, the play was finished, when one of the comedians, a brother of the Worcestershire Desdemona, came to the pit door, calling out—"Hi'm desired to hask his Miss Camilla Tyrold's hany way ere hin the ouse, for hi'm hordered to call er hout, for her Huncle's hill and dying."

A piercing shriek from Camilla now completed the interruption of all attention to the performance, and betrayed her hiding place. Concealment, indeed, was banished her thoughts, and she would herself have opened the box door to rush out, had not the Major anticipated her, seizing, at the same time, her hand to conduct her through the crowd.

C H A P. III.

Three Golden Maxims.

LAVINIA, almost equally terrified, followed her sister; and Sir Sedley, burying all foppery in compassion and good nature, was foremost to accompany and assist. Camilla had no thought but to get instantly to Cleves; she considered not how; she only forced herself rapidly on, persuaded she could walk it in ten minutes, and ejaculating incessantly, "My Uncle!—my dear Uncle!"—

They almost instantly encountered Edgar, who, upon the fatal call, had darted round to meet them, and finding each provided with an attendant, inquired whose carriage he should seek?

Camilla, in a broken voice, answered she had no carriage, and should walk.

"Walk?" he repeated; you are near five miles from Cleves!"

Scarce in her senses, she hurried on without reply.

"What carriage did you come in, Miss Tyrold?" said Edgar to Lavinia.

"We came with Mrs. Albery."

"Mrs. Arlbery?—she has been gone this half hour; I met her as I entered."

Camilla had now rushed out of doors, still handed by the Major.

"If you have no carriage in waiting," said Edgar, "make use, I beseech, you, of mine!"

"O, gladly! O, thankfully!" cried Camilla, almost sobbing out her words.

He flew then to call for his chaise, and the door keeper, for whom Sir Sedley had inquired, came to them accompanied by Jacob.

"O, Jacob!" she cried, breaking violently from the Major,

Major, "tell me!—tell me!—my Uncle!—my dearest Uncle!"

Jacob, in a tone of deep and unfeigned sorrow, said, his Master had been seized suddenly with the gout in his stomach, and that the doctor, who had been instantly fetched, had owned there was little hope.

She could hear no more; the shock overpowered her, and she sunk nearly senseless into the arms of her sister.

She was recovered, however, almost in a minute, and carried by Edgar into his chaise, in which he placed her between himself and the weeping Lavinia; hastily telling the two gentlemen, that his intimate connection with the family authorized his assisting and attending them at such a period.

This was too well known to be disputed; and Sir Sedley and the Major, with great concern, uttered their good wishes and retreated.

Jacob had already been for Mr. Tyrold, who had set off instantaneously on horseback.

Camilla spoke not a word the first mile, which was spent in an hysterical sobbing: but, recovering a little afterwards, and sinking on the shoulder of her sister, "O, Lavinia!" she cried, "should we lose my Uncle——"

A shower of tears wetted the neck of Lavinia, who mingled with them her own, though less violently, from having less connection with Sir Hugh, and a sensibility less ungovernable.

She called herself upon the postillion to drive faster, and pressed Edgar continually to hurry him; but though he gave every charge she could desire, so much swifter were her wishes than any possible speed, that twenty times she entreated to get out, believing she could walk quicker than the horses galloped.

When they arrived at the park gate, she was with difficulty held back from opening the chaise door; and when, at length, they stopt at the house porch, she could not wait for the step, and before Edgar could either precede or prevent her, threw herself into the arms of Jacob,

cob, who having just dismounted, was fortunately at hand to save her from falling.

She stooped not to ask any question; "My Uncle!—my Uncle!" she cried, impetuously, and, rushing past all she met, was in his room in a moment.

Edgar, though he could not obstruct, followed her close, dreading lest Sir Hugh might already be no more, and determined, in that case, to force her from the fatal spot.

Eugenia, who heard her footstep, received her at the door, but took her immediately from the room, softly whispering, while her arms were thrown round her waist—"He will live! he will live, my sister! his agonies are over—he is fallen asleep, and he will live!"

This was too sudden a joy for the desponding Camilla, whose breath instantly stopped, and who must have fallen upon the floor, had she not been caught by Edgar; who, though his own eyes copiously overflowed with delight, at such unexpected good news of the universally beloved Baronet, had strength and exertion sufficient to carry her down stairs into the parlour, accompanied by Eugenia.

There, hartshorn and water presently revived her, and then, regardless of the presence of Edgar, she cast herself upon her knees, to utter a fervent thanksgiving, in which Eugenia, with equal piety, though more composure, joined.

Edgar had never yet beheld her in a light so resplendent—What a heart, thought he, is here! what feelings, what tenderness, what animation!—O, what a heart!—were it possible to touch it!"

The two sisters went both gently up stairs, encouraging and congratulating each other in soft whispers, and stationed themselves in an anti-room: Mr. Tyrold, by medical counsel, giving directions that no one but himself should enter the sick chamber.

Edgar, though he only saw the domestics, could not persuade himself to leave the house till near two o'clock in the morning: and by six, his anxiety brought him thither again. He then heard, that the Baronet had passed a night of more pain than danger, the gout having
ing

ing been expelled his stomach, though it had been threatening almost every other part.

Three days and nights passed in this manner; during which, Edgar saw so much of the tender affections, and softer character of Camilla, that nothing could have withheld him from manifesting his entire sympathy in her feelings, but the unaccountable circumstance of her starting forth from a back seat at the play, where she had sat concealed, attended by the Major, and without any matron protectress.

Miss Margland, meanwhile, scowled at him, and Indiana pouted in vain. His earnest solicitude for Sir Hugh surmounted every such obstacle to his present visits at Cleves; and he spent there almost the whole of his time.

On the fourth day of the attack, Sir Hugh had a sleep of five hour's continuance, from which he awoke so much revived, that he raised himself in his bed, and called out—"My dear Brother! you are still here?—you are very good to me, indeed; poor sinner that I am! to forgive me for all my bad behaviour to your Children."

"My dearest Brother! my Children, like myself, owe you nothing but kindness and beneficence; and like myself, feel for you nothing but gratitude and tenderness."

"They are very good, very good indeed," said Sir Hugh, with a deep sigh; "but Eugenia!—poor little Eugenia has nearly been the death of me; though not meaning it in the least, being all her life as innocent as a lamb."

Mr. Tyrold assured him, that Eugenia was attached to him with the most unalterable fondness. But Sir Hugh said, that the sight of her, returning from Etherington, with nearly the same sadness as ever, had wounded him to the heart, by shewing him she would never recover; which had brought back upon him all his first contrition, about the small-pox, and the fall from the plank, and had caused his conscience to give him so many twitches, that it never let him rest a moment, till the
gout

gout seized upon his stomach, and almost took him off at once.

Mr. Tyrold attributed solely to his own strong imagination the idea of the continuance of the dejection of Eugenia, as she had left Etherington calm, and almost chearful. He instantly, therefore, fetched her, intimating the species of consolation she could afford,

"Kindest of Uncles!" cried she, "is it possible you can ever, for a moment, have doubted the grateful affection with which your goodness has impressed me from my childhood? Do me more justice, I beseech you, my dearest Uncle! recover from this terrible attack, and you shall soon see your Eugenia restored to all the happiness you can wish her."

"Nobody has got such kind nieces as me!" cried Sir Hugh, again dissolving into tenderness; "for all nobody has deserved so ill of them. My generous little Camilla, forgave me from the very first, before her young soul had any guile in it, which, God knows, it never has had to this hour, no more than your own. However, this I can tell you, which may serve to keep you from repenting being good, and that is, that your kindness to your poor Uncle may be the means of saving a christian's life; which, for a young person at your age, is as much as can be expected: for I think, I may yet get about again, if I could once be assured I should see you as happy as you used to be; and you've been the contentedest little thing, till those unlucky market-women, that ever was seen: always speaking up for the servants, and the poor, from the time you were eight years old. And never letting me be angry, but taking every body's part, and thinking them all as good as yourself, and only wanting to make them as happy."

"Ah, my dear Uncle! how kind a memory is your's! retaining only what can give pleasure, and burying in oblivion whatever might cause pain!—"

"Is my Uncle well enough to speak?" cried Camilla, softly opening the door, "and may I—for one single moment,—see him?"----

"That's the voice of my dear Camilla!" said Sir Hugh;

Hugh; "come in, my little love for I sha'n't shock your tender heart now, for I'm going to get better."

Camilla, in an extacy, was instantly at his bed-side, passionately exclaiming, "My dear, dear Uncle! will you indeed recover?—"

Sir Hugh, throwing his feeble arms round her neck, and leaning his head upon her shoulder, could only faintly articulate, "If God pleases, I shall, my little darling, my heart's delight and joy! But don't vex, whether I do or not, for it is but in the course of nature for a man to die, even in his youth; but how much more when he comes to be old? Though I know you can't help missing me, in particular at the first, because of all your goodness to me

"Missing you? O my Uncle! we can never be happy again without you! never never!—when your loved countenance no longer smiles upon us,—when your kind voice no longer assembles us around you!—"

"My dear child—my own little Camilla," cried Sir Hugh, in a faint voice, "I am ready to die!"

Mr. Tyrold here forced her away, and his brother grew so much worse, that a dangerous relapse took place, and for three days more, the physician, the nurse, and Mr. Tyrold, were alone allowed to enter his room.

During this time, the whole family suffered the truest grief, and Camilla was inconsolable.

When again he began to revive, he called Mr. Tyrold to him, and said that this second shake persuaded him he had but a short time more for this world; and begged therefore he would prepare him for his exit.

Mr. Tyrold complied, and found, with more happiness than surprise, his perfect and chearful resignation either to live or to die, rejoicing as much as himself, in the innocent benevolence of his past days.

Composed and strengthened by religious duties, he then desired to see Eugenia and Indiana, that he might give them his last exhortations and counsel, in case of a speedy end.

Mr. Tyrold would fain have spared him this touching exertion, but he declared he could not go off with a clear conscience, unless he told them the advice which
he

he had been thinking of for them, between whiles, during all his illness.

Mr. Tyrold then feared that opposition might but discompose him, and summoned his youngest daughter and his niece, charging them both to repress their affliction, lest it should accelerate what they mostly dreaded.

Camilla, always upon the watch, glided in with them, supplicating her Father not to deny her admittance; though fearful of her impetuous sorrows, he wished her to retreat; but Sir Hugh no sooner heard her murmuring voice, than he declared he would have her refused nothing, though he had meant to take a particular leave of her alone, for the last thing of all.

Gratefully thanking him, she advanced trembling to his bed-side; solemnly promising her Father that no expression of her grief should again risk agitating a life and health so precious.

Sir Hugh then desired to have Lavinia called also, because, though he had thought of nothing to say to her, she might be hurt, after he was gone, in being left out.

He was then raised by pillows and sat upright, and they knelt round his bed. Mr. Tyrold entreated him to be concise, and insisted upon the extremest forbearance and fortitude in his little audience. He seated himself at some distance, and Sir Hugh, after swallowing a cordial medicine, began:

"My dear Nieces, I have sent for you all upon a particular account, which I beg you to listen to, because, God only knows whether I may ever be able to give you so much advice again. I see you all look very melancholy, which I take very kind of you. However don't cry, my little dears, for we must all go off, so it matters but little the day or the hour; dying being, besides, the greatest comfort of us all, taking us off from our cares; as my Brother will explain to you better than me.

"The chief of what I have got to say, in regard to what I have been studying in my illness, is for you two, my dear Eugenia and Indiana; because, having brought
you

you both up, I can't get it out of my head what you'll do, when I am no longer here to keep you out of the danger of bad designers.

" My hope had been to have seen you both married while I was alive and amongst you, and I made as many plans as my poor head knew how, to bring it about; but we've all been disappointed alike, for which reason we must put up with it properly.

" What I have now left of all, to say to you, my little dears, is three maxims, which may serve for you all four alike, though I thought of them, at first, only for you too.

" In the first place, *Never be proud*: if you are, your superiors will laugh at you, your equals won't love you, and your dependants will hate you. And what is there for poor mortal man to be proud of?—Riches! — — — why they are but a charge, and if we don't use them well, we may envy the poor beggar that has so much less to answer for.—Beauty? — — — why, we can neither get it when we have n't it; nor keep it when we have it.—Power! — — — why we scarce ever use it one way, but what we are sorry we did not use it another!

" In the second place, *Never trust a Flatterer*. If a man makes you a great many compliments, always suspect him of some bad design, and never believe him your friend, till he tells you of some of your faults. Poor little things! you little imagine how many you have, for all you're so good!

" In the third place, *Do no harm to others, for the sake of any good it may do to yourselves*; because the good will last you but a little while; and the repentance will stick by you as long as you live; and what is worse, a great while longer, and beyond any count the best Almanack-maker knows how to reckon.

" And now, my dear Nieces, this is all; except the recommending to my dear Eugenia to be kind to my poor servants, who have all used me so well, knowing I have nothing to leave them.

Eugenia, suppressing her sobs, promised to retain them all, as long as they should desire to remain with her, and to provide for them afterwards.

" I know

"I know you'll forget nobody, my dear little girl," cried the Baronet, "which makes me die contented; not even Mrs. Margland, a little particularity not being to be considered at one's last end: and much less Dr. Orkborne, who has so much a better right from you. As to Indiana, she'll have her own little fortune when she comes of age; and I dare say her pretty face will marry her before long.—And as to Clermont, he'll come off rather short, finding I leave him nothing; but you'll make up for the deficiency, by giving him the whole, as well as a good wife. As to Lionel, I leave him my blessing; and as to any other legacy I never happened to promise him any; which is very good luck for me, as well as my best excuse; and I may say the same to my dear Lavinia, which is the reason I called her in, because she may not often have an opportunity to hear a man speak upon his death-bed. However all I wish for is, that I could leave you all equal shares, as well as give Eugenia the whole."

"O my dear Uncle!" exclaimed Eugenia, "make a new Will immediately! do every thing your tenderness can dictate!—or tell me what I shall do in your name, and every word, every wish shall be sacredly obeyed!"

"Dear, generous, noble girl! no! I won't take from you a shilling! keep it all—nobody will spend it so well;—and I can't give you back your beauty; so keep it, my dear, all, for my oath's sake, when I am gone; and don't make me die under a prevaricating; which would be but a grievous thing for a person to do; unless he was but a bad believer: which, God help us! there are enough, without my helping to make more."

Mr. Tyrold now again remonstrated, motioning to the weeping group to be gone.

"Ah! my dear Brother!" said Sir Hugh, "you are the only right person that ought to have had it all, if it had not been for my poor weak brain, that made me always be looking askew, instead of strait forward. And indeed I always meant you to have had it for your life, till the small pox put all things out of my head.

However,

However, I hope you won't object to preach my funeral sermon, for all my bad faults, for nobody else will speak of me so kindly; which may serve as a better lesson for those I leave behind."

Tears flowed fast down the cheeks of Mr. Tyrold, as he uttered whatever he could suggest most tenderly soothing to his Brother: and the young mourners, not daring to resist, were all gliding away, except Camilla, whose hand was fast grasped in that of her Uncle.

"Ah, my Camilla," cried he, as she would gently have withdrawn it, "how shall I part with my little dear darling? this is the worst twitch to me of all, with all my contentedness! And the more because I know you love your poor old Uncle, just as well as if he had left you all he was worth, though you won't get one penny by his death!"

"O my dear, dearest Uncle—" exclaimed Camilla, in a passionate flood of tears; when Mr. Tyrold, assuring them both the consequences might be fatal, tore her away from the bed and the room.

CHAP. IV.

A Pursuer.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fears so justly excited from the mixt emotions and exertions of Sir Hugh, Mr. Tyrold had the happiness to see him fall into a tranquil sleep, from which he awoke without any return of pain; his night was quiet; the next day was still better; and the day following he was pronounced out of danger.

The rapture which this declaration excited in the house, and diffused throughout the neighbourhood,

when communicated to the worthy baronet, gave a gladness to his heart that recompensed all he had suffered.

The delight of Camilla exceeded whatever she had yet experienced: her life had lost half its value in her estimation, while she believed that of her uncle to be in danger.

No one single quality is perhaps so endearing, from man to man, as good-nature. Talents excite more admiration; wisdom, more respect; and virtue, more esteem; but with admiration envy is apt to mingle, and fear with respect; while esteem, though always honourable, is often cold; but good-nature gives pleasure without any alloy; ease, confidence, and happy carelessness, without the pain of obligation, without the exertion of gratitude.

If joy was in some more tumultuous, content was with none so penetrating as with Eugenia. Apprised now that she had been the immediate cause of the sufferings of her uncle, his loss would have given to her peace a blow irrecoverable; and she determined to bend the whole of her thoughts to his wishes, his comfort, his entire restoration.

To this end all her virtue was called in aid; a fear, next to aversion, having seized her of Clermont, from the apprehension she might never inspire in him such love as she had inspired in Bellamy, nor see in him, as in young Melmond, such merit as might raise similar sentiments for himself.

Molly Mill had not failed to paint to her the disappointment of Bellamy in not seeing her; but she was too much engrossed by the dangerous state of her uncle, to feel any compunction in her breach of promise; though touched with the account of his continual sufferings, she became very gentle in her reprimands to Molly for again meeting him; and, though Molly again disobeyed, she again was pardoned. He came daily to the lane behind the park pales, to hear news of the health of Sir Hugh, without pressing either for an interview or a letter; and Eugenia grew more and more moved by his respectful obsequiousness. She had yet said nothing to Camilla upon the subject; not only because

because a dearer interest mutually occupied them, but from a secret shame of naming a lover at a period so ungenial.

But now that Sir Hugh was in a fair way of recovery, her situation became alarming to herself.—Openly, and before the whole house, she had solemnly been assigned to Clermont Lynmere; and, little as she wished the connexion, she thought it, from circumstances, her duty not to refuse it. Yet this gentleman had attended her so long, had endured so many disappointments, and borne them so much to her satisfaction, that, though she lamented her concession as an injury to Clermont, and grew ashamed to name it even to Camilla, she believed it would be cruelty unheard of to break it. She determined, therefore, to see him, to pronounce a farewell, and then to bend all her thoughts to the partner destined her by her friends.

Molly Mill was alone to accompany her to give her negative, her good wishes, and her solemn declaration that she could never again see or hear of him more. He could deem it no indelicacy that she suffered Molly to be present, since she was the negociator of his own choice.

Molly carried him, therefore, this news, with a previous condition that he was not to detain her mistress one minute. He promised all submission; and the next morning, after breakfast, Eugenia, in extreme dejection at the ungrateful task she had to perform, called for Molly, and walked forth.

Camilla, who was then accidentally in her own room, was, soon after, summoned by three smart raps to her chamber door.

Where, to her great surprise, she saw Edgar, who, after a hasty apology, begged to have a few minutes conference with her alone.

She descended with him into the parlour, which was vacant.

“You suspect, perhaps,” said he, in an hurried manner, though attempting to smile, “that I mean to fatigue you with some troublesome advice; I must, therefore, by an abrupt question, explain myself.

Does Mr. Bellamy still continue his pretensions to your sister Eugenia?"

Startled in a moment from all thoughts of self, that at first had been rushing with violence to her heart, Camilla answered, "No! why do you ask?"

"I will tell you: In my regular visits here of late, I have almost constantly met him, either on foot or on horseback, in the vicinity of the park. I suspected he watched to see Eugenia; but I knew she now never left the house; and concluded he was ignorant of the late general confinement. This moment, however, upon my entrance, I saw him again; and, as he hastily turned away upon meeting my eye, I dismounted, gave my horse to my man, and determined to satisfy myself which way he was strolling. I then followed him to the little lane to the right of the park, where I perceived an empty post-chaise-and-four in waiting: he advanced, and spoke with the postillion—I came instantly into the house by the little gate. This may be accidental; yet it has alarmed me; and I ventured, therefore, thus suddenly to apply to you, in order to urge you to give a caution to Eugenia, not to walk out, just at present, unattended."

Camilla thanked him, and ran eagerly to speak to her sister; but she was not in her room; nor was she with her uncle; nor yet with Dr. Orkborne. She returned uneasily to the parlour, and said she would seek her in the park.

Edgar followed; but they looked around for her in vain: he then, deeming the danger urgent, left her, to hasten to the spot where he had seen the post-chaise.

Camilla ran on alone; and, when she reached the park gate, perceived her sister, Molly Mill, and Bellamy, in the lane.

They heard her quick approach, and turned round.

The countenance of Bellamy exhibited the darkest disappointment, and that of Eugenia the most excessive confusion. "Now then, Sir," she cried, "delay our separation no longer."

"Ah,

"Ah, permit me," said he, in a low voice, "permit me to hope you will hear my last sad sentence, my final misery, another day!—I will defer my mournful departure for that melancholy joy, which is the last I shall feel in my wretched existence!"

He sighed so deeply, that Eugenia, who seemed already in much sorrow, could not utter an abrupt refusal; and, as Camilla now advanced, she turned from him, without attempting to say any thing further.

Camilla, in the delight of finding her sister safe, after the horrible apprehensions she had just experienced, could not speak to her for tears.

Abashed at once, and amazed, Eugenia faintly asked what so affected her? She gave no explanation, but begged her to turn immediately back.

Eugenia consented; and Bellamy, bowing to them both profoundly, with quick steps walked away.

Camilla asked a thousand questions; but Eugenia seemed unable to answer them.

In a few minutes they were joined by Edgar, who, walking hastily up to them, took Camilla apart.

He told her he firmly believed a villainous scheme to have been laid: he had found the chaise still in waiting, and asked the postillion to whom he belonged. The man said he was paid for what he did; and refused giving any account of himself. Bellamy then appeared; he seemed confounded at his sight; but neither of them spoke; and he left him and his chaise, and his postillion, to console one another. He doubted not, he said, but the design had been to carry Eugenia off, and he had probably only pretended to take leave, that the chaise might advance, and the postillion aid the elopement: though finding help at hand, he had been forced to give up his scheme.

Camilla even with rapture blest his fortunate presence; but was confounded with perplexity at the conduct of Eugenia. Edgar, who feared her heart was entangled by an object who sought only her wealth, proposed dismissing Molly Mill, that he might tell her himself the opinion he had conceived of Bellamy.

Camilla overtook her sister, who had walked on without listening to or regarding them; and sending away Molly,

Molly, told her Edgar wished immediately to converse with her, upon something of the utmost importance.

"You know my high esteem of him," she answered; "but my mind is now occupied upon a business of which he has no information, and I entreat that you will neither of you interrupt me."

Camilla, utterly at a loss what to conjecture, joined Mandlebert alone, and told him her ill success. He thought every thing was to be feared from the present state of the affair, and proposed revealing at once all he knew of it to Mr. Tyrold: but Camilla desired him to take no step till she had again expostulated with her sister, who might else be seriously hurt or offended. He complied, and said he would continue in the house, park, or environs, incessantly upon the watch till some decisive measure were adopted.

Joining Eugenia then again, she asked if she meant seriously to encourage the addresses of Bellamy.

"By no means," she quietly answered.

"My dear Eugenia, I cannot at all understand you; but it seems clear to me that the arrival of Edgar has saved you from some dreadful violence."

"You hurt me Camilla, by this prejudice. From whom should I dread violence? from a man who—but too fatally for his peace—values me more than his life?"

"If I could be sure of his sincerity," said Camilla, "I should be the last to think ill of him: but reflect a little, at least, upon the risk that you have run; my dear Eugenia! there was a post-chaise in waiting, not twenty yards from where I stopt you!"

"Ah, you little know Bellamy! that chaise was only to convey him away; to convey him Camilla to an eternal banishment.!"

"But why, then, had he prevailed with you to quit the park?"

"You will call me vain if I tell you."

"No; I shall only think you kind and confidential."

"Do me then the justice," said Eugenia, blushing, to believe me as much surprised as yourself at his most unmerited passion: but he told me, that if I only cast my

my eyes upon the vehicle which was to part him from me for ever, it would not only make it less abhorrent to him, but probably prevent the loss of his senses."

"My dear Eugenia," said Camilla, half smiling, "this is a violent passion, indeed for so short an acquaintance!"

"I knew you would say that," answered she, disconcerted; "and it was just what I observed to him myself: but he satisfied me that the reason of his feelings being so impetuous was, that this was the first and only time he had ever been in love—So handsome as he is!—what a choice for him to make!"

Camilla, tenderly embracing her, declared, "the choice was all that did him honour in the affair."

"He never," said she, a little comforted, "makes me any compliments; I should else disregard, if not disdain him: but indeed he seems notwithstanding his own extraordinary manly beauty, to be wholly superior to external considerations."

Camilla now forbore expressing farther doubt, from the fear of painful misapprehension; but earnestly entreated her to suffer Edgar to be entrusted and consulted: she decidedly, however, refused her consent. "I require no advice," cried she, "for I am devoted to my uncle's will: to speak then of this affair would be the most cruel indelicacy, in publishing a conquest which, since it is rejected, I ought silently, though gratefully, to bury in my own heart."

She then related the history of all that had passed to Camilla; but solemnly declared she would never, to any other human being, but him who should hereafter be entitled to her whole heart, betray the secret of the unhappy Bellamy.

C H A P. V.

An Adviser.

THE wish of Camilla was to lay this whole affair before her father; but she checked it from an apprehension she might seem displaying her duty and confidence at the expence of those of her sister; whose motives for concealment were intentionally the most pure, however practically, they might be erroneous; and whom she both pitied and revered for her proposed submission to her uncle, in opposition to her palpable reluctance.

She saw not, however, any obstacle to consulting with Edgar, since he was already apprised of the business, and since his services might be essentially useful to her sister: while, with respect to herself, there seemed, at this time, more of dignity in meeting than shunning his friendly intercourse, since his regard for her seemed to have lost all its peculiarity. He has precisely, cried she the same sentiments for my sisters as for me,—he is equally kind, disinterested, and indifferent to us all! anxious alike for Eugenia with Mr. Bellamy, and for me with the detestable Major! Be it so!—we can no where obtain a better friend; and I should blush, indeed, if I could not treat as a brother one who can treat me as a sister.

Tranquil though not gay, she returned to converse with him; but when she had related what had passed, he confessed that his uneasiness upon the subject was increased. The heart of Eugenia appeared to him positively entangled; and he besought Camilla not to lose a moment in acquainting Mr. Tyrold with her situation.

She pleaded against giving this pain to her sister with energetic affection: her arguments failed to convince, but her eloquence powerfully touched him; and he contented himself with only entreating that she would

would again try to aid him with an opportunity of conversing with Eugenia.

This she could not refuse; nor could he then resist the opportunity to inquire why Mrs. Arlbery had left her and Lavinia at the play. She thanked him for remembering his character of her monitor, and acknowledged the fault to be her own, with a candour so unaffected, that, captivated by the soft seriousness of her manner, he flattered himself his fear of the Major was a chimæra, and hoped that, as soon as Sir Hugh was able to again join his family, no impediment would remain to his begging the united blessings of the two Brothers to his views.

When Camilla told her sister the request of Edgar she immediately suspected the attachment of Bellamy had been betrayed to him; and Camilla, incapable of any duplicity, related precisely how the matter had passed. Eugenia, always just, no sooner heard than she forgave it and accompanied her sister immediately down stairs.

"I must rest all my hope of pardon," cried Edgar, "for the part I am taking, to your conviction of its motive; a filial love and gratitude to Mr. Tyrold, a fraternal affection and interest for all his family."

"My own sisterly feelings," she answered, "make me both comprehend and thank your kind solicitude: but, believe me, it is now founded in error. I am shocked to find you informed of this unhappy transaction; and I charge and beseech that no inference may wound its ill-fated object, by suffering him to surmise your knowledge of his humiliating situation."

"I would not for the world give you pain," answered Edgar: "but permit me to be faithful to the brotherly character in which I consider myself to stand with you all."

A blush had overspread his face at the word Brotherly; while at that of *all*, which recovered him, a still deeper stained the cheeks of Camilla: but neither of them looked at the other; and Eugenia was too self-absorbed to observe either.

"Your utter inexperience in life," he continued, "makes me, though but just giving up leading-strings myself, an adept in the comparison. Suffer

me then as such to represent to you my fears, that your innocence and goodness may expose you to imposition. You must not judge all characters by the ingenuousness of your own; nor conclude however rationally and worthily a mind such as yours might—may—and will inspire a disinterested regard, that there is no danger of any other, and that mercenary views are out of the question, because mercenary principles are not declared.”

“I will not say your inference is severe replied Eugenia, “because you know not the person of whom you speak: but permit me to make this irrefragable vindication of his freedom from all sordid motives; he has never once named the word fortune, neither to make any inquiries into mine, nor any professions concerning his own. Had he any inducement to duplicity, he might have asserted to me what he pleased, since I have no means of detection.”

“Your situation,” said Edgar, “is pretty generally known; and for his—pardon me if I hint it may be possible that silence is no virtue. However, since I am unacquainted, you say with his character, will you give me leave to make myself better informed?”

“There needs no investigation; to me it is perfectly known.”

“Forgive me if I ask how!”

“By his letters and by his conversation.”

A smile which stole upon the features of Edgar obliged him to turn his head another way; but presently recovering, “My dear Miss Eugenia,” he cried, “will it not be most consonant to your high principles, and scrupulous delicacy, to lay the whole of what has passed before Mr. Tyrold?”

“Undoubtedly, if my part were not strait forward. Had I the least hesitation, my father should be my immediate and decisive umpire. But—I am not at liberty even for deliberation!—I am not—I know—at my own disposal!”—

She blushed and looked down, confused; but presently, with firmness, added, “It is not, indeed, fit that I should be; my uncle completely merits to be in all things my director. To know his wishes, therefore, is not only to know, but to be satisfied with my doom. Such being my situation, you cannot misunderstand

derstand my defence of this unhappy young man. It is but simple justice to rescue an amiable person from calumny."

"Let us allow all this," said Edgar; "still I see no reason why Mr. Tyrold—"

"Mr. Mandlebert," interrupted she, "you must do what you judge right. I can desire no one to abstain from pursuing the dictates of their own sense of honour. I leave you, therefore, unshackled: but there is no consideration which, in my opinion, can justify a female in spreading, even to her nearest connexions, an unrequited partiality. If, therefore, I am forced to inflict this undue mortification, upon a person to whom I hold myself so much obliged, an uneasiness will remain upon my mind, destructive of my forgetfulness of an event which I would fain banish from my memory."

She then refused to be any longer detained.

"How I love the perfect innocence, and how I reverence the respectable singularity of that charming character!" cried Edgar; "yet how vain are all arguments against such a combination of fearless credulity, and enthusiastic reasoning? What can we determine?"

"I am happy to retort upon you that question," replied Camilla; "for I am every way afraid to act myself, lest I should hurt this dear sister, or do wrong by my yet dearer father."

"What a responsibility you cast upon me! I will not, however, shrink from it, for the path seems far plainer to me since I have had this conversation. Eugenia is at present safe; I see, now, distinctly, her heart is yet untouched. The readiness with which she met the subject, the openness with which she avows her esteem, the unembarrassed, though modest simplicity with which she speaks of his passion and his distress, all shew that her pity results from generosity, not from love. Had it been otherwise, with all her steadiness, all her philosophy, some agitation and anxiety would have betrayed her secret soul. The internal workings of hopes and fears, the sensitive alarms of repressed consciousness—" A deep glow, which heated his face, forced him here to break off; and, abruptly

abruptly leaving his sentence unfinished, he hastily began another.

"We must not, nevertheless, regard this as security for the future, though it is safety for the present; nor trust her unsuspicious generosity of mind to the dangerous assault of artful distress. I speak without reserve of this man; for though I know him not, as she remonstrated, I cannot, from the whole circumstances of his clandestine conduct, doubt his being an adventurer.—You say nothing? tell me, I beg your opinion."

Camilla had not heard one word of this last speech. Struck with his discrimination between the actual and the possible state of Eugenia's mind, and with the effect the definition had produced upon himself, her attention was irresistibly seized by a new train of ideas, till finding he waited for an answer, she mechanically repeated his last word "opinion?"

He saw her absence of mind, and suspected his own too palpable disturbance had occasioned it: but in what degree, or from what sensations, he could not conjecture. They were both some time silent; and then, recollecting herself, she said it was earnestly her wish to avoid disobliging her sister, by a communication which, made by any one but herself, must put her into a disgraceful point of view.

Edgar, after a pause, said, they must yield, then, to her present fervour, and hope her sounder judgment, when less played upon, would see clearer. It appeared to him, indeed, that she was so free, at this moment, from any dangerous impression, that it might, perhaps, be even safer to submit quietly to her request, than to urge the generous romance of her temper to new workings. He undertook, mean time, to keep a constant watch upon the motions of Bellamy, to make sedulous inquiries into his character and situation in life, and to find out for what ostensible purpose he was in Hampshire: entreating leave to communicate constantly to Camilla what he might gather, and to consult with her, from time to time, upon what measures should be pursued: yet

yet ultimately confessing, that if Eugenia did not steadily persist in refusing any further rejections, he should hold himself bound in conscience to communicate the whole to Mr. Tyrold.

Camilla was pleased, and even thankful for the extreme friendliness and kind moderation of this arrangement; yet she left him mournfully, in a confirmed belief his regard for the whole family was equal.

Eugenia, much gratified, promised she would henceforth take no step with which Edgar should not first be acquainted.

C H A P. VI.

Various Confabulations.

MR. Tyrold saw, at first, the renewed visits of Edgar at Cleves with extreme satisfaction; but while all his hopes were alive from an intercourse almost perpetual, he perceived, with surprise and perplexity, that his daughter became more and more pensive after every interview: and as Edgar, this evening, quitted the house, he observed tears start into her eyes as she went up stairs to her own room.

Alarmed and disappointed, he thought it now high time to investigate the state of the affair, and to encourage or prevent future meetings, as it appeared to him to be propitious or hopeless.

Penetrated with the goodness, while lamenting the indifference of Edgar, Camilla had just reached her room; when, as she turned round to shut her door, Mr. Tyrold appeared before her.

Hastily, with the back of her hand, brushing off the tears from her eyes, she said, "May I go to my uncle, Sir? — can my uncle admit me?"

"He

"He can always admit you," he answered; "but, just now, you must forget him a moment, and consign yourself to your father."

He then entered, shut the door, and making her sit down by him, said, "What is this sorrow that affails my Camilla? Why is the light heart of my dear and happy child thus dejected?"

Speech and truth were always one with Camilla; who, as she could not in this instance declare what were her feelings, remained mute and confounded.

"Hesitate not, my dear girl," cried he kindly, "to unbosom your griefs or your apprehensions, where they will be received with all the tenderness due to such a confidence, and held sacred from every human inspection; unless you permit me yourself to entrust your best and wisest friend."

Camilla now trembled, but could not even attempt to speak.

He saw her disorder, and presently added, "I will forbear to probe your feelings; when you have satisfied me in one doubt;—is the sadness I have of late remarked in you the effect of secret personal disturbance, or of disappointed expectation?"

Camilla could neither answer nor look up: she was convinced, by this question, that the subject of her melancholy was understood, and felt wholly overcome by the deeply distressing confusion, with which wounded pride and unaffected virgin modesty impress a youthful female, in the idea of being suspected of a misplaced, or an unrequited partiality.

Her silence, a suffocating sigh, and her earnest endeavour to hide her face, easily explained to Mr. Tyrold all that passed within; and respecting rather than wishing to conquer a shame flowing from fearful delicacy, "I would spare you," he said, "all investigation whatever, could I be certain you are not called into any action; but, in that case, I know not that I can justify to myself so implicit a confidence, in youth and inexperience so untried in difficulties, so unused to evil or embarrassment as yours. Tell me then, my dear Camilla, do you sigh under the weight of any disingenuous

ous conduct? or do you suffer from some suspense which you have no means of terminating?"

"My dearest father, no!" cried she, sinking upon his breast. "I have no suspense!"

She gasped for breath.

"And how has it been removed, my child?" said Mr. Tyrold, in a mournful tone; "has any deception, any ungenerous art—"

"O no, no! he is incapable—he is superior—he—" She stopt abruptly; shocked at the avowal these few words at once inferred of her partiality, of its hopelessness, and of its object.

She walked, confused, to a corner of the room, and, leaning against the wainscot, enveloped her face in her handkerchief, with the most painful sensations of shame.

Mr. Tyrold remained in deep meditation. Her regard for Edgar he had already considered as undoubted, and her undisguised acknowledgment excited his tenderest sympathy: but to find she thought it without return, and without hope, penetrated him with grief. Not only his own fond view of the attractions of his daughter, but all he had observed, even from his childhood, in Edgar, had induced him to believe she was irresistibly formed to captivate him; and what had lately passed had seemed a confirmation of all he had expected. Camilla, nevertheless, exculpated him from all blame; and, while touched by her artlessness, and honouring her truth, he felt, at least, some consolation to find that Edgar, whom he loved as a son, was untainted by deceit, unaccused of any evil. He concluded that some unfortunate secret entanglement, or some mystery not yet to be developed, directed compulsatorily his conduct, and checked the dictates of his taste and inclination.

Gently, at length, approaching her, "My dearest child," he said, "I will ask you nothing further; all that is absolutely essential for me to know, I have gathered. You will never, I am certain, forget the noble mother whom you are bound to revere in imitating, nor the affectionate father whom your ingenuousness
readers

renders the most indulgent of your friends. Dry up your tears then, my Camilla, and command your best strength to conceal for ever their source, and, most especially—from its cause.”

He then embraced, and left her.

“Yes, my dearest father,” cried she, as she shut the door, “most perfect and most lenient of human beings ! yes, I will obey your dictates ; I will hide till I can conquer this weak emotion, and no one shall ever know, and Edgar least of all, that a daughter of yours has a feeling she ought to disguise !”

Elevated by the kindness of a father so adored, to deserve his good opinion now included every wish. The least severity would have chilled her confidence, the least reproof would have discouraged all effort to self-conquest ; but, while his softness had soothed, his approbation had invigorated her ; and her feelings received additional energy from the conscious generosity with which she had represented Edgar as blameless. Blameless, however, in her own breast, she could not deem him : his looks, his voice, his manner,—words that occasionally dropt from him, and meanings yet more expressive which his eyes or his attentions had taken in charge, all, from time to time, had told a flattering tale, which, though timidity and anxious earnestness had obscured from her perfect comprehension, her hopes and her sympathy had prevented from wholly escaping her. Yet what, internally, she could not defend she forgave ; and, acquitting him of all intentional deceit, concluded that what he had felt for her, he had thought too slight and immaterial to deserve repressing on his own part, or notice on her’s. To continue with him her present sisterly conduct was all she had to study, not doubting but that what as yet was effort, would in time become natural.

Strengthened thus in fortitude, she descended cheerfully to supper, where Mr. Tyrold, though he saw with pain that her spirits were constrained, felt the fondest satisfaction in the virtue of her exertion.

Her night passed in the consolation of self-applause. My dear father, thought she, will see I strive to merit his lenity,

lenity, and that soothing consideration with the honourable friendship of Edgar, will be sufficient for the happiness of my future life, in the single and tranquil state in which it will be spent.

Thus comforted, she again met the eye of Mr. Tyrold the next day at breakfast; in the midst of which repast Edgar entered the parlour. The tea she was drinking was then rather gulped than sipped; yet she maintained an air of unconcern, and returned his salutation with apparent composure.

Edgar, while addressing to Mr. Tyrold his inquiries concerning Sir Hugh, saw, from the window, his servant, whom he had out-galloped, thrown with violence from his horse. He rushed out of the parlour; and the first person to rise, with involuntary intent to follow him, was Camilla. But, as she reached the hall-door, she saw that the man was safe, and perceived that her father was the only person who had left the room besides herself. Ashamed, she returned, and found the female party collected at the windows.

Hoping to retrieve the error of her eagerness, she seated herself at the table, and affected to finish her breakfast.

Eugenia told her they had discovered the cause of the accident, which had been owing to a sharp stone that had penetrated into the horse's hoof, and which Edgar was now endeavouring to extract.

A general scream, just then, from the window party, and a cry from Eugenia of "O Edgar!" carried her again to the hall-door with the swiftness of lightning, calling out, "Where?—What?—Good Heaven!"

Molly Mill, accidentally there before her, said, as she approached, that the horse had kicked Mr. Mandlebert upon the shoulder.

Every thing but tenderness and terror was now forgotten by Camilla; she darted forward with unrestrained velocity, and would have given, in a moment, the most transporting amazement to Edgar, and to herself the deepest shame, but that Mr. Tyrold, who alone had his face that way, stooped, and led her back to the house, saying,

saying, "There is no mischief; a bee stung the poor animal at the instant the stone was extracted, and the surprise and pain made it kick; but, fortunately, without any bad effect. I wish to know how your uncle is; I should be glad you would go and sit with him till I can come."

With these words he left her; and, though abashed and overset, she found no sensation so powerful as joy for the safety of Edgar.

Still, however, too little at ease for conversing with her uncle, she went straight to her own chamber, and flew involuntarily to a window, whence the first object that met her eyes was her father, who was anxiously looking up. She retreated, utterly confounded and threw herself upon a chair at the other end of the room.

Shame now was her only sensation. The indiscretion of her first surprize, she knew he must forgive, though she blushed at its recollection; but a solicitude so pertinacious, an indulgence so repeated of feelings he had enjoined her to combat—how could she hope for his pardon? or how obtain her own, to have forfeited an approbation so precious?

She could not go to her uncle; she would have remained where she was till summoned to dinner, if the house-maid, after finishing all her other work, had not a third time returned to inquire if she might clean her room.

She then determined to repair to the library, where she was certain only to encounter Eugenia, who would not torment, or Dr. Orkborne, who would not perceive her: but at the bottom of the stairs she was stopt by Miss Margland, who, with a malicious smile, asked if she was going to hold the basin?

"What basin?" cried she, surprised.

"The basin for the surgeon."

"What surgeon?" repeated she, alarmed.

"Mr. Burton, who is come to bleed Mr. Mandelbert."

She asked nothing more. She felt extremely faint, but made her way into the park, to avoid further conference.

Here,

Here, in the most painful suspense, dying for information, yet shirking who ever could give it her, she remained, till she saw the departure of the surgeon. She then went round by a back way to the apartment of Eugenia, who informed her that the contusion, though not dangerous, was violent, and that Mr. Tyrold had insisted upon immediate bleeding. The surgeon had assured them this precaution would prevent any ill consequence; but Sir Hugh, hearing from the servants what had happened, had desired that Edgar would not return home till the next day.

The joy of Camilla, that nothing was more serious, banished all that was disagreeable from her thoughts, till she was called back to reflections less consoling, by meeting Mr. Tyrold, as she was returning to her own room; who, with a gravity unusual, desired to speak with her, and preceded her into the chamber.

Trembling, and filled with shame, she followed, shut the door, and remained at it without daring to look up.

"My dear Camilla," cried he with earnestness, "let me not hope in vain for that exertion you have promised me, and to which I know you to be fully equal. Risk not, my dear girl, to others, those outward marks of sensibility which, to common or unfeeling observers, seem but the effect of an unbecoming remissness in the self-command which should dignify every female who would do herself honour. I had hoped, in this house at least, you would not have been misunderstood; but I have this moment been undeceived: Miss Margland has just expressed a species of compassion for what she presumes to be the present state of your mind, that has given me the severest pain."

He stopt, for Camilla looked thunderstruck.

Approaching her, then, with a look of concern, and a voice of tenderness, he kindly took her hand, and added: "I do not tell you this in displeasure, but to put you upon your guard. You will hear from Eugenia that we shall not dine alone; and from what I have dropt you will gather how little you can hope to escape scrutiny. Exert yourself to obviate all humiliating surmises,

mises, and you will amply be repaid by the balm of self-approbation."

He then kissed her, and quitted the room.

She now remained in utter despair: the least idea of disgrace totally broke her spirit, and she sat upon the same spot on which Mr. Tyrold had left her, till the ringing of the second dinner bell.

She then gloomily resolved to plead an head-ach, and not to appear.

When a foot man tapt at her door, to acquaint her every body was seated at the table, she sent down this excuse: forming to herself the further determination, that the same should suffice for the evening, and for the next morning, that she might avoid the sight of Edgar, in presence either of her father or Miss Margland.

Eugenia, with kind alarm, came to know what was the matter, and informed her, that Sir Hugh had been so much concerned at the accident of Edgar, that he had insisted upon seeing him, and, after heartily shaking hands, had promised to think no more of past mistakes and disappointments, as they had now been cleared up to the county, and desired him to take up his abode at Cleves for a week.

Camilla heard this with mixt pleasure and pain. She rejoiced that Edgar should be upon his former terms with her beloved uncle; but how preserve the caution demanded from her for so long a period, in the constant sight of her now watchful father, and the malicious Miss Margland?

She had added to her own difficulties by this present absconding, and, with severe self-blame, resolved to descend to tea. But, while settling how to act, after her sister had left her, she was struck with hearing the name of Mandlebert pronounced by Mary, the house-maid, who was talking with Molly Mill upon the landing place. Why it had been spoken she knew not; but Molly answered: "Dearee me, never mind; I'll help you to do his room, if Nanny don't come in time. My little mistress would rather do it herself, than he should want for any thing."

"Why,

"Why, it's natural enough," said Mary, "for young ladies to like young gentlemen; and there's none other comes a nigh 'em, which I often thinks dull enough for our young misses. And, to be certain, Mr. Mandlebert would be as pretty a match for one of 'em, as a body could desire."

"And his man," said Molly, "is as pretty a gentleman sort of a person, to my mind, as his master. I'm sure I'm as glad as my young lady when they comes to the house."

"O, as to Miss Eugeny," said Mary, "I believe, in my conscience, she likes our cracked-headed old Doctor as well as e'er a young gentleman in Christendom; for there she'll sit with him, hour by hour poring over such a heap of stuff as never was seed, reading, first one, then t'other, God knows what; for I believe never nobody heard the like of it before; and all the time never give the old Doctor a cross word.——"

"She never given nobody a cross word," interrupted Molly; "if I was Mr. Mandlebert, I'd sooner have her than any of em, for all she's such a nidging little thing."

"For certain," said Mary, "she's very good, and a deal of good she does, to all as asks her; but Miss Camilla for my money. She's all alive and merry, and makes poor master young again to look at her. I wish Mr. Mandlebert would have her, for I have overheard Miss Margland telling Miss Lynmere she was desperate fond of him, and did all she could to get him."

Camilla felt flushed with the deepest resentment, and could scarcely command herself to forbear charging Miss Margland with this persecuting cruelty.

Nanny, the under house-maid, now joining them, said she had been detained to finish altering a curtain for Miss Margland. "And the cross old Frump," she added, "is in a worse spite than ever, and she kept abusing that sweet Mr. Mandlebert to Miss Lynmere all the while, till she went down to dinner, and she said she was sure it was all Miss Camilla's doings his staying here again, for she could come over master for any thing :

thing : and she said she supposed it was to have another catch at the young 'Squire's heart, but she hoped he would not be such a fool."

"I'm sure I wish he would," cried Molly Mill, "if it was only to spite her, she's such a nasty old viper. And Miss Camilla's always so good-natured, and so affable, she'd make him a very agreeable wife, I dare say."

"And she's mortal fond of him, that's true," said Mary, "for when they was both here, I always see her running to the window, to see who was a coming into the park, when he was rode out; and when he was in the house, she never so much as went to peep, if there come six horses, one after t'other. And she was always saying 'Mary, who's in the parlour? Mary, who's below?' while he was here; but before he come, duce a bite did she ask about nobody."

"I like when I meets her," said Molly Mill, "to tell her Mr. Mandlebert's here, Miss; or Mr. Mandlebert's there, Miss;—Dearee me, one may almost see one self in her eyes, it makes them shine so."

Camilla could endure no more; she arose, and walked about the room; and the maids, who had concluded her at dinner, hearing her step, hurried away, to finish their gossiping in the room of Mandlebert.

Camilla now felt wholly sunk; the persecutions of Miss Margland seemed nothing to this blow: they were cruel, she could therefore repine at them; they were unprovoked, she could therefore repel them: but to find her secret feelings, thus generally spread, and familiarly commented upon, from her own unguarded conduct, exhausted, at once, patience, fortitude, and hope, and left her no wish but to quit Cleves while Edgar should remain there.

Certain, however, that her father would not permit her to return to Etherington alone, a visit to Mrs. Arlbery was the sole refuge she could suggest; and she determined to solicit his permission to accept immediately the invitation of that lady.

CHAP. VII.

A Dodging.

CAMILLA waited in the apartment of Mr. Tyrold till he came up stairs, and then begged his leave to spend a few days at the Grove; hinting, when he hesitated, though with a confusion that was hardly short of torture, at what had passed amongst the servants.

He heard her with the tenderest pity, and the kindest praise of her sincerity; and, deeply as he was shocked to find her thus generally betrayed, he was too compassionate to point out, at so suffering a moment, the indiscretions from which such observations must have originated. Yet he saw consequences the most unpleasant in this rumour of her attachment; and though he still privately hoped that the behaviour of Mandlebert was the effect of some transient embarrassment, he wished her removed from all intercourse with him that was not sought by himself, while the incertitude of his intentions militated against her struggles for indifference. The result, therefore, of a short deliberation was to accede to her request.

Camilla then wrote her proposition to Mrs. Arlbery, which Mr. Tyrold sent immediately by a stable-boy of the baronet's.

The answer was most obliging; Mrs. Arlbery said she would herself fetch her the next morning, and keep her till one of them should be tired.

The relief which this, at first, brought to Camilla, in the week's exertions it would spare, was soon succeeded by the most acute uneasiness for the critical situation of Eugenia, and the undoubted disapprobation of Edgar. To quit her sister at a period when she might serve her;—to forsake Cleves at the moment Edgar was restored to it, seemed selfish even to herself, and to him
must

must appear unpardonable. "Alas!" she cried, "how for ever I repent my hasty actions! Why have I not better struggled against my unfortunate feelings?"

She now almost hated her whole scheme, regretted its success, wished herself suffering every uneasiness Miss Marland could inflict, and all the shame of being watched and pitied by every servant in the house, in preference to deserting Eugenia, and making Mandlebert deem her unworthy. But self-upbraiding was all that followed her contrition: Mrs. Arlbery was to fetch her by appointment; and it was now too late to trifle with the conceding goodness of her father.

She did not dare excuse herself from appearing at breakfast the next morning lest Mr. Tyrold should think her utterly incorrigible to his exhortations.

Edgar earnestly inquired after her health as she entered the room; she slightly answered she was better; and began eating, with an apparent eagerness of appetite: while he, who had expected some kind words upon his own accident, surprised and disappointed, could swallow nothing.

Mr. Tyrold, seeing and pitying what passed in her mind, gave her a commission, that enabled her, soon, to leave the room without affectation; and, happy to escape, she determined to go down stairs no more till Mrs. Arlbery arrived. She wished to have conversed first upon the affairs of Eugenia with Edgar: but to name to him whither she was herself going, when she could not possibly name why; to give to him a surprise that must recoil upon herself in disapprobation, was more than she could endure. She had invested him with full powers to counsel and to censure her; he would naturally use them to dissuade her from a visit so ill-timed; and what could she urge in opposition to his arguments that would not seem trifling or wilful?

The present moment was all that occupied, the present evil all that ever alarmed the breast of Camilla: to avoid him, therefore, now, was the whole of her desire, unmolested with one anxiety how she might better meet him hereafter.

She

She watched at her window till she saw the groom of Mrs. Arlbery gallop into the Park. She hastened then to take leave of Sir Hugh, whom Mr. Tyrold had prepared for her departure; but, at the door of his apartment, she encountered Edgar.

"You are going out?" cried he, perceiving an alteration in her dress.

"I am—just going to—to speak to my uncle," cried she, stammering and entering the room at the same moment.

Sir Hugh kindly wished her much amusement, and hoped she would make him long amends when he was better. She took leave; but again, on the landing-place, met Edgar, who, anxious and perplexed, watched to speak to her before she descended the stairs. Eagerly advancing. "Do you walk?" he cried; "may I ask? or—am I indiscreet?"

She answered she had something to say to Eugenia, but should be back in an instant. She then flew to the chamber of her sister, and conjured her to consult Edgar in whatever should occur during her absence. Eugenia solemnly consented.

Jacob presently tapped at the door, to announce that Mrs. Arlbery was waiting below in her carriage.

How to pass or escape Edgar became now her greatest difficulty; she could suggest nothing to palliate to him the step she was taking, yet could still less bear to leave him to wild conjecture and certain blame: and she was standing irresolute and thoughtful, when Mr. Tyrold came to summon her.

After mildly representing the indecorum of detaining any one she was to receive by appointment, he took her apart, and putting a packet into her hand, "I would not," he said, "agitate your spirits this morning, by entering upon any topic that might disturb you: I have therefore put upon paper what I most desire you to consider. You will find it a little sermon upon the difficulties and the conduct of the female heart. Read it alone, and with attention. And now, my dearest girl, go quietly into the parlour, and let one brief and cheerful good-morrow serve for every body alike."

He then returned to his brother.

She made Eugenia accompany her down stairs, to avoid any solitary attack from Edgar; he suffered them to pass; but followed to the parlour, where she hastily bid adieu to Miss Margland and Indiana; but was stopt from running off by the former, who said, "I wish I had known you intended going out, for I designed asking Sir Hugh for the chariot for myself this morning, to make a very particular visit."

Camilla, in a hesitating voice, said she should not use her uncle's chariot.

"You walk then?"

"No,—ma'am—but—there is—there is a carriage I believe, now at the door."

"O dear, whose?" cried Indiana; "do, pray, tell me where you are going?" while Edgar, still more curious than either, held out his hand to conduct her, that he might obtain better information.

"I am very glad your head-ach is so well," said Miss Margland; "but, pray—is Mr. Mandlebert to be your chaperon?"

They both blushed, though both affected not to hear her: but, before they could quit the room, Indiana, who had run to a bow-window, exclaimed, "Dear! if there it not Mrs. Arlbery in a beautiful high pheanton!"

Edgar, astonished, was now as involuntarily drawing back, as Camilla, involuntarily, was hurrying on: but Miss Margland, insisting upon an answer, desired to know if she should return to dinner?

She stammer out, No. Miss Margland pursued her to ask at what time the chariot was to fetch her; and forced from her a confession that she should be away for some days.

She was now permitted to proceed. Edgar, impressed with the deepest displeasure, leading her in silence across the hall: but, stopping an instant at the door, "This excursion," he gravely said, "will rescue you from no little intended importunity: I had purposed tormenting you, from time to time, for your opinion and directions with respect to Miss Eugenia."

And

And then, bowing coldly to Mrs. Arlbery, who eagerly called out to welcome her, he placed her in the phaeton, which instantly drove off.

He looked after them for some time, almost incredulous of her departure: but, as his amazement subsided into certainty, the most indignant disappointment succeeded. That she could leave Cleves at the very moment he was reinstated in its society, seemed conviction to him of her indifference; and that she could leave it in the present state of the affairs of Eugenia, made him conclude her so great a slave to the love of pleasure, that every duty and all propriety were to be sacrificed to its pursuit. "I will think of her," cried he, "no more! She concealed from me her plan, lest I should torment her with admonitions: the glaring homage of the Major is better adapted to her taste,—She flies from my sincerity to receive his adulation,—I have been deceived in her disposition,—I will think of her no more!"

C H A P. VIII.

A Sermon.

THE kind reception of Mrs. Arlbery, and all the animation of her discourse, were thrown away upon Camilla. An absent smile, and a few faint acknowledgments of her goodness were all she could return: Eugenia abandoned when she might have been served, Edgar contemning when he might have been approving—these were the images of her mind, which resisted entrance to all other.

Tired of fruitless attempts to amuse her, Mrs. Arlbery, upon their arrival at the Grove, conducted her to an apartment prepared for her, and made use of no

persuasion that she would leave it before dinner.

Camilla then, too unhappy to fear any injunction, and resigned to whatever she might receive, read the discourse of Mr. Tyrold.

For Miss Camilla Tyrold.

It is not my intention to enumerate, my dear Camilla, the many blessings of your situation; your heart is just and affectionate, and will not forget them: I mean but to place before you your immediate duties, satisfied that the review will ensure their performance.

Unused to, because undeserving control, your days, to this period, have been as gay as your spirits. It is now first that your tranquillity is ruffled; it is now, therefore, that your fortitude has its first debt to pay for its hitherto happy exemption.

Those who weigh the calamities of life only by the positive, the substantial, or the irremediable mischiefs which they produce, regard the first sorrows of early youth as too trifling for compassion. They do not enough consider that it is the suffering, not its abstract cause, which demands human commiseration. The man who loses his whole fortune, yet possesses firmness, philosophy, a disdain of ambition, and an accommodation to circumstances, is less an object of contemplative pity, than the person who, without one real deprivation, one actual evil, is first, or is suddenly forced to recognise the fallacy of a cherished and darling hope.

That its foundation has always been shallow is no mitigation of disappointment to him who had only viewed it in its superstructure. Nor is its downfall less terrible to its visionary elevator, because others had seen it from the beginning as a folly or a chimera; its dissolution should be estimated, not by its romance in the unimpassioned examination of a rational looker-on, but by its believed promise of felicity to its credulous projector.

Is my Camilla in this predicament? had she wove her own destiny in the speculation of her wishes? Alas! to blame her, I must first forget, that delusion, while in force,

force, has all the semblance of reality, and takes the same hold upon the faculties as truth. Nor is it till the spell is broken, till the perversion of reason and error of judgment become wilful, that Scorn ought to point "its finger" or Censure its severity.

But of this I have no fear. The love of right is implanted indelibly in your nature, and your own peace is as dependant as mine and as your mother's upon its constant culture.

Your conduct hitherto has been committed to yourself. Satisfied with establishing your principles upon the adamantine pillars of religion and conscience, we have not feared leaving you the entire possession of general liberty. Nor do I mean to withdraw it, though the present state of your affairs, and what for some time past I have painfully observed of your precipitance, oblige me to add partial counsel to standing precept, and exhortation to advice. I shall give them, however, with diffidence, fairly acknowledging and blending my own perplexities with yours.

The temporal destiny of woman is enwrapt in still more impenetrable obscurity than that of man. She begins her career by being involved in all the worldly accidents of a parent; she continues it by being associated in all that may environ a husband: and the difficulties arising from this doubly appendant state, are augmented by the next to impossibility, that the first dependance should pave the way for the ultimate. What parent yet has been gifted with the foresight to say, "I will educate my daughter for the station to which she shall belong?" Let us even suppose that station to be fixed by himself, rarely as the chances of life authorise such a presumption; his daughter all duty, and the partner of his own selection solicitous of the alliance: is he at all more secure he has provided even for her external welfare? What, in this sublunary existence, is the state from which she shall neither rise nor fall? Who shall say that in a few years, a few months, perhaps less, the situation in which the prosperity of his own views has placed her, may not change for one more humble than he has fitted her for enduring, or more exalted than he has accomplished

complished her for sustaining ? The conscience, indeed, of the father is not responsible for events, but the infelicity of the daughter is not less a subject of pity.

Again, if none of these outward and obvious vicissitudes occur, the proper education of a female, either for use or for happiness, is still to seek, still a problem beyond human solution ; since its refinement, or its negligence, can only prove to her a good or an evil, according to the humour of the husband into whose hands she may fall. If fashioned to shine in the great world, he may deem the metropolis all turbulence ; if endowed with every resource for retirement, he may think the country distasteful. And though her talents, her acquirements, may in either of these cases be set aside, with an only silent regret of wasted youth and application ; the turn of mind which they have induced, the appreciation which they have taught of time, of pleasure, or of utility, will have nurtured inclinations and opinions not so ductile to new sentiments and employments, and either submission becomes a hardship, or resistance generates dissention.

If such are the parental embarrassments, against which neither wisdom nor experience can guard, who should view the filial without sympathy and tenderness ?

You have been brought up, my dear child, without any specific expectation. Your mother and myself, mutually deliberating upon the uncertainty of the female fate, determined to educate our girls with as much simplicity as is compatible with instruction, as much docility for various life as may accord with invariable principles, and as much accommodation with the world at large, as may combine with a just distinction of selected society. We hoped, thus, should your lots be elevated, to secure you from either exulting arrogance, or bashful insignificance ; or should they, as is more probable, be lowly, to instil into your understandings and characters such a portion of intellectual vigour as should make you enter into an humbler scene without debasement, helplessness, or repining.

It is now, Camilla, we must demand your exertions in return. Let not these cares, to fit you for the world

as

as you may find it, be utterly annihilated from doing you good, by the uncombated sway of an unavailing, however well-placed attachment.

We will not here canvass the equity of that freedom by which women as well as men should be allowed to dispose of their own affections. There cannot, in nature, in theory, nor even in common sense, be a doubt of their equal right : but disquisitions on this point will remain rather curious than important, till the speculatist can superinduce to the abstract truth of the position some proof of its practicability.

Meanwhile, it is enough for every modest and reasonable young woman to consider, that where there are two parties, choice can belong only to one of them : and then let her call upon all her feelings of delicacy, all her notions of propriety, to decide : Since Man must choose Woman, or Woman Man, which should come forward to make the choice ? Which should retire to be chosen ?

A prepossession directed towards a virtuous and deserving object wears, in its first approach the appearance of a mere tribute of justice to merit. It seems, therefore, too natural, perhaps too generous, to be considered either as a folly or a crime. It is only its encouragement where it is not reciprocal, that can make it incur the first epithet, or where it ought not to be reciprocal that can brand it with the second. With respect to this last, I know of nothing to apprehend :—with regard to the first—I grieve to wound my dearest Camilla, yet where there has been no subject for complaint, there can have been none for expectation.

Struggle then against yourself as you would struggle against an enemy. Refuse to listen to a wish, to dwell even upon a possibility, that opens to your present idea of happiness. All that in future may be realised probably hangs upon this conflict. I mean not to propose to you in the course of a few days to reinstate yourself in the perfect security of a disengaged mind. I know too much of the human heart to be ignorant that the acceleration, or delay, must depend upon circumstance : I can only require from you what depends upon yourself, a steady and courageous warfare against the two dangerous

rous underminers of your peace and of your fame, imprudence and impatience. You have champions with which to encounter them that cannot fail of success,—good sense and delicacy.

Good sense will shew you the power of self-conquest, and point out its means. It will instruct you to curb those unguarded movements which lay you open to the strictures of others. It will talk to you of those boundaries which custom forbids your sex to pass, and the hazard of any individual attempt to transgress them. It will tell you, that where allowed only a negative choice, it is your own best interest to combat against a positive wish. It will bid you, by constant occupation, vary those thoughts that now take but one direction, and multiply those interests which now recognise but one object: and it will soon convince you, that it is not strength of mind which you want, but reflection, to obtain a strict and unremitting controul over your passions.

This last word will pain, but let it not shock you. You have no passions, my innocent girl, at which you need blush, though enough at which I must tremble!—For in what consists your constraint, your forbearance? your wish is your guide, your impulse is your action. Alas! never yet was mortal created so perfect, that every wish was virtuous, or every impulse wise!

Does a secret murmur here demand: if a discerning predilection is no crime, why, internally at least, may it not be cherished? whom can it injure or offend, that in the hidden recesses of my own breast, I nourish superior preference of superior worth?

This is the question with which every young woman beguiles her fancy; this is the common but seductive opiate, with which inclination lulls reason.

The answer may be safely comprised in a brief appeal to her own breast.

I do not desire her to be insensible to merit; I do not even demand she should confine her social affections to her own sex, since the most innocent esteem is equally compatible, though not equally general with ours: I require of her simply, that, in her secret hours, when pride
has

has no dominion, and disguise would answer no purpose, she will ask herself this question, "Could I calmly hear that this elect of my heart was united to another? Were I to be informed that the indissoluble knot was tied, which annihilates all my own future possibilities, would the news occasion me no affliction?" This, and this alone, is the test by which she may judge the danger, or the harmlessness of her attachment.

I have now endeavoured to point out the obligations which you may owe to good sense. Your obligations to delicacy will be but their consequence.

Delicacy is an attribute so peculiarly feminine, that were your reflections less agitated by your feelings, you could delineate more distinctly than myself its appropriate laws, its minute exactions, its sensitive refinements. Here, therefore, I seek but to bring back to your memory what livelier sensations have inadvertently driven from it.

You may imagine, in the innocence of your heart, that what you would rather perish than utter can never, since untold, be suspected: and, at present, I am equally sanguine in believing no surmise to have been conceived where most it would shock you: yet credit me when I assure you, that you can make no greater mistake, than to suppose that you have any security beyond what sedulously you must earn by the most indefatigable vigilance. There are so many ways of communication independent of speech, that silence is but one point in the ordinances of discretion. You have nothing, in so modest a character, to apprehend from vanity or presumption; you may easily, therefore, continue the guardian of your own dignity: but you must keep in mind, that our perceptions want but little quickening to discern what may flatter them; and it is mutual to either sex to be to no gratification so alive, as to that of a conscious ascendance over the other.

Nevertheless, the female who, upon the softening blandishment of an undisguised prepossession, builds her expectation of its reciprocity, is, in common, most cruelly deceived. It is not that she has failed to awaken tenderness; but it has been tenderness without

respect: nor yet that the person thus elated has been insensible to flattery; but it has been a flattery to raise himself, not its exciter in his esteem. The partiality which we feel inspires diffidence: that which we create has a contrary effect. A certainty of success in many destroys, in all weakens, its charm: the bashful expected, to whom it gives courage; and the indolent, to whom it saves trouble.

Carefully, then, beyond all other care, shut up every avenue by which a secret which should die untold can further escape you. Avoid every species of particularity; neither shun nor seek any intercourse apparently; and in such meetings as general prudence may render necessary, or as accident may make inevitable, endeavour to behave with the same open esteem as in your days of unconsciousness. The least unusual attention would not be more suspicious to the world, than the least undue reserve to the subject of our discussion. Coldness or distance could only be imputed to resentment; and resentment, since you have received no offence, how, should it be investigated, could you vindicate? or how, should it be passed in silence, secure from being attributed to pique and disappointment?

There is also another motive, important to us all, which calls for the most rigid circumspection. The person in question is not merely amiable; he is also rich: mankind at large, therefore would not give merely to a sense of excellence any obvious predilection. This hint will, I know, powerfully operate upon your disinterested spirit.

Never from personal experience may you gather, how far from soothing, how wide from honourable, is the species of compassion ordinarily diffused by the discovery of an unreturned female regard. That it should be felt unsought may be considered as a mark of discerning sensibility; but that it should be betrayed uncalled for, is commonly, however ungenerously, imagined rather to indicate ungoverned passions, than refined selection. This is often both cruel and unjust; yet, let me ask—Is the world a proper confidant for
such

such a secret? Can the woman who has permitted it to go abroad, reasonably demand that consideration and respect from the community, in which she has been wanting to herself? To me it would be unnecessary to observe, that her indiscretion may have been the effect of an inadvertence which owes its origin to artlessness, not to forwardness: She is judged by those, who, hardened in the ways of men, accustom themselves to trace in evil every motive to action; or by those who, preferring ridicule to humanity, seek rather to amuse themselves wittily with her susceptibility, than to feel for its innocence and simplicity.

In a state of utter constraint, to appear natural is, however, an effort too difficult to be long sustained; and neither precept, example nor disposition, have ensured my poor child to the performance of any studied part. Discriminate, nevertheless, between hypocrisy and discretion. The first is a vice; the second a conciliation to virtue. It is the bond that keeps society from disunion; the veil that shades our weakness from exposure, giving time for that interior correction, which the publication of our infirmities would else, with respect to mankind, make of no avail.

It were better no doubt, worthier, nobler, to meet the scrutiny of our fellow-creatures by consent, as we encounter, per force, the all-viewing eye of our Creator: but since for this we are not sufficiently without blemish, we must allow to our unstable virtues all the encouragement that can prop them. The event of discovered faults is more frequently callousness than amendment; and propriety of example is as much a duty to our fellow-creatures, as purity of intention is a debt to ourselves.

To delicacy, in fine, your present exertions will owe their future recompence, be your ultimate lot in life what it may. Should you, in the course of time, belong to another, you will be shielded from the regret that a former attachment had been published; or should you continue mistress of yourself, from a blush that the world is acquainted it was not by your choice.

I shall

I shall now conclude this little discourse by calling upon you to annex to whatever I have offered you of precept, the constant remembrance of your mother for example.

In our joint names, therefore, I adjure you, my dearest Camilla, not to embitter the present innocence of your suffering by imprudence that may attach to it censure, nor by indulgence that may make it fasten upon your vitals ! Imprudence cannot but end in the demolition of that dignified equanimity, and modest propriety, which we wish to be uniformly remarked as the attributes of your character : and indulgence, by fixing, may envenom a dart that as yet may be gently withdrawn, from a wound which kindness may heal, and time may close : but which, if neglected, may wear away, in corroding disturbance, all your life's comfort to yourself, and all its social purposes to your friends and to the world.

AUGUSTUS TYROLD.

C H A P. IX.

A Chat.

THE calm sadness with which Camilla had opened her letter was soon broken in upon by the interest of its contents, the view it displayed of her duties, her shame at her failures, and her fears for their future execution ; and yet more than all, by the full decision in which it seemed written, that the unhappy partiality she had exposed, had been always, and would for ever remain unreturned.

She started at the intimation how near she stood to detection even from Edgar himself, and pride, reason, modesty,

modesty, all arose to strengthen her with resolution, to guard every future conflict from his observation.

The article concerning fortune touched her to the quick. Nothing appeared to her so degrading as the most distant idea that such a circumstance could have any force with her. But the justice done to Edgar she gloried in, as an apology for her feelings, and exculpatory of her weakness. Her tears flowed fast at every expression of kindness to herself, her burning blushes dried them up as they were falling, at every hint of her feebleness, and the hopelessness of its cause; but wholly subdued by the last paragraph, which with reverence she pressed to her lips, she offered up the most solemn vows of a strict and entire observance of every injunction which the letter contained.

She was thus employed, unnoticing the passage of time, when Mrs. Arlbery tapped at her door, and asked if she wished to dine in her own room.

Surprised at the question, and ashamed to be thus seen, she was beginning a thousand apologies for not being yet dressed: but Mrs. Arlbery, interrupting her, said, "I never listen to excuses. 'Tis the only battery that overpowers me. If, by any mischance, and in an evil hour, some country cousin, not knowing my ways, or some antediluvian prig, not minding them, happen to fall upon me with formal speeches, where I can make no escape, a fit of yawning takes me immediately, and I am demolished for the rest of the day."

Camilla, attempting to smile, promised to play the country cousin no more. Mrs. Arlbery then observed she had been weeping; and taking her hand, with an examining look, "My lovely young friend," she cried, "this will never do!"

"What, ma'am?—how?—what?—"

"Nay, nay, don't be frightened. Come down to dinner, and we'll talk over the hows? and the whats? afterwards. Never mind your dress; we go no where this evening; and I make a point not to suffer any body to change their attire in my house, merely because the afternoon is taking place of the morning. It seems to me a miserable compliment to the mistress of a mansion, to see

see her guests only equip themselves for the table. For my part, I deem the garb that is good enough for me, good enough for my geese and turkeys—apple and oyster-sauce included.”

Camilla then followed her down stairs, where she found no company but Sir Sedley Clarendel.

“Come, my dear Miss Tyrold,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “you and I may now consider ourselves as *tête-à-tête*; Sir Sedley won’t be much in our way. He hears and sees nothing but himself.”

“Ecstatically flattering that!” cried Sir Sedley; “dulcet to every nerve!”

“O, I know you listen just now, because you are yourself my theme. But the moment I take another, you will forget we are either of us in the room.”

“Inhuman to the quick!” cried he; “barbarous to a point!”

“This is a creature so strange, Miss Tyrold,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “that I must positively initiate you a little into his character;—or, rather, into its own caricature; for as to character, he has had none intelligible these three years. See but how he smiles at the very prospect of being portrayed, in defiance of all his efforts to look unconcerned! yet he knows I shall shew him no mercy. But, like all other egotists, the only thing to really disconcert him, would be to take no notice of him. Make him but the first subject of discourse, and praise or abuse are pretty much the same to him.”

“O shocking! shocking! killing past refuscitation! Abominably horrid, I protest!”

“O I have not begun yet. This is an observation to suit thousands. But do not fear; you shall have all your appropriations. Miss Tyrold, you are to be auditor and judge: and I will save you the time and the trouble which decyphering this animal, so truly a non-descript, might cost you.”

“What a tremendous exordium! distressing to a degree! I am agued with trepidation!”

“O you wretch! you know you are enchanted. But no further interruption! I send you to Coventry for the next ten minutes.

“This

"This man, my dear Miss Tyrold, whom we are about to delineate, was meant by nature, and prepared, by art, for something greatly superior to what he now appears : but, unhappily, he had neither solidity of judgment, nor humility of disposition, for bearing meekly the early advantages with which he set out in life ; a fine person, fine parts, and a fine estate, all dashed into consciousness at the presuming age of one and twenty. By this aggregate of wealthy, of mental and of personal prosperity, he has become at once self spoilt and world spoilt. Had you known him, as I have done, before he was seized with this systematic affectation which, I am satisfied, causes him more study than the united pedants of both universities could inflict upon him, you would have seen the most delightful creature breathing ! a creature combining, in one animated composition, the very essences of spirit, of gaiety, and of intelligence. But now, with every thing within his reach, nothing seems worth his attainment. He has not sufficient energy to make use of his own powers. He has no one to command him, and he is too indolent to command himself. He has therefore turned sop from mere wantonness of time and of talents ; from having nothing to do, no one to care for, and no one to please. Take from him half his wit, and by lessening his presumption, you will cure him of all his folly. Rob him of his fortune, and by forcing him into exertion, you will make him one of the first men of his day. Deface and maim his features and figure ; and by letting him see that to appear and be admired is not the same thing, you will render him irresistible."

"Have you done ?" cried the baronet smiling.

"I protest," said Mrs. Arlbery, I believe you are a little touched ! And I don't at all want to reform you. A perfect character only lulls me to sleep."

"Obliging in the superlative ! I must then take as a consolation, that I have never given you a nap ?"

"Never, Clarendel, I assure you ; and yet I don't hate you ! Vice is detestable ; I banish all its appearances from my coteries ; and I would banish its reality, too, were I sure I should then have any thing but empty
chairs

chairs in my drawing-room—but foibles make all the charm of society. They are the only support of convivial raillery, and domestic wit. If formerly, therefore, you more excited my admiration, it is now, believe me, you contribute most to my entertainment.”

“Condoling to a phenomenon! I have really, then, the vastly prodigious honour to be exalted in your fair graces to the level of a mountebank? a quack doctor, his merry Andrew? or any other such respectable buffoon?”

“Piqued! piqued! I declare! this exceeds my highest ambition. But I must not weaken the impression by dwelling upon it.”

She then asked Camilla if she had any message for Cleves, as one of her servants was going close to the park gate.

Camilla, glad to withdraw, said she would write a few words to her father, and retired for that purpose.

* * * *

“What in the world, my dear Clarendel,” said Mrs. Arlbery, “can I do with this poor thing? She has lost all her sprightliness, and vapours me but to look at her. She has all the symptoms upon her of being in the full meridian of that common girlish disease, an hopeless passion.”

“Poor little tender dove!” cried the baronet. “’Twould be odious to cure her. Unfeeling to excess. What in nature can be half so mellifluously interesting? I shall now look at her with most prodigious softness. Ought one not to sigh as she approaches?”

“The matter to be sure is silly enough, answered Mrs. Arlbery; “but, this nonsense apart, she is a charming girl. Besides, I perceive I am a violent favourite with her; and flattery, my dear Clarendel, will work its way, even with me! I really owe her a good turn: Else I should no longer endure her; for the tender passion has terribly flattened her. If we can’t restore her spirits, she will be a mere dead weight to me.”

“O a very crush! a cannon ball would be a butterfly in the comparison! But who is the irresistible? What form has the little blind traitor assumed?”

“O, assure

"O, assure yourself, that of the first young man who has come in her sight. Every damsel, as she enters the world, has some picture ready painted upon her imagination, of an object worthy to enslave her: and before any experience forms her judgment, or any comparison her taste, she is the dupe of the first youth who presents himself to her, in the firm persuasion of her ductile fancy, that he is just the model it had previously created."

She then added, she had little doubt but young Mandlebert was the hero, from their private conferences after the raffle, and from her blushes when forced to name him.

"Nay, nay, this is not of the first incongruity!" said the young baronet, "not romantic to outrage. Beech park has nothing very horrific in it. Nothing invincibly beyond the standard of a young lady's philosophy."

"Depend upon it, that's the very idea its master has conceived of the matter himself. You wealthy Cavaliers rarely want flappers to remind you of your advantages. That Mandlebert, you must know, is my aversion. He has just that air and reputation of faultlessness that gives me the spleen. I hope, for her sake, he won't think of her; he will lead her a terrible life. A man who piques himself upon his perfections, finds no mode so convenient and ready for displaying them, as proving all about him to be constantly in the wrong. However, a character of that stamp rarely marries; especially if he is rich, and has no obstacles in his way. What can I do, then, for this poor thing? The very nature of her malady is to make her entertain false hopes. I am quite bent upon curing them. The only difficulty, according to custom, is how. I wish you would take her in hand yourself."

"I?—preposterous in the extreme! what particle of chance should I have against Mandlebert?"

"O you vain wretch! to be sure you don't know, that though he is rich, you are richer? and, doubtless, you never took notice, that though he is handsome, you are handsomer? As to manners, there is little to choose between you, for he is as much too correct, as you are
too

too fantastical. In conversation, too, you are nearly upon a par, for he is as regularly too right, as you are ridiculously too wrong,—but O the charm of dear amusing wrong, over dull commanding right! you have but to address yourself to her with a little flattering distinction, and Mandlebert ever after will appear to her a pedant.”

“What a wicked sort of sprite is a female wit!” cried Sir Sedley, “breathing only in mischief! a very will-o'-the-wisp, personified and petticoated, shining but to lead astray. Dangerous past all fathom! Have the goodness, however, my fair Jack-o'-lanthorn, to intimate what you mean I should do with this languishing dulcinea, should I deliver her from thralldom? You don't advise me, I presume, to take unto myself a wife? I protest I am shivered to the utmost point north at the bare suggestion! frozen to an icicle!”

“No, no; I know you far too confirmed an egotist for any thing but an old bachelor. Nor is there the least necessity to yoke the poor child to the conjugal plough so early. The only sacrifice I demand from you is a little attention; the only good I aim at for her, is to open her eyes, which have now a film before them, and to let her see that Mandlebert has no other pre-eminence, than that of having been the first young man with whom she became acquainted. Never imagine I want her to fall in love with you. Heaven help the poor victim to such a complication of caprice!”

“Nay, now I am full south again! burning with shame and choler! How you navigate my sensations from cold to heat at pleasure! Cooke was a mere river waterman to you. My blood chills or boils at your command. Every sentence is a new climate. You waft me from extreme to extreme, with a rapidity absolutely dizzying. A balloon is a broad-wheeled waggon to you.”

“Come, come, jargon apart, will you make yourself of any use? The cure of a romantic first flame is a better surety to subsequent discretion, than all the exhortations of all the fathers, and mothers, and guardians, and maiden aunts in the universe. Save her now, and you serve

serve her for life;—besides giving me prodigious pleasure in robbing that frigid Mandlebert of such a conquest.”

“ Unhappy young swain ! I pity him to immensity. How has he fallen thus under the rigour of your wrath ? Do you banish him your favour, like another Aristides, to relieve your ear from hearing him called the Just ?

“ Was ever allusion so impertinent ? or, what is worse, for aught I can determine, so true ? for, certainly, he has given me no offence ; yet I feel I should be enchanted to humble him. Don’t be concerned for him, however ; you may assure yourself he hates me. There is a certain spring in our propensities to one another, that involuntarily opens and shuts in almost exact harmony, whether of approbation or antipathy. Except, indeed, in the one article of love, which, distinguishing nothing, is ready to grasp at any thing.”

“ But why have you not recourse to the gallant cockade ?”

“ The Major ? O, I have observed, already, she receives his devoirs without emotion ; which, for a girl who has seen nothing of the world, is respectable enough, his red coat considered. Whether the man has any meaning himself, or whether he knows there is such a thing, I cannot tell : but as I do not wish to see her surrounded with brats, while a mere brat herself, it is not worth inquiry. You are the thing, Clarendel, the very thing ! You are just agreeable enough to annul her puerile fascination, yet not interesting enough to involve her in any new danger.”

“ Flattering past imitability ! divine Arlberiana !”

“ Girls, in general,” continued she, “ are insupportable nuisances to women. If you do not set them to prate about their admirers, or their admired, they die of weariness ;—if you do, the weariness reverberates upon yourself.”

Camilla here returned. She had written a few lines to Eugenia, to enforce her reliance upon Edgar, with an earnest request to be sent for immediately, if any new difficulty occurred. And she had addressed a few warmly

ly grateful words to her father, engaging to follow his every injunction with her best ability.

Sir Sedley now rung for his carriage; and Camilla, for the rest of the evening, exerted herself to receive more cheerfully the kind civilities of her lively hostess.

C H A P. IX.

A Recall.

AFTER two days passed with tolerable, though not natural cheerfulness at the Grove, Camilla was surprised by the arrival of the carriage of Sir Hugh with a short note from Eugenia.

To Miss Camilla Tyrold.

AN incident has happened that overpowers me with sadness and horror. I cannot write I send the chariot. O! come and pass an hour or two at Cleves with your distressed

EUGENIA!

Camilla could scarcely stop to leave a message for Mrs. Arlbery, before she flew to the carriage; nor even inquire for her uncle at Cleves before she ran to the apartment of Eugenia, and, with a thousand tender caresses, desired to know what had thus cruelly afflicted her.

"Alas!" she answered, "my uncle has written to Clermont to come over,—and informed him with what view!"

She then related, that Indiana, the preceding day, had prevailed with Sir Hugh to let her go to the Middleton races; and she found he would be quite unhappy if

if she refused to be also of the party. That they had been joined by Bellamy on the race ground, who only, however, spoke to Miss Margland, as Edgar, watchful and uneasy, scarce let him even see any one else. But the horses having taken fright, while they were in a great crowd, Bellamy had persuaded Miss Margland to alight, while the coach passed a terrible concourse of carriages; and, in that interval, he had contrived to whisper a claim upon her tacit promise of viewing the chaise which was for ever to convey him away from her; and, though her engagement to Edgar made her refuse, he had drawn her, she knows not herself how, from her party, and, while she was angrily remonstrating, and he seemed in the utmost despair at her displeasure, Edgar, who had been at first eluded by being on horseback, dismounted, forced his way to her, and almost carried her back to the coach, leaving Bellamy, who she was sure had no sinister design, nearly dead with grief at being unworthily suspected. Edgar, she however added, was fixed in believing he meant to convey her away; and Jacob, asserting he saw him purposely frighten the horses, had told his surmises to Sir Hugh; which he had corroborated by an account that the same gentleman had stopt to converse with her in her last return from Etherington. Sir Hugh, terrified, had declared he would no longer live without Clermont upon the spot. She had felt too much for his disturbance to oppose him at the moment, but had not imagined his plan would immediately be put into execution, till, early this morning, he had sent for her, and produced his letter of recall, which had taken him, he said, the whole night to compose and finish. Urged by surprise and dissatisfaction, she was beginning a little remonstrance; but found it made him so extremely unhappy, that, in the fear of a relapse, she desisted; and, with a shock she knew not when she should overcome, saw the fatal letter delivered for the post.

Camilla, with much commiseration, inquired if she had consulted with Edgar. Yes, she answered; and he had extorted her permission to relate the whole transaction to her father, though in a manner wide from justice

justice to the ill-fated Bellamy ; whose design might be extraordinary, but whose character, she was convinced, was honourable.

Camilla, whose education, though private, had not, like that of Eugenia, been secluded and studious, was far less credulous than her sister, though equally artless. She knew, too, with regard to this affair, the opinion of Edgar, and to know and be guided by it was imperceptibly one. She declared herself, therefore, openly against Bellamy, and made her motives consist in a commentary upon his proceedings.

Eugenia warmly defended him, declaring the judgment of Camilla, and that of all her friends, to be formed in the dark ; for that none of them could have doubted a moment his goodness or his honour, had they seen the distracted suffering that was marked in his countenance.

“ And what,” cried Camilla, “ says my father to all this ? ”

“ He says just what Edgar says :—he is all that is kind and good, but he has never beheld Bellamy—how, then, should he know him ? ”

A message came now from Sir Hugh to Camilla, that he would see her before she went, but that he was resting at present from the fatigue of writing a letter. He sent her, however, with his love, the foul copy, to amuse her till she could come to him.

To Clermont Lynmere Esq.

Dear Nephew,

I HAVE had a very dangerous illness, and the doctors themselves are all surprised that I recovered ; but a greater doctor than them was pleased to save me, for which I thank God. But as this attack has made me think more than ever I thought before, I am willing to turn my thoughts to good account.

Now, as I have not the gift of writing, at which, thank God, I have left off repining, from the reason of its great troublesomeness in acquiring, I can't pretend

to

to any thing of a fine letter, but shall proceed to business.

My dear Clermont, I write now to desire you would come over out of hand; which I hope you won't take unkind, foreign parts being no great pleasure to see, in comparison of old England; besides which, I have another apology to offer, which is, having a fine prize in view for you; which is the more essential, owing to some unlucky circumstances, in which I did not behave quite as well as I wish, though very unwillingly; which I mention to you as a warning. However, you have no need to be cast down, for this prize will set all right, and make you as rich as a lord, at the same time that you are as wise as a philosopher. And as learning, though I have the proper respect for it, won't serve to make the pot boil, you must needs be glad of more substantial fuel; for there's no living upon air, however you students may affect to think eating mere gluttony.

Now, this prize is no other than your cousin Eugenia Tyrold, whom I don't tell you is a beauty; but if you are the sensible lad I take you for, you won't think the worse of her for wanting such frail perfections. Besides, we should not be too nice amongst relations, for if we are, what can we expect from the wide world? So I beg you to come over with all convenient speed, for fear of her falling a prey to some sharper, many such being to be found; especially at horse-races, and so forth. I remain,

Dear nephew,

Your affectionate uncle,

HUGH TYROLD.

Eugenia, from motives of delicacy and of shame, declined reading the copy as she had declined reading the letter; but looked so extremely unhappy, that Camilla offered to plead with her uncle, and use her utmost influence that he would countermand the recall.

"No," answered she, "no! 'tis a point of duty and gratitude, and I must bear its consequences."

She was now called down to Mr. Tyrold. Camilla accompanied her.

He

He told her had gathered, from the kind zeal and inquiries of Edgar, that Bellamy had certainly laid a premeditated plan for carrying her off, if she went to the races; which, as the whole neighbourhood was there, might reasonably be expected.

Eugenia, with fervour, protested such wickedness was impossible.

"I am unwilling, my dear child," he answered, "to adulterate the purity of your thoughts and expectations, by inculcating suspicions; but, though nature has blessed you with an uncommon understanding, remember, in judgment you are still but fifteen, and in experience but a child. One thing, however, tell me candidly, Is it from love of justice, or is it for your happiness you combat thus ardently for the integrity of this young man?"

"For my justice, Sir!" said she firmly.

"And no latent reason mingles with and enforces it?"

"None, believe me! save only what gratitude dictates."

"If your heart, then, is your own, my dear girl, do not be uneasy at the letter to Clermont. Your uncle is the last man upon earth to put any constraint upon your inclinations; and need I add to my dearest Eugenia, I am the last father to thwart or distress them? Resume, therefore, your courage and composure; be just to your friends, and happy in yourself."

Reason was never thrown away upon Eugenia. Her mind was a soil which received and naturalized all that was sown in it. She promised to look forward with more cheerfulness, and to dwell no longer upon this agitating transaction.

Edgar now came in. He was going to Beech Park to meet Bellamy. He was charged with a long message for him from Sir Hugh; and an order to inform him that his niece was engaged; which, however, he declined undertaking, without first consulting her.

This was almost too severe a trial of the duty and fortitude of Eugenia. She coloured, and was quitting the room in silence: but presently turning back, "My uncle,"

uncle," she cried, "is too ill now for argument, and he is too dear to me for opposition :—Say, then, just what you think will most conduce to his tranquillity and recovery."

Her father embraced her ; Camilla shed tears ; and Edgar, in earnest admiration, kissed her hand. She received their applause with sensibility, but looked down with a secret deduction from its force, as she internally uttered, "My task is not so difficult as they believe I touched as I am with the constancy of Bellamy—It is not Melmond who loves me ! it is not Melmond I reject !—"

Edgar was immediately setting off, but stopping him—"One thing alone I beg," she said ; "do not communicate your intelligence abruptly. Soften it by assurances of my kind wishes.—Yet, to prevent any deception, any future hope—say to him—if you think it right—that I shall regard myself, henceforward, as if already in that holy state so sacred to one only object."

She blushed, and left them, followed by Camilla.

"If born but yesterday," cried Mr. Tyrold, while his eyes glistened, she could not be more perfectly free from guile."

"Yet that," said Edgar, "is but half her praise ; she is perfectly free, also, from self ! she is made up of disinterested qualities and liberal sensations. To the most genuine simplicity, she joins the most singular philosophy ; and to knowledge and cultivation, the most uncommon, adds all the modesty as well as innocence of her extreme youth and inexperience."

Mr. Tyrold subscribed with frankness to this just praise of his highly-valued daughter ; and they then conferred upon the steps to be taken with Bellamy, whom neither of them scrupled to pronounce a mere fortune-hunter. All the inquiries of Edgar were ineffectual to learn any particulars of his situation. He said he was travelling for his amusement ; but he had no recommendation to any one ; though, by being constantly well dressed, and keeping a shewy footman, he had contrived to make acquaintance almost universally in the

neighbourhood. Mr. Tyrold determined to accompany Edgar to Beech Park himself, and there, in the most peremptory terms, to assure him of the serious measures that would ensue, if he desisted not from his pursuit.

He then went to take leave of Camilla, who had been making a visit to her uncle, and was returning to the Grove.

He had seen with concern the frigid air with which Edgar had bowed to her upon his entrance, and with compassion the changed countenance with which she had received his formal salutation. His hope of the alliance now sunk; and so favourite a wish could not be relinquished without severe disappointment; yet his own was immaterial to him when he looked at Camilla, and saw in her expressive eyes the struggle of her soul to disguise her wounded feelings. He now regretted that she had not accompanied her mother abroad; and desired nothing so earnestly as any means to remove her from all intercourse with Mandlebert. He seconded, therefore, her speed to be gone, happy she would be placed where exertion would be indispensable; and gently, yet clearly, intimated his wish that she should remain at the Grove, till she could meet Edgar without raising pain in her own bosom, or exciting suspicions in his. Cruelly mortified, she silently acquiesced. He then said whatever was most kind to give her courage; but, dejected by her conscious failure, and afflicted by the change in Edgar, she returned to Mrs. Arlbery in a state of mind the most melancholy.

And here, nothing could be less exhilarating nor less seasonable than the first news she heard.

The regiment of General Kinsale was ordered into Kent, in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge: It was the season for drinking the water of that spring; and Mr. Dannel was going thither with his daughter. Sir Sedley Clarendel conceived it would be serviceable also to his own health; and had suddenly proposed to Mrs. Arlbery forming a party to pass a few weeks there. With a vivacity always ready for any new project, she

she instantly agreed to it, and the journey was settled to take place in three days. When Camilla was informed of this intended excursion, the disappointment with which it overpowered her was too potent for disguise: and Mrs. Arlbery was so much struck with it, that, during coffee, she took Sir Sedley apart, and said; "I feel such concern for the dismal alteration of that sweet girl, that I could prevail with myself, all love-lorn as she is, to take her with me to Tunbridge, if you will aid my hardy enterprise of driving that frozen composition of premature wisdom from her mind. If you are not as invulnerable as himself, you cannot refuse me this sleight of gallantry."

Sir Sedley gave a laughing assent, declaring, at the same time, with the strongest professed diffidence, his conscious inability. Mrs. Arlbery, in high spirits, said she scarce knew which would most delight her, to mortify Edgar, or restore Camilla to gaiety and independence. Yet she would watch, she said, that matters went no further than just to shake off a whining first love; for the last thing upon earth she intended was to entangle her in a second.

Camilla received the invitation with pleasure yet anxiety: for though glad to be spared returning to Cleves in a state of disturbance so suspicious, she was bitterly agitated in reflecting upon the dislike of Edgar to Mrs. Arlbery, the pains he had taken to prevent her mingling with the society, and the probably final period to his esteem and good-will, that would prove the result of her accompanying such a party to a place of amusement.

C H A P. X.

A Youth of the Times.

MRS. Arlbery accompanied Camilla the next day to Cleves, to ask permission of Mr. Tyrold for the excursion. She would trust the request to none but herself, conscious of powers of persuasion unused to repulse.

Mr. Tyrold was distressed by the proposition: he was not satisfied in trusting his unguarded Camilla to the dissipation of a public place, except under the wing of her mother; though he felt eager to remove her from Edgar, and rejoiced in any opportunity to allow her a change of scene, that might revive her natural spirits, and unchain her heart from its unhappy subjection.

Perceiving him undetermined, Mrs. Arlbery called forth all her artillery of eloquence and grace, to forward her conquest. The licence she allowed herself in common of fantastic command, gave way to the more feminine attraction of soft pleading: her satire, which, though never malignant, was often alarming, was relinquished for a sportive gaiety that diffused general animation; and Mr. Tyrold soon, though not caught like his daughter, ceased to wonder that his daughter had been caught.

In this indecision he took Camilla apart, and bad her tell her him, without fear or reserve, her own feelings, her own wishes, her own opinion upon this scheme. She held such a call too serious and too kind for disguise: she hid her face upon his shoulder and wept; he soothed and encouraged her to confidence; and, in broken accents she then acknowledged herself unequal as yet, to fulfilling his injunctions of appearing cheerful and easy, though sensible of their wisdom.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrold, with a heavy heart, saw how much deeper was her wound, than the airiness of her nature had prepared him to expect, and could no longer hesitate in granting his consent. He saw it was her wish to go; but he saw that the pleasures of a public place had no share in exciting it. To avoid betraying her conscious mortification was her sole and innocent motive; and though he would rather have sent her to a more private spot, and have trusted her to a more retired character; he yet thought it possible, that what opportunity presented unsought, might, eventually, prove more beneficial than what his own choice would have dictated; for public amusements, to the young and unhackneyed, give entertainment without requiring exertion; and spirits lively as those of Mrs. Arlbery create nearly as much gaiety as they display.

Fixed, now, for the journey, he carried Camilla to her uncle to take leave. The prospect of not seeing her again for six weeks was gloomy to Sir Hugh, though he bore it better at this moment, when his fancy was occupied by arranging preparations for the return of Clermont, than he could have done at almost any other. He put into her hands a fifty pound Bank note for her expences, and when, with mingled modesty and dejection, she would have returned the whole, as unnecessary even to her wishes, Mr. Tyrold, interfering, made her accept twenty pounds. Sir Hugh pressed forward the original sum in vain; his brother, though always averse to refuse his smallest desire, thought it here a duty to be firm, that the excursion, which he granted as a relief to her sadness, might not lead to pleasures ever after beyond her reach, nor to their concomitant extravagance. She could not, he knew, reside at Tunbridge with the economy and simplicity to which she was accustomed at Etherington; but he charged her to let no temptation make her forget the moderate income of which alone she was certain; assuring her, that where a young woman's expences exceeded her known expectations, those who were foremost to praise her elegance, would most fear to form any connection with her, and most despise or deride her in any calamity.

Camilla

Camilla found no difficulty in promising the most exact observance of this instruction; her heart seemed in sackcloth and ashes, and she cared not in what manner her person should be arrayed.

Sir Hugh earnestly enjoined her not to fail to be at Cleves upon the arrival of Clermont, intimating that the nuptials would immediately take place.

She then sought Eugenia, whom she found with Dr. Orkborne, in a state of mind so perfectly calm and composed, as equally to surprise and rejoice her. She saw with pleasure that all Bellamy had inspired was the most artless compassion; for since his dismissal had now positively been given, and Clermont was actually summoned, she devoted her thoughts solely to the approaching event, with the firm, though early wisdom which distinguished her character.

Indiana joined them; and, in a low voice, said to Camilla, "Pray, cousin, do you know where Mr. Macdersey is? Because I am sadly afraid he's dead."

Camilla, surprised, desired to know why she had such an apprehension?

"Because he told me he'd shoot himself through the brains if I was cruel—and I am sure I had no great choice given me: for, between ourselves, Miss Margland gave all the answers for me, without once stopping to ask me what I should chuse. So if he has really done it, the fault is more her's than mine,"

She then said, that, just after Camilla's departure the preceding day, Mr. Macdersey arrived, and insisted upon seeing her, and speaking to Sir Hugh, as he was ordered into Kent, and could not go so far in suspense. Sir Hugh was not well enough to admit him; and Miss Margland, upon whom the office devolved, took upon her to give him a positive refusal; and though she went into the room while he was there, never once would let her make an answer for herself.

Miss Margland, she added, had frightened Sir Hugh into forbidding him the house, by comparing him with Mr. Bellamy; but Mr. Macdersey had frightened them all enough, in return, as he went away, by saying, that as soon as ever Sir Hugh was well, he would call him

him out, because of his sending him word down stairs not to come to Cleves any more, for he had been disturbed enough already by another Irish fortune-hunter, that came after another of his nieces; and he was the more sure Mr. Macdersey was one of them, because of his being a real Irishman, while Mr. Bellamy was only an Englishman. "But don't you think now, cousin," she continued, "Miss Margland might as well have let me speak for myself?"

Camilla inquired if she was sorry for the rejection.

"N-o," she answered, with some hesitation; "for Miss Margland says he's got no rent-roll; besides, I don't think he's so agreeable as Mr. Melmond; only Mr. Melmond's worth little or no fortune they say: for Miss Margland inquired about it, after Mr. Mandlebert behaved so. Else I can't say I thought Mr. Melmond disagreeable."

Mrs. Arlbery now sent to hasten Camilla, who, in returning to the parlour, met Edgar. He had just gathered her intended excursion, and, sick at heart, had left the room. Camilla felt the consciousness of a guilty person at his sight; but he only slightly bowed; and coldly saying, "I hope you will have much pleasure at Tunbridge," went on to his own room.

And there, replete with resentment for the whole of her late conduct, he again blessed Dr. Marchmont for his preservation from her toils; and, concluding the excursion was for the sake of the Major, whose regiment he knew to be just ordered into Kent, he centered every former hope in the one single wish that he might never see her more.

Camilla, shocked by such obvious displeasure, quitted Cleves with still increasing sadness; and Mrs. Arlbery would heartily have repented her invitation, but for her dependance upon Sir Sedley Clarendel.

At Esherington they stopt, that Camilla might prepare her package for Tunbridge. Mrs. Arlbery would not alight.

While Camilla, with a maid-servant, was examining her drawers, the chamber door was opened by Lionel,
for

for whom she had just inquired, and who, telling her he wanted to speak to her in private, turned the maid out of the room.

Camilla begged him to be quick, as Mrs. Arlbery was waiting

"Why then, my dear little girl," cried he, "the chief substance of the matter is neither more nor less than this: I want a little money."

"My dear brother," said Camilla, pleasure again kindling in her eyes as she opened her pocket-book, "you could never have applied to me so opportunely. I have just got twenty pounds, and I do not want twenty shillings. Take it, I beseech you, any part, or all."

Lionel paused and seemed half choaked. "Camilla," he cried presently, "you are an excellent girl. If you were as old and ugly as Miss Margland, I really believe I should think you young and pretty. But this sum is nothing. A drop of water to the ocean."

Camilla now, drawing back, disappointed and displeased, asked how it was possible he should want more.

"More, my dear child? why I want two or three cool hundred."

"Two or three hundred? repeated she, amazed.

"Nay, nay, don't be frightened. My uncle will give you two or three thousand, you know that. And I really want the money. It's no joke, I assure you. It's a case of real distress."

"Distress? impossible! what distress can you have to so prodigious an amount?"

"Prodigious! poor little innocent! dost think two or three hundred prodigious?"

"And what is become of the large sums extorted from my uncle Relvil?"

"O that was for quite another thing. That was for debts. That's gone and over. This is for a perfectly different purpose."

"And will nothing—O Lionel!—nothing touch you? My poor mother's quitting England—her separation

ration from my father and her family—my uncle Relvil's severe attack—will nothing move you to more thoughtful, more praise-worthy conduct?"

"Camilla, no preaching! I might as well cast myself upon the old ones at once. I come to you in preference, on purpose to avoid sermonising. However, for your satisfaction, and to spur you to serve me, I can assure you I have avoided all new debts since the last little deposit of the poor sick hypocondriac miser, who is pining away at the loss of a few guineas, that he had neither spirit nor health to have spent for himself."

"Is this your reasoning, your repentance, Lionel, upon such a catastrophe?"

"My dear girl, I am heartily concerned at the whole business, only, as it's over, I don't like talking of it. This is the last scrape I shall ever be in while I live. But if you won't help me, I am undone. You know your influence with my uncle. Do, there's a dear girl, use it for your brother? I have not a dependance in the world, now, but upon you!"

"Certainly I will do whatever I can for you," said she, sighing; "but indeed, my dear Lionel, your manner of going on makes my very heart ach! However, let this twenty pounds be in part, and tell me your very smallest calculation for what must be added?"

"Two hundred. A farthing less will be of no use; and three will be of thrice the service. But mind!—you must not say it's for me!"

"How, then, can I ask for it?"

"O, vamp up some dismal ditty."

"No, Lionel!" exclaimed she, turning away from him; "you propose what you know to be impracticable."

"Well, then, if you must needs say it's for me, tell him he must not for his life own it to the old ones."

"In the same breath, must I beg and command?"

"O, I always make that my bargain. I should else be put into the lecture room, and not let loose again till I was made a milkop. They'd talk me so into the va-

pours, I should not be able to act like a man for a month to come."

"A man, Lionel?"

"Yes, a man of the world, my dear; a knowing one."

Mrs. Arlbery now sent to hasten her, and he extorted a promise that she would go to Cleves the next morning, and procure a draft for the money, if possible, to be ready for his calling at the Grove in the afternoon,

She felt this more deeply than she had time or courage to own to Lionel, but her increased melancholy was all imputed to reflections concerning Mandlebert by Mrs. Arlbery.

* * * *

That lady lent her chaise the next morning, with her usual promptitude of good-humour, and Camilla went to Cleves, with a reluctance that never before accompanied her desire to oblige.

Her visit was received most kindly by all the family, as merely an additional leave taking; in which light, though she was too sincere to place it, she suffered it to pass. Having no chance of being alone with her uncle by accident, she was forced to beg him in a whisper, to request a *tête-à-tête* with her: and she then, covered with all the confusion of a partner in his extravagance, made the petition of Lionel.

Sir Hugh seemed much surprised, but protested he would rather part with his coat and waistcoat than refuse any thing to Camilla. He gave her instantly a draft upon his banker for two hundred pounds; but added, he should take it very kind of her, if she would beg Lionel to ask him for no more this year, as he was really so hard run, he should not else be able to make proper preparations for the wedding, till his next rents became due.

Camilla was now surprised in her turn; and Sir Hugh then confessed, that, between presents and petitions, his nephew had had no less than five hundred pounds from him the preceding year, unknown to his parents;

parents ; and that for this year, the sum she requested made the seventh hundred ; without the least account for what purpose it was given.

Camilla now heartily repented being a partner in a business so rapacious, so unjustifiable, and so mysterious ; but, kindly interrupting her apology, " Don't be concerned, my dear," he cried, " for there's no help for these things ; though what the young boys do with all their money now-a-days, is odd enough, being what I can't make out. However, he'll soon be wiser, so we must not be too severe with him ; though I told him, the last time, I had rather he would not ask me so often ; which was being almost too sharp, I'm afraid, considering his youngness ; for one can't expect him to be an old man at once."

Camilla gave voluntarily her word no such application should find her its ambassadress again : and though he would have dispensed with the promise, she made it the more readily as a guard against her own facility.

" At least," cried the baronet, " say nothing to my poor brother, and more especially to your mother ; it being but vexatious to such good parents to hear of such idleness, not knowing what to think of it ; for it is a great secret, he says, what he does with it all ; for which reason one can't expect him to tell it. My poor brother, to be sure, had rather he should be studying *hic, hæc, hoc* ; but, Lord help him ! I believe he knows no more of that than I do myself ; and I never could make out much meaning of it, any further than it's being Latin ; though I suppose, at the time, Dr. Orkborne might explain it to me, taking it for granted he did what was right."

Camilla was most willing to agree to concealing from her parents what she knew must so painfully afflict them, though she determined to assume sufficient courage to expostulate most seriously with her brother, against whom she felt sensations of the most painful anger.

Again she now took leave ; but upon re-entering the parlour, found Edgar there alone.

In-

Involuntarily she was retiring; but the counsel of her father recurring to her, she compelled herself to advance, and say, "How good you have been to Eugenia! how greatly are we all indebted for your kind vigilance and exertion!"

Edgar, who was reading, and knew not she was in the house, was surprised, both by her sight and her address, out of all his resolutions; and, with a softness of voice he meant evermore to deny himself, answered, "To me? can any of the Tyrold family talk of being indebted to me?—my own obligations to all, to every individual of that name, have been the pride, have been—hitherto—the happiness of my life!—"

The word "hitherto," which had escaped, affected him: he stopt, recollected himself, and presently, more drily added "Those obligations would be still much increased, if I might flatter myself that one of that race, to whom I have ventured to play the officious part of a brother, could forget those lectures, she can else, I fear, with difficulty pardon."

"You have found me unworthy your counsel," answered Camilla, gravely, and looking down; "you have therefore concluded I resent it: but we are not always completely wrong, even when wide from being right. I have not been culpable of quite so much folly as not to feel what I have owed to your good offices; nor am I now guilty of the injustice to blame their being withdrawn. You do surely what is wisest, though not—perhaps—what is kindest."

To these last words she forced a smile; and, wishing him good morning, hurried away.

Amazed past expression, and touched to the soul, he remained, a few instants, immoveable; then, resolving to follow her, and almost resolving to throw himself at her feet, he opened the door she had shut after her: he saw her still in the hall, but she was in the arms of her father and sisters, who had all descended, upon hearing she had left Sir Hugh, and of whom she was now taking leave.

Upon

Upon his appearance, she said she could no longer keep the carriage; but, as she hastened from the hall, he saw that her eyes were swimming in tears.

Her father saw it too, with less surprise, but more pain. He knew her short and voluntary absence from her friends could not excite them: his heart ached with paternal concern for her; and, motioning every body else to remain in the hall, he walked with her to the carriage himself, saying, in a low voice, as he put her in, "Be of better courage, my dearest child. Endeavour to take pleasure where you are going—and to forget what you are leaving: and, if you wish to feel or to give contentment upon earth, remember always, you must seek to make circumstance contribute to happiness, not happiness subservient to circumstance."

Camilla, bathing his hand with her tears, promised this maxim should never quit her mind till they met again.

She then drove off.

"Yes," she cried, "I must indeed study it; Edgar cares no more what becomes of me! resentment next to antipathy has taken place of his friendship and esteem!"

She wrote down in her pocket-book the last words of her father; she resolved to read them daily, and to make them the current lesson of her future and disappointed life.

* * * *

Lionel, too impatient to wait for the afternoon, was already at the grove, and handed her from the chaise. But stopping her in the portico, "Well," he cried, "where's my draft?"

"Before I give it you," said she, seriously, and walking from the servants, "I must entreat to speak a few words to you."

"You have really got it, then?" cried he, in a rapture; "you are a charming girl! the most charming girl I know in the world! I won't take your poor twenty pounds: I would not touch it for the world. But come, where's the draft? Is it for the two or the three?"

"For

"For the two; and surely, my dear Lionel—"

"For the two? O, plague take it!—only for the two?—And when will you get me the odd third?"

"O brother! O Lionel! what a question! Will you make me repent, instead of rejoice, in the pleasure I have to assist you?"

"Why, when he was about it, why could he not as well come down like a gentleman at once? I am sure I always behaved very hadsomely to him."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I never frightened him; never put him beside his poor wits, like t'other poor nuncle. I don't remember I ever did him an ill turn in my life, except wanting Dr. Pothook, there, to flog him a little for not learning his book. It would have been a rare sight if he had!—don't you think so?"

"Rare, indeed, I hope!"

"Why, now, what could he have done, if the Doctor had really performed it? He could not in justice have found fault, when he put himself to school to him. But he'd have felt a little queer. Don't you think he would?"

"You only want to make me laugh, to prevent my speaking to the purpose; but I am not disposed to laugh; and therefore—"

"O, if you are not disposed to laugh, you are no company for me. Give me my draft, therefore."

"If you will not hear, I hope, at least, Lionel, you will think; and that may be much more efficacious. Shall I put up the twenty? I really do not want it. And it is all, all, all I can ever procure you! Remember that!"

"What?—all?—this all?—what, not even the other little mean hundred?"

"No, my dear brother! I have promised my uncle no further application—"

"Why what a stingy, fusty old codger, to draw such a promise from you!"

"Hold, hold, Lionel! I cannot endure to hear you speak in such a manner of such an uncle! the best, the most benevolent, the most indulgent—"

"Lord,

"Lord, child, don't be so precise and old maidish. Don't you know it's a relief to a man's mind to swear, and say a few cutting things when he's in a passion? when all the time he would no more do harm to the people he swears at, than you would, that mince out all your words as if you were talking treason, and thought every man a spy that heard you. Besides, how is a man the worse for a little friendly curse or two, provided he does not hear it? It's a very innocent refreshment to a man's mind, my dear; only you know nothing of the world."

Mrs. Arlbery now approaching, he hastily took the draft, and, after a little hesitation, the twenty pounds, telling her, if she would not ask for him, she must ask for herself, and that he felt no compunction, as he was certain she might draw upon her uncle for every guinea he was worth.

He then heartily embraced her; said she was the best girl in the world, when she did not mount the pulpit, and rode off.

Camilla felt no concern at the loss of her twenty pounds: lowered and unhappy, she was rather glad than sorry that her means for being abroad were diminished, and that to keep her own room would soon be most convenient.

The next day was fixed for the journey.

C H A P. XI.

A Walk by Moonlight.

MRS. ARLBERY and Camilla set off in the coach of Mr. Dannel, widower of a deceased sister of the husband of Mrs. Arlbery, whom she was induced to admit
of

of the party that he might aid in bearing the expences, as she could not, from some family considerations, refuse taking her niece into her coterie. Sir Sedley Clarendel drove his own phaeton; but, instead of joining them, according to the condition which occasioned the treaty, cantered away his ponies from the very first stage, and left word, where he changed horses, that he should proceed to the hotel upon the Pantiles.

Mrs. Arlbery was nearly provoked to return to the Grove. With Mr Dannel she did not think it worth while to converse; her niece she regarded as almost an idiot; and Camilla was so spiritless, that, had not Sir Sedley acceded to her plan, this was the last period in which she would have chosen her for a companion.

They travelled very quietly to within a few miles of Tunbridge, when an accident happened to one of the wheels of the carriage, that the coachman said would take some hours to repair. They were drawn on, with difficulty, to a small inn upon the road, whence they were obliged to send a man and horse to Tunbridge for chaises.

As they were destined, now, to spend some time in this place, Mrs. Arlbery retired to write letters, and Mr. Dannel to read newspapers; and, invited by a bright moon, Camilla and Miss Dannel wandered from a little garden to an adjoining meadow, which conducted them to a lane, rendered so beautiful by the the strong masses of shade with which the trees intercepted the resplendent whiteness of the moon, that they walked on, catching fresh openings with fresh pleasure, till the feet of Miss Dannel grew as weary with the length of the way, unbroken by any company, as the ears of Camilla with her incessant prattling, unaided by any idea. Miss Dannel proposed to sit down, and, while relieving herself by a fit of yawning and stretching, Camilla strolled a little further in search of a safe and dry spot.

Miss Dannel, following in a moment, on tip-toe, and trembling, whispered that she was sure she heard a voice. Camilla, with a smile, asked if only themselves were privileged to enjoy so sweet a night? "Hush!" cried she, "hush! I hear it again!" They listened; and, in a
minute,

minute, a soft plaintive tone reached their ears, too distant to be articulate, but undoubtedly female.

"I dare say it's a robber!" exclaimed Miss Dannel shaking; "If you don't run back, I shall die!"

Camilla assured her, from the gentleness of the sound, she must be mistaken; and pressed her to advance a few steps further, in case it should be any body ill.

"But you know," said Miss Dannel, speaking low, "people say that sometimes there are noises in the air, without its being any body? Suppose it should be that?"

Still, though almost imperceptibly, Camilla drew her on, till, again listening, they distinctly heard the words, "My lovely friend."

"La! how pretty!" said Miss Dannel; "let's go a little nearer."

They advanced, and presently, again stopping, heard, "Could pity pour balm into my woes, how sweetly would they be alleviated by your's my lovely friend?"

Miss Dannel now looked enchanted, and eagerly led the way herself.

In a few minutes, arriving at the end of the lane, which opened upon a wild and romantic common, they caught a glimpse of a figure in white.

Miss Dannel turned pale. "Dear!" cried she, in the lowest whisper, "what is it?"

"A lady," answered Camilla, equally cautious not to be heard, though totally without alarm.

"Are you sure of that?" said Miss Dannel, shrinking back, and pulling her companion to accompany her.

"Do you think it's a ghost?" cried Camilla, unresisting the retreat, yet walking backwards to keep the form in sight.

"Fie! how can you talk so shocking? all in the dark so, except only for the moon?"

"Your's, my lovely friend!" was now again pronounced in the tenderest accent.

"She's talking to herself?" exclaimed Miss Dannel; "Lord, how frightful!" and she clung close to Camilla, who, mounting a little hillock of stones, presently perceived that the lady was reading a letter.

"Miss

"Miss Dannel, tranquilised by hearing this, was again content to stop, when their ears were suddenly struck by a piercing shriek.

"O Lord! we shall be murdered!" cried she, screaming still louder herself.

They both ran back some paces down the lane, Camilla determining to send somebody from the inn to inquire what all this meant: but presently, through an opening to the common, they perceived the form in white darting forwards, with an air wild and terrified. Camilla stopt, struck with compassion and curiosity at once; Miss Dannel could not quit her, but after the first glance, hid her face, faintly articulating, "O, don't let it see us! don't let it see us! I am sure it's nothing natural! I dare say it's somebody walking!"

The next instant, they perceived a man, looking earnestly around, as if to discover who had echoed the scream; the place they occupied was in the shade, and he did not observe them. He soon rushed hastily on, and seized the white garment of the flying figure, which appeared, both by its dress and form, to be an elegant female. She clasped her hands in supplication, cast up her eyes towards heaven, and again shrieked aloud.

Camilla, who possessed that fine internal power of the thinking and feeling mind to adopt courage for terror, where any eminent service may be the result of immediate exertion, was preparing to spring to her relief; while Miss Dannel, in extreme agony holding her, murmured out, "Let's run away! let's run away! she's going to be murdered!" when they saw the man prostrate himself at the lady's feet, in the humblest subjection.

Camilla stopt her flight; and Miss Dannel, appeased, called out; "La! his kneeling! how pretty it looks! I dare say it's a lover. How I wish one could hear what he says!"

An exclamation, however, from the lady, uttered in a tone of mingled affright and disgust, of "leave me! leave me!" was again the signal to Miss Dannel of retreat, but of Camilla to advance.

The

The rustling of the leaves, caused by her attempt to make way through the breach, caught the ears of the suppliant, who hastily arose; while the lady folded her arms across her breast, and seemed ejaculating the most fervent thanks for this relief.

Camilla now forced a passage through the hedge, and the lady, as she saw her approach, called out, in a voice the most touching, "Surely 'tis some pitying Angel, mercifully come to my rescue!"

The pursuer drew back, and Camilla, in the gentlest words, besought the lady to accompany her to the friends she had just left, who would be happy to protect her.

She gratefully accepted the proposal, and Camilla then ventured to look round, to see if the object of this alarm had retreated: but, with an astonishment that almost confounded her, she perceived him, a few yards off, taking a pinch of snuff, and humming an opera air.

The lady, then, snatching up her letter, which had fallen to the ground, touched it with her lips, and carefully folding, put it into her bosom, tenderly ejaculating, "I have preserved thee!—O from what danger! what violation!"

Then pressing the hand of Camilla, "You have saved me," she cried, "from the calamity of losing what is more dear than I have words to express! Take me but where I may be shielded from that wretch, and what shall I not owe to you?"

The moon now shining full upon her face, Camilla saw seated on it youth, sensibility, and beauty. Her pleasure, involuntarily rather than rationally, was redoubled that she had proved serviceable to her as, in equal proportion, was her abhorrence of the man who had caused the disturbance.

The three females were now proceeding, when the offender, with a careless air, and yet more careless bow, advancing towards them, negligently said, "Shall I have the honour to see you safe home, ladies?"

Camilla felt indignant; Miss Dannel again screamed; and the stranger, with a look of horror and disgust, said; "Persecute me no more!"

"O hang

"O hang it! O curse it!" cried he, swinging his cane to and fro, "don't be serious. I only meant to frighten you about the letter."

The lady deigned no answer, but murmured to herself "that letter is more precious to me than life or light!"

They now walked on; and, when they entered the lane, they had the pleasure to observe they were not pursued. She then said to Camilla, "You must be surprised to see any one out, and unprotected, at this late hour; but I had employed myself, unthinkingly, in reading some letters from a dear and absent friend, and forgot the quick passage of time."

A man in a livery now appearing at some distance, she hastily summoned him, and demanded where was the carriage?

In the road, he answered, where she had left it, at the end of the lane.

She then took the hand of Camilla, and with a smile of the utmost softness said, "When the shock I have suffered is a little over, I must surely cease to lament I have sustained it, since it has brought to me such sweet succour. Where may I find you to-morrow, to repeat my thanks?"

Camilla answered, "she was going to Tunbridge immediately, but knew not yet where she should lodge."

"Tunbridge!" she repeated; I am there myself; I shall easily find you out to-morrow morning, for I shall know no rest till I have seen you again."

She then asked her name, and, with the most touching acknowledgments took leave.

Camilla recounted her adventure to Mrs. Arlbery, with an animated description of the fair Incognita, and with the most heart-felt delight of having, though but accidentally, proved of service to her. Mrs. Arlbery laughed heartily at the recital, assuring her she doubted not but she had made acquaintance with some dangerous fair one, who was playing upon her inexperience, and utterly unfit to be known to her. Camilla warmly vindicated her innocence, from the whole of her appearance, as well as from the impossibility of her knowing that her
scream

scream could be heard: yet was perplexed how to account for her not naming herself, and for the mystery of the carriage and servant in waiting so far off. These latter she concluded to belong to her father, as she looked too young to have any sort of establishment of her own.

"What I don't understand in the matter is, that there reading of letters by the light of the moon;" said Mr. Dannel. "Where's the necessity of doing that, for a person that can afford to keep her own coach and servants?"

Mr. Dannel was a man as unfavoured by nature as he was uncultivated by art. He had been accepted as a husband by the sister of Mr. Arlbery, merely on account of a large fortune, which he had acquired in business. The marriage, like most others made upon such terms, was as little happy in its progression as honourable in its commencement; and Miss Dannel, born and educated amidst domestic dissension, which robbed her of all will of her own, by the constant denial of one parent to what was accorded by the other, possessed too little reflexion to benefit by observing the misery of an alliance not mentally assorted; and grew up with no other desire but to enter the state herself, from an ardent impatience to shake off the slavery she experienced in singleness. The recent death of her mother had given her, indeed, somewhat more liberty; but she had not sufficient sense to endure any restraint, and languished for the complete power which she imagined a house and servants of her own would afford.

When they arrived at the hotel, in Tunbridge, Mrs. Arlbery heard, with some indignation, that Sir Sedley Clarendel was gone to the rooms, without demonstrating, by any sort of inquiry, the smallest solicitude at her non-appearance.

C H A P. XII.

The Pantiles.

A SERVANT tapt early at the door of Camilla, the next morning, to acquaint her that a lady, who called herself the person that had been so much obliged to her the preceding day, begged the honour of being admitted.

Camilla was sorry, after the suspicions of Mrs. Arlbery, that she did not send up her name; yet, already partially disposed, her prepossession was not likely to be destroyed by the figure that now appeared.

A beautiful young creature, with an air of the most attractive softness, eyes of the most expressive loveliness, and a manner which by every look and every motion announced a soul "tremblingly alive," glided gently into the room, and advancing, with a graceful confidence of kindness, took both her hands, and pressing them to her heart, said, "What happiness so soon to have found you! to be able to pour forth all the gratitude I owe you, and the esteem with which I am already inspired!"

Camilla was struck with admiration and pleasure; and gave way to the most lively delight at the fortunate accident which occasioned her walking out in a place entirely unknown to her; declaring she should ever look back to that event as to one of the marked blessings of her life.

"If you," answered the fair stranger, "have the benevolence thus to value our meeting, how should it be appreciated by one who is so eternally indebted to it? I had not perceived the approach of that person. He broke in upon me when least a creature so ungenial was present to my thoughts. I was reading a letter from the most amiable of friends, the most refined—perhaps—of human beings!"

Camilla,

Camilla, impatient for some explanation, answered, "I hope, at least, that friend will be spared hearing of your alarm?"

"I hope so! for his own griefs already overwhelm him. Never may it be my sad lot to wound where I mean only to console."

At the words *his own*, Camilla felt herself blush. She had imagined it was some female friend. She now found her mistake, and knew not what to imagine next.

"I had retired," she continued, "from the glare of company, and the weight of uninteresting conversation, to read, at leisure and in solitude this dear letter—heart-breaking from its own woes, heart-soothing to mine! In a place such as this, seclusion is difficult. I drove some miles off, and ordered my carriage to wait in the high road, while I strolled alone upon the common. I delight in a solitary ramble by moonlight. I can then indulge in uninterrupted rumination, and solace my melancholy by pronouncing aloud such sentences, and such names, as in the world I cannot utter. How exquisitely sweet do they sound to ears unaccustomed to such vibrations!"

Camilla was all astonishment and perplexity. A male friend so beloved, who seemed to be neither father, brother, nor husband; a carriage at her command, though without naming one relation to whom either that or herself might belong; and sentiments so tender she was almost ashamed to listen to them; all conspired to excite a wonder that painfully prayed for relief: and in the hope to obtain it, with some hesitation, she said, "I should have sought you myself this morning, for the pleasure of inquiring after your safety, but that I was ignorant by what name to make my search."

The fair unknown looked down for a moment, with an air that shewed a perfect consciousness of the inquiry meant by this speech; but turning aside the embarrassment it seemed to cause her, she presently raised her head, and said, "I had no difficulty to find you,
for

for my servant, happily, made his inquiry at once at this hotel."

Disappointed and surprised by this evasion, Camilla saw now an evident mystery, but knew not how to press forward any investigation. She began, therefore, to speak of other things, and her fair guest, who had every mark of an education rather sedulously than naturally cultivated, joined readily in a conversation less personal.

They did not speak of Tunbridge, of public places, nor diversions; their themes, all chosen by the stranger, were friendship, confidence, and sensibility, which she illustrated and enlivened by quotations from favourite poets, aptly introduced and feelingly recited; yet always uttered with a sigh, and an air of tender melancholy. Camilla was now in a state so depressed, that notwithstanding her native vivacity, she fell as imperceptibly into the plaintive style of her new acquaintance, who seemed habitually pensive, as if sympathy rather than accident had brought them together.

Yet when chance led to some mention of the adventure of the preceding evening, and the lady made again an animated eulogium of the friend whose letter she was perusing; she hazarded, with an half smile, saying: "I hope—for his own sake, this friend is some sage and aged personage?"

"O no!" she answered; "he is in the bloom of youth."

Camilla, again a little disconcerted, paused; and the lady went on.

"It was in Wales I first met him; upon a spot so beautiful that painting can never do it justice. I have made, however, a little sketch of it, which, some day or other, I will shew you, if you will have the goodness to let me see more of you."

Camilla could not refrain from an eager affirmative; and the conversation was then interrupted by a message from Mrs. Arlbery, who always breakfasted in her own room, to announce that she was going out lodging-hunting.

Camilla

Camilla would rather have remained with her new acquaintance, better adapted to her present turn of mind than Mrs. Arlbery; but this was impossible, and the lovely stranger hastened away, saying she would call herself the next morning to shew the way to her house, where she hoped they might pass together many soothing and consolatory hours.

* * * *

Camilla found Mrs. Arlbery by no means in her usual high spirits. The opening of her Tunbridge campaign had so far from answered its trouble and expence, that she heartily repented having quitted the Grove. The Officers either were not arrived in the neighbourhood, or were wholly engaged in military business; Camilla, instead of contributing to the life of the excursion, seemed to hang heavily both upon that, and upon herself; and Sir Sedley Clarendel, whose own proposition had brought it to bear, had not yet made his appearance, though lodging in the same hotel.

Thus vexatiously disappointed, she was ill-disposed to listen with pleasure to the history Camilla thought it indispensable to relate of her recent visit: and in answer to all praise of this fair Incognita, only replied by asking her name and connexions. Camilla felt extremely foolish in confessing she had not yet learnt them. Mrs. Arlbery, then laughed unmercifully at her commendations, but concluded with saying: "Follow, however, your own humour; I hate to torment or be tormented: only take care not to be seen with her."

Camilla rejoiced she did not exact any further restriction, and hoped all raillery would soon be set aside, by an honourable explanation.

* * * *

They now repaired to the Pantiles, where the gay company and gay shops afforded some amusement to Camilla, and to Miss Dannel a wonder and delight, that kept her mouth open, and her head jerking from object to object, so incessantly, that she saw nothing

distinctly, from the eagerness of her fear lest any thing should escape her.

Mrs. Arlbery, meeting with an old acquaintance in the bookseller's shop, there sat down with him, while the two young ladies loitered at the window of a toy-shop, struck with just admiration of the beauty and ingenuity of the Tunbridge ware it presented to their view; till Camilla, in a party of young men who were strolling down the Pantiles, and who went into the bookseller's shop, distinguished the offender of the fair unknown.

To avoid following, or being recollected by a person so odious to her, she entered the toy-shop with Miss Dannel, where she amused herself, till Mrs. Arlbery came in search of her, in selecting such various little articles for purchase as she imagined would amount to about half a crown; but which were put up for her at a guinea. This a little disconcerted her: tho' as she was still unusually rich, from Mr. Tyrold's having advanced her next quarterly allowance, she consoled herself that they would serve for little keep-sakes for her sisters and her cousin: yet she determined, when next she entered a shop for convenience, to put nothing apart as a buyer, till she had inquired its price.

The assaulter, Lord Newford, a young nobleman of the *ton*, after taking a staring survey of every thing and every body around, and seeing no one of more consequence, followed Mrs. Arlbery, with whom formerly he had been slightly acquainted, to the toy-shop. He asked her how she did, without touching his hat; and how long she had been at Tunbridge, without waiting for an answer; and said he was happy to have the pleasure of seeing her, without once looking at her.

To his first sentence, Mrs. Arlbery made a civil answer; but, repenting it upon the two sentences that succeeded, she heard them without seeming to listen, and fixing her eyes upon him, when he had done, coolly said, "Pray, have you seen any thing of my servant?"

Lord

Lord Newford, somewhat surprised, replied, "No."

"Do look for him, then," cried she, negligently, "there's a good man."

Lord Newford, a little piqued, and a little confused at feeling so, said he should be proud to obey her; and turning short off to his companion, cried "Come, Offy, why dost loiter? where shall we ride this morning?" And, taking him by the arm, quitted the Pantiles.

Mrs. Arlbery, laughing heartily, now felt her spirits a little revive; "I doat," she cried, "upon meeting, now and then, with insolence, I have a little taste for it myself, which I make some conscience of not indulging unprovoked."

They then proceeded to the milliner's, to equip themselves for going to the rooms at night. Mrs. Arlbery and Miss Dannel, who were both rich, gave large orders: Camilla, indifferent to every thing except to avoid appearing in a manner that might disgrace her party, told the milliner to choose for her what she thought fashionable that was most reasonable. She was soon fitted up with what was too pretty to disapprove, and desiring immediately to pay her bill, found it amounted to five guineas; though she had imagined she should have change out of two.

She had only fix, and some silver; but was ashamed to dispute, or desire any alteration; she paid the money; and only determined to apply to another person than the seller, when next she wanted any thing reasonable.

Mrs. Arlbery now ordered the carriage, and they drove to Mount Pleasant, where she hired a house for the season, to which they were to remove the next day.

* * * *

In the evening, they went to the rooms, where the decidedly fashionable mien and manner of Mrs. Arlbery, attracted more general notice and admiration than the youthful captivation of Camilla, or the pretty face and expensive attire of Miss Dannel.

Dressed by the milliner of the day, Camilla could not fail to pass uncensured, at least, with respect to her appearance; but her eyes wanted their usual lustre, from the sadness of her heart, and she never looked less herself, nor to less advantage.

The master of the ceremonies brought to her Sir Theophilus Jarard; but as she had seen him the companion of Lord Newford, to whom she had conceived a strong aversion, she declined dancing. He looked surprised, but rather offended than disappointed, and with a little laugh, half contemptuous, as if ashamed of having offered himself, stalked away.

Sir Sedley Clarendel was now sauntering into the room. Mrs. Arlbery, willing to shew her young friend in a favourable point of view to him, though more from pique at his distance, than from any thought at that moment of Camilla, told her she must positively accept Sir Theophilus, whose asking her must be regarded as a particular distinction, for he was notoriously a man of the *ton*. And, heedless of her objections, told Mr. Dennel to call him back.

"How can I do that," said Mr. Dennel, "after seeing her refuse him with my own eyes?"

"O, nobody cares about a man's eyes," said Mrs. Arlbery; "go and tell him Miss Tyrold has changed her mind, and chooses to dance."

"As to her changing her mind," he answered, "that's likely enough; but I don't see how it's any reason I should go of a fool's errand."

"Pho, pho go directly; or you sha'n't dine before eight o'clock for the whole Tunbridge season."

"Nay," said Mr. Dennel, who had an horror of late hours, "if you will promise we shall dine more in reason"——

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Arlbery, hurrying him off, notwithstanding the reiterated remonstrances of Camilla.

"See, my dear," she then added, laughing, "how many weapons you must have in use, if you would govern that strange animal called man! yet never despair of victory; for, depend upon it, there is not one of the
race

race that, with a little address, you may not bring to your feet."

Camilla, who had no wish but for one single votary, and whose heart was sunk from her failure in obtaining that one, listened with so little interest or spirit, that Mrs. Arlbery, quite provoked, resolved not to throw away another idea upon her for the rest of the evening. And therefore, as her niece went completely and constantly for nothing with her, she spoke no more, till, to her great relief, she was joined by General Kinfael.

Mr. Dannel returned with an air not more pleased with his embassy, than her own appeared with her auditors. The gentleman, he said, had joined two others, and they were all laughing so violently together, that he could not find an opportunity to deliver his message, for they seemed as if they would only make a joke of it.

Mrs. Arlbery then saw that he had got between Lord Newford and Sir Sedley, and that they were all three amusing themselves, without ceremony or disguise, at the expence of every creature in the room; up and down which they strolled, arm in arm, looking familiarly at every body, but speaking to nobody; whispering one another in hoarse low voices, and then laughing immoderately loud: while nothing was distinctly heard, but, from time to time, "What in the world is become of Mrs. Berlinton to night?" or else, "How stupid the rooms are without lady Alithea?"

Mrs. Arlbery, who, like the rest of the world, saw her own defects in as glaring colours, and criticised them with as much animated ridicule as those of her neighbours, when exhibited by others, no sooner found she was neglected by this set, than she raved against the prevailing ill manners of the leaders in the *ton*, with as much asperity of censure, as if never for a moment betrayed herself, by fashion, by caprice, nor by vanity, to similar foibles. "Yet, after all," cried she presently, "to see fools behave like fools, I am well content. I have no anger, therefore, against Lord Newford, nor Sir Theophilus Jarard; if they were not noticed
for

for being impertinent, how could they expect to be noticed at all? When there is but one line that can bring them forward, I rather respect them that they have found it out. But what shall we say to Sir Sedley Clarendel? A man as much their superior in capacity as in powers of pleasing? 'Tis a miserable thing my dear General, to see the dearth of character there is in the world. Pope has bewailed it in women; believe me, he might have extended his lamentation. You may see, indeed, one man grave, and another gay; but with no more "mark or likelihood," no more distinction of colouring, than what simply belongs to a dismal face or a merry one: and with just as little light and shade, just as abrupt a skip from one to the other, as separates inevitably the old man from the young one. We are almost all, my good General, of a nature so pitifully plastic, that we act from circumstances, and are fashioned by situation."

Then, laughing at her own pique, "General," she added, "shall I make you a confession? I am not at all sure, if that wretched Sir Sedley had behaved as he ought to have done, and been at my feet all the evening, that I should not, at this very moment, be amused in the same manner that he is himself! yet it would be very abominable, I own."

"This is candid, however."

"O, we all acknowledge our faults, now; 'tis the mode of the day: but the acknowledgment passes for current payment; and therefore we never amend them. On the contrary, they take but deeper root, by losing all chance of concealment. Yet I am vexed to see that odious Sir Sedley shew so silly a passion for being a man of the *ton*, as to suffer himself to be led in a string by those two poor paltry creatures, who are not more troublesome as fops, than tiresome as fools, merely because they are better known than himself upon the turf and at the clubs."

Here, she was joined by Lord O'Lerney and the honourable Mr. Ormsby. And, in the next saunter of the *tonniss* triumvirs, Lord Newford, suddenly seeing with whom she was associated, stopt, and looking at
her

her with an air of surprise, exclaimed, "God bless me! Mrs. Arlbery! I hope you are perfectly well?"

"Infinitely indebted to your lordship's solicitude!" she answered, rather sarcastically. But, without noticing her manner, he desired to be one in her tea-party, which she was then rising to form.

She accepted the offer, with a glance of consciousness at the General, who, as he conducted her, said: "I did not expect so much grace would so immediately have been accorded."

"Alas! my dear General, what can one do? These *tonniss* people, cordially as I despise them, lead the world; and if one has not a few of them in one's train, 'twere as well turn hermit. However, mark how he will fare with me! But don't judge from the opening."

She now made his lordship so many gay compliments, and mingled so much personal civility with the general entertainment of her discourse, that, as soon as they rose from tea, he professed his intention of sitting by her, for the rest of the evening.

She immediately declared herself tired to death of the rooms, and calling upon Miss Dannel and Camilla, abruptly made her exit.

The General, again her conductor, asked how she could leave thus a conquest so newly made.

"I leave," she answered, "only to secure it. He will be piqued that I should go, and that pique will keep me in his head till to-morrow. 'Tis well, my dear General, to put any thing there! But if I had stayed a moment longer, my contempt might have broken forth into satire, or my weariness into yawning: and I should then inevitably have been cut by the *ton* party for the rest of the season."

Miss Dannel, who had been dancing, and was again engaged to dance, remonstrated against retiring so soon; but Mrs. Arlbery had a regular system never to listen to her. Camilla, whom nothing had diverted, was content to retreat.

At the door stood Sir Sedley Clarendel, who, as if now first perceiving them, said to Mrs. Arlbery, "Ah! my

my fair friend!—And how long have you been at the Wells?"

"Intolerable wretch!" cried she, taking him apart, "is it thus you keep your conditions? did you draw me into bringing this poor love-sick thing with me, only to figh me into the vapours?"

"My dear madam!" exclaimed he, in a tone of expostulation, "who can think of the same scheme two days together? Could you possibly form a notion of any thing so patriarchal?"

* * * *

Before they retired to their chambers at the hotel, Camilla told Mrs. Arlbery how shocking to her was the sight, much more any acquaintance with Lord Newford, who was the person that had so much terrified the lady she had met on their journey. Mrs. Arlbery assured her he should be exiled her society, if, upon investigation, he was found the aggressor; but while there appeared so much mystery in the complaint and the conduct of this unknown lady, she should postpone his banishment.

Camilla was obliged to submit: but scarce rested till she saw again her new favourite the next morning.

CH A P. IX.

Mount Ephraim.

THIS expected guest arrived early. Camilla received her with the only sensation of pleasure she had experienced at Tunbridge. Yet what she excited seemed

ed still stronger: the fair stranger besought her friendship as a solace to her existence, and hung upon her as upon a treasure long lost, and dearly recovered. Camilla soon caught the infection of her softness, and felt a similar desire to cultivate her regard. She found her beauty attractive, her voice melodious, and her manners bewitchingly caressing.

Fearing, nevertheless, while yet in ignorance of her connections, to provoke further ridicule from Mrs. Arlbery by going abroad with her, she proposed deferring to return her visit till another day: the lady consented, and they spent together two hours, which each thought had been but two minutes, when Mrs. Arlbery summoned Camilla to a walk.

The fair unknown then took leave, saying her servant was in waiting; and Camilla and Mrs. Arlbery went to the bookseller's.

Here, that lady was soon joined by Lord O'Lerney and General Kinsale, who were warm admirers of her vivacity and observations. Mr. Dannel took up the Daily Advertiser; his daughter stationed herself at the door to see the walkers upon the Pantiles; Sir Theophilus Jarard, under colour of looking at a popular pamphlet, was indulging in a nap in a corner; Lord Newford, noticing nothing, except his own figure as he past a mirror, was shuffling loud about the floor, which was not much embellished by the scraping of his boots; and Sir Sedley Clarendel, lounging upon a chair in the middle of the shop, sat eating *bon bons*.

Mrs. Arlbery, for some time, confined her talents to general remarks: but finding these failed to move a muscle in the face of Sir Sedley, at whom they were directed, she suddenly exclaimed: "Pray, my Lord O'Lerney, do you know any thing of Sir Sedley Clarendel?"

"Not so much," answered his Lordship, "as I could wish; but I hope to improve my acquaintance with him."

"Why then, my Lord, I am much afraid you will conclude, when you see him in one of those reveries, from the total vacancy of his air, that he is thinking

of nothing. But pray permit me to take his part. Those apparent cogitations, to which he is so much addicted, are moments only of pretended torpor, but of real torment, devoted, not as they appear, to supine insipidity, but to painful secret labour how next he may call himself into notice. Nevertheless, my Lord, don't let what I have said hurt him in your opinion; he is quaint, to be sure, but there's no harm in him. He lives in my neighbourhood; and, I assure your Lordship, he is, upon the whole, what may be called a very good sort of man."

Here she yawned violently; and Sir Sedley, unable to maintain his position, twice crossed his legs, and then rose and took a book: while Lord Newford burst into so loud a laugh, that he awaked Sir Theophilus Jarard, by echoing, "A good sort of man! O poor Clary! —O hang it! —O curse it! —poor Clary!"

"What's the matter with Clary?" cried Sir Theophilus, rubbing his eyes; "I have been boring myself with this pamphlet, till I hardly know whether I am awake or asleep."

"Why, he's a good sort of a man!" replied Lord Newford.

Sir Sedley, though he expected, and even hoped for some pointed strictures, and could have defied even abuse, could not stand this mortifying praise; and, asking for the subscription books, which, already, he had twice examined, said: "Is there any body here one knows?"

"Oh, ay, have you any names?" cried Lord Newford, seizing them first; and with some right, as they were the only books in the shop he ever read.

"Come, I'll be generous," said Mrs. Arlbery, "and add another signature against your Lordship's next lecture."

She then wrote her name, and threw down half-a-guinea. Camilla, to whom the book was next presented, concluded this was the established custom, and, from mere timidity, did the same; though somewhat disturbed to leave herself no more gold than she gave. Miss Dannel followed; but her father, who said he did

not

not come to Tunbridge to read, which he could do at home, positively refused to subscribe.

Sir Theophilus, now, turning, or rather, tossing over the leaves, cried : " I see no name here one knows any thing of but Lady Alithea Selmore."

" Why, there's body else here," said Lord Newford, " not a soul !"

Almost every body present bowed ; but wholly indifferent to reproof, he again whistled, again strolled up and down the room, and again took a bold and full survey of himself in the looking-glass.

" On the contrary," cried Sir Sedley, " I hear there is a most extraordinary fine creature lately arrived, who is invincible to a degree.

" O that's Mrs. Berlinton ;" said Sir Theophilus ; " yes, she's a pretty little thing."

" She's very beautiful indeed," said Lord O'Lerney.

" Where can one see her ?" cried Mrs. Arlbery.

" If she is not at the rooms to-night," said Sir Sedley, " I shall be stupified to petrification. They tell me she is a marvel of the first water ; turning all heads by her beauty, winning all hearts by her sweetness, fascinating all attention by her talents, and setting all fashions by her elegance."

" This paragon," cried Mrs. Arlbery, to Camilla, " can be no other than your mysterious fair. The description just suits your own."

" But my fair mysterious," said Camilla, " is of a disposition the most retired, and seems so young, I don't at all think her married."

" This divinity," said Sir Sedley, " for the blessing of every one, yet

Lord of Himself, uncumber'd by a Wife*,

is safely noosed ; and amongst her attributes are two others cruel to desperation ; she excites every hope by a sposo properly detestable—yet gives birth to despair, by coldness the most shivering."

" And

"And what," said Mrs. Arlbery, "is this Lady Alithea Selmore?"

"Lady Alithea Selmore?" drily, but with a smile, answered General Kinsale.

"Nay, nay, that's not to be mentioned irreverently," returned Mrs. Arlbery; "a title goes for a vast deal, where there is nothing else; and, where there is something, doubles its value."

Mr. Dannel, saying he found, by the newspaper, a house was to be sold upon Mount Ephraim, which promised to be a pretty good bargain, proposed walking thither, to examine what sort of condition it was in.

Lord O'Lerney inquired if Camilla had yet seen Mount Ephraim. No, she answered; and a general party was made for an airing. Sir Sedley ordered his phaeton; Mrs. Arlbery drove Camilla in her's; Miss Dannel walked with her father; and the rest of the gentlemen went on horseback.

* * * *

Arrived at Mount Ephraim, they all agreed to alight, and enjoy the view and pure air of the hill, while Mr. Dannel visited the house. But, just as Mrs. Arlbery had descended from the phaeton, her horses, taking fright at some object that suddenly struck them, reared up, in a manner alarming to the spectators, and still more terrific to Camilla, in whose hands Mrs. Arlbery had left the reins: and the servant, who stood at the horses' heads, received a kick that laid him flat on the ground.

"O, jump out! jump out!" cried Miss Dannel, "or else you'll be murdered!"

"No! no! keep your seat, and hold the reins!" cried Mrs. Arlbery: "For heaven's sake, don't jump out!"

Camilla, mentally giddy, but personally courageous, was sufficiently mistress of herself to obey the last injunction, though with infinite labour, difficulty, and terror, the horses plunging and flouncing incessantly.

"Don't you think she'll be killed?" cried Lord Newford, dismounting, lest his own horse should also take fright.

"Do

"Do you think one could help her?" said Sir Theophilus Jarard, steadily holding the bridle of his mare from the same apprehension.

Lord O'Lerney was already on foot to afford her assistance, when the horses, suddenly turning round, gave to the beholders the dreadful menace of going down the steep declivity of Mount Ephraim full gallop.

Camilla now, appalled, had no longer power to hold the reins; she let them go, with an idea of flinging herself out of the carriage, when Sir Sedley, who had darted like lightning from his phaeton, presented himself at the horses' heads, on the moment of their turning, and, at the visible and imminent hazard of his life, happily stopt them while she jumped to the ground. They then, with a fury that presently dashed the phaeton to pieces, plunged down the hill.

The fright of Camilla had not robbed her of her senses, and the exertion and humanity of Sir Sedley seemed to restore to him the full possession of his own: yet one of his knees was so much hurt, that he sunk upon the grass.

Penetrated with surprise, as well as gratitude, Camilla, notwithstanding her own tremor, was the first to make the most anxious inquiries: secretly, however, sighing to herself: Ah! had Edgar thus rescued me! yet struck equally with a sense of obligation and of danger, from the horrible, if not fatal mischief she had escaped, and from the extraordinary hazard and kindness by which she had been saved, she expressed her concern and acknowledgments with a softness, that even Sir Sedley himself could not listen to unmoved.

He received, indeed, from this adventure, almost every species of pleasure of which his mind was capable. His natural courage, which he had nearly annihilated, as well as forgotten, by the effeminate part he was systematically playing, seemed to rejoice in being again exercised; his good nature was delighted by the essential service he had performed; his vanity was gratified by the publicity of the praise it brought forth; and his heart itself experienced something like an original feeling, unspoilt by the apathy of satiety, from the sensibility

bility he had awakened in the young and lovely Camilla.

The party immediately flocked around him, and he was conveyed to a house belonging to Lord O'Lerney, who resided upon Mount Ephraim, and his lordship's carriage was ordered to take him to his apartment at the hotel.

Mrs. Arlbery, whose high spirits were totally subdued by the terror with which she had been seized at the danger of Camilla, was so delighted by her rescue, and the courage with which it was effected, that all her spleen against Sir Sedley was changed into the warmest approbation. When he was put into the coach, she insisted upon seeing him safe to the hotel; Camilla, with her usual inartificial quickness, seconding the motion, and Lord O'Lerney, a nobleman far more distinguished by benevolence and urbanity than by his rank, taking the fourth place himself. The servant, who was considerably hurt, he desired might remain at his house.

In descending Mount Ephraim, Camilla turned giddy with the view of what she had escaped, and cast her eyes with redoubled thankfulness upon Sir Sedley as her preserver. Fragments of the phaeton were strewed upon the road; one of the horses laid dead at the bottom of the hill; and the other was so much injured as to be totally disabled for future service.

When they came to the hotel, they all alighted with the young baronet, Camilla with as little thought, as Mrs. Arlbery with little care for doing any thing that was unusual. They waited in an adjoining apartment till they were assured nothing of any consequence was the matter, and Lord O'Lerney then carried them to their new lodging upon Mount Pleasant.

Mrs. Arlbery bore her own share in this accident with perfect good-humour, saying it would do her infinite good, by making her a rigid economist; for she could neither live without a phaeton, nor yet build one; and buy ponies, but by parsimonious savings from all other expences.

* * * *

At night they went again to the rooms. But Mrs. Arlbery found in them as little amusement as Camilla. Sir Sedley was not there, either to attack or to flatter; the celebrated Mrs. Berlinton still appeared not to undergo a scrutiny; and Lady Alithea Selmore sat at the upper end of the apartment, attended by all the beaux, except the General, now at Tunbridge.

This was not to be supported. She arose, and declaring she would take her tea with the invalid, bid the General escort her to his room.

In their way out, she perceived the assembly books. Recollecting she had not subscribed, she entered her name, but protested she could afford but half-a-guinea, upon her present new and avaricious plan.

Camilla, with much secret consternation, concluded it impossible to give less; and a few shillings were now all that remained in her purse. Her uneasiness, however, presently passed away, upon recollecting she should want no more money, as she was now free of the rooms, and of the library, and equipped in attire for the whole time she should stay.

Miss Dannel put down a guinea; but her father, telling her half-a-crown would have done, said, for that reason, he should himself pay nothing.

Sir Sedley received them with the most unaffected pleasure: forced upon solitude, and by no means free from pain, he had found no resource but in reading, which of late had been his least occupation, except the mere politics of the day. Even reflection had discovered its way to him, though a long banished guest, which had quitted her post, to make room for affectation, vanity, and every species of frivolity. Reduced, however, to be reasonable, even by this short confinement, he now felt the obligation of their charitable visit, and set his foppery and conceit apart, from a desire to entertain them. Camilla had not conceived he had the power of being so pleasantly natural; and the strong feeling of gratitude in her ever warm heart made her contribute

contribute what she was able to the cheerfulness of the evening.

Some time after, General Kinsale was called out, and presently returned with Major Cerwood, just arrived from the regiment; who, with some apology to Sir Sedley, hoped he might be pardoned for the liberty he took, upon hearing who was at the hotel, of preferring such society to the rooms.

As the Major had nothing in him either brilliant or offensive, his sight, after the first salutations, was almost all of which the company was sensible.

Camilla, his sole object, he could not approach; she sat between the baronet and Mrs. Arlbery; and all her looks and all her attention were divided between them.

Mrs. Arlbery, emerging from the mortifications of neglect, which she had experienced, almost for the first time in her life, at the rooms, was unusually alive and entertaining; Sir Sedley kept pace with her, and the discourse was so whimsical, that Camilla, amused, and willing to encourage a sensation so natural to her, after a sadness till now, for so long a time unremitting, once more heard and welcomed the sound of her own laughter.

It was instantly, however, and strangely checked; a sigh, so deep that it might rather be called a groan, made its way through the wainscot of the next apartment.

Much raillery followed the sight of her changed countenance; the hotel was pronounced to be haunted, and by a ghost reduced to that plight from her cruelty. But the good-humour and gaiety of the conversation soon brought her again to its tone; and time passed with general hilarity, till they observed that Miss Dannel, who, having no young female to talk with of her own views and affairs, was thoroughly tired, had fallen fast asleep upon her chair.

Her father was already gone home to a hot supper, which he had ordered in his own room, and meant to eat before their return; Mrs. Arlbery, to his great discomfort, allowing nothing to appear at night but fruit or oysters.

They

They now took leave, Mrs. Arlbery conducted by the General, and Camilla by the Major; while Miss Dannel unassisted and half asleep, stumbled, screamed, and fell, just before she reached the staircase.

The General was first to aid her; the Major, not choosing to quit Camilla; who looking round at a light which came from the room whence the sigh they had heard had issued, perceived, as it glared in her eyes, it was held by Edgar.

Astonishment, pleasure, hope, and shame, took alternate rapid possession of her mind; but the last sensation was the first that visibly operated, and she snatched her hand involuntarily from the Major.

Mrs. Arlbery exclaimed, "Bless me, Mr. Mandlebert! are you the ghost we heard sighing in that room yonder?"

Mandlebert attempted to make some slight answer; but his voice refused all sound.

She went on, then, to the carriage of Mr. Dannel, followed by her young ladies, and drove off for Mount Pleasant.

C H A P. X.

Knowle.

THE last words of Camilla to Mandlebert, in quitting Cleves, and the tears with which he saw her eyes overflowing, had annihilated all his resentment, and left him no wish but to serve her. Her distinction between what was wisest and what was kindest, had penetrated him to the quick. To be thought capable of severity towards so sweet a young creature, the daughter of his guardian, his juvenile companion, and earliest favourite, made

made him detestable in his own eyes. He languished to follow her, to apologise for what had hurt her, and to vow to her a fair and disinterested friendship for the rest of his life: and he only forced himself, from decency, to stay out his promised week with the baronet, before he set out for Tunbridge.

Upon his arrival, which was late, he went immediately to the rooms; but he only saw her name in the books, and learnt, upon inquiring for Mrs. Arlbery, that she and her party were already retired.

Glad to find her so sober in hours, he went to the hotel, meaning quietly to read till bed-time, and to call upon her the next morning.

In a few moments, a voice struck his ear that effectually interrupted his studies. It was the voice of Camilla. Camilla at an hotel at past eleven o'clock! He knew she did not lodge there; he had seen, in the books, the direction of Mrs. Arlbery at Mount Pleasant. Mrs. Arlbery's voice he also distinguished, Sir Sedley Clarendel's, General Kinsale's, and, least of all welcome,---the Major's.

Perhaps, however, some lady, some intimate friend of Mrs. Arlbery, was just arrived, and had made them spend the evening there. He rang for his man, and bid him inquire who had taken the next room,---and learnt it was Sir Sedley Clarendel.

To visit a young man at an hotel; rich, handsome, and splendid; and with a *chaperon* so far from past her prime, so elegant, so coquetish, so alluring, and still so pretty; and to meet there a flashy Officer, her open pursuer and avowed admirer---'Tis true, he had concluded, Tunbridge and the Major were one; but not thus, not with such glaring impropriety; his love, he told himself, was past; but his esteem was still susceptible, and now grievously wounded.

To read was impossible. To hold his watch in his hand, and count the minutes she still staid, was all to which his faculties were equal. No words distinctly reached him; that the conversation was lively, the tone of every voice announced, but when that of Camilla struck him by its laughter, the depth of his concern drew

drew from him a sigh that was heard into the next apartment.

Of this, with infinite vexation, he was himself aware, from the sudden silence and pause of all discourse which ensued. Ashamed both of what he felt and what he betrayed, he grew more upon his guard, and hoped it might never be known to whom the room belonged.

When, however, as they were retiring, a scream reached his ear, though he knew it was not the voice Camilla, he could not command himself, and rushed forth with a light; but the lady who screamed was as little noticed as thought of: the Major was holding the hand of Camilla, and his eye could take in no more: he saw not even that Mrs. Arlbery was there; and when roused by her question, all voice was denied him for answer; he stood motionless even after they had descended the stairs, till the steps of the General and the Major, retiring to their chambers, brought to him some recollection, and enabled him to retreat.

Fully now, as well as cruelly convinced, of the unabated force of his unhappy passion, he spent the night in extreme wretchedness; and all that was not swallowed up in repining and regret, was devoted to ruminate upon what possible means he could suggest, to restore to himself the tranquillity of indifference.

The confusion of Camilla persuaded him she thought she was acting wrong; but whether from disapprobation of the character of the Major, or from any pecuniary obstacles to their union, he could not devise. To assist the marriage according to his former plan, would best, he still believed, sooth his internal sufferings, if once he could fancy the Major at all worthy of such a wife. But Camilla, with all her inconsistencies, he thought a treasure unequalled: and to contribute to bestow her on a man who, probably, only prized her for her beauty, he now persuaded himself would rather be culpable than generous.

Upon the whole, therefore, he could resolve only upon a complete change of his last system; to seek, instead of avoiding her; to familiarise himself with her faults, till he ceased to doat upon her virtues; to discover

cover if her difficulties were mental or worldly ; to enforce them if the first, and—whatever it might cost him—to invalidate them if the last.

This plan, the only one he could form, abated his misery. It reconciled him to residing where Camilla resided, it was easy to him, therefore, to conclude it the least objectionable.

* * * *

Camilla, meanwhile, in her way to Mount Pleasant, spoke not a syllable. Dismay that Edgar should have seen her so situated, while in ignorance how it had happened, made an uneasiness the most terrible combat the perplexed pleasure, that lightened, yet palpitated in her bosom, from the view of Edgar at Tunbridge, and from the sigh which had reached her ears. Yet, was it for her he sighed ? was it not, rather, from some secret inquietude, in which she was wholly uninterested, and might never know ? Still, however, he was at Tunbridge ; still, therefore, she might hope something relative to herself induced his coming ; and she determined, with respect to her own behaviour, to observe the injunctions of her father, whose letter she would regularly read every morning.

Mrs. Arlbery, also, spoke not ; the unexpected sight of Mandlebert occupied all her thoughts ; yet, though his confusion was suspicious, she could not, ultimately, believe he loved Camilla, as she could suggest no possible impediment to his proclaiming any regard he entertained. His sigh she imagined as likely to be mere lassitude as love ; and supposed, that having long discovered the partiality of Camilla, his vanity had been confounded by the devoirs of the Major.

Miss Dannel, therefore, was the only one whose voice was heard during the ride ; for now completely awaked, she talked without cessation of the fright she had endured. “ La, I thought,” cried she, “ when I tumbled down, somebody threw me down on purpose, and was going to kill me ! dear me ! I thought I should have died ! And then I thought it was a robber ; and then

then I thought that candle that come was a ghost! O la! I never was so frightened in my life!"

* * * *

The next morning they went, as usual, to the Pantiles, and Mrs. Arlbery took her seat in the booksellers shop, where the usual beaux were encountered; and where, presently, Edgar entering, addressed to her some discourse, and made some general inquiries after the health of Camilla.

It was a cruel drawback to her hopes to see him first thus in public: but the manner of Mrs. Arlbery at the hotel, he had thought repulsive; he had observed that she seemed offended with him since the rencounter at the breakfast given for Miss Dannel; and he now wished for some encouragement for renewing his rights to the acquaintance.

Sir Sedley, though with the assistance of a stick he had reached the library, was not sufficiently at his ease to again mount his horse; a carriage expedition was therefore agitated for the morning, and to see Knowle being fixed upon, equipages and horses were ordered.

While they waited their arrival, Lady Alithea Selmore, and a very shewy train of ladies and gentlemen, came into the library. Sir Sedley, losing the easy, natural manner which had just so much pleased Camilla, resumed his affectation, indolence, and inattention, and flung himself back in his chair, without finishing a speech he had begun, or listening to an inquiry why he stopt short. His friends, Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard, shuffled up to her ladyship; and Sir Sedley, muttering to himself life would not be life without being introduced to her, got up, and seizing Lord Newford by the shoulder, whispered what he called the height of his ambition, and was presented without delay.

He then entered into a little abrupt, half articulated conversation with Lady Alithea, who, by a certain toss of the chin, a short and half scornful laugh, and a supercilious dropping of the eye, gave to every sentence she uttered the air of a *bon mot*; and after each, as regularly stopt for some testimony of admiration, as a favourite

avourite actresses in some scene in which every speech is applauded. What she said, indeed, had no other mark than what this manner gave to it; for it was neither good nor bad, wise nor foolish, sprightly nor dull. It was what, if naturally spoken, would have passed, as it deserved, without censure or praise. This manner, however, prevailed not only upon her auditors, but herself, to believe that something of wit, of *finesse*, of peculiarity, accompanied her every phrase. Though, properly speaking, there was none in any thing she pronounced: her speeches were all replies, which her admirers dignified by the name of repartees, and which mechanically and regularly flowed from some word, not idea, that preceded.

Mrs. Arlbery, having listened some time, turned entirely away, though with less contempt of her ladyship than of her hearers. Her own auditors, however, except the faithful General, had all deserted her. Even the Major, curious to attend to a lady of some celebrity, had quitted the chair of Camilla; and Edgar himself, imagining, from this universal devotion, there was something well worth an audience, had joined the group.

"We are terribly in the back ground, General!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, in a low voice. "What must be done to save our reputations?"

The General, laughing, said, he feared they were lost irretrievably; but added that he preferred defeat with her, to victory without her.

"Your gallantry, my dear General," cried she, with a sudden air of glee, "shall be rewarded! Follow me close, and you shall see the fortune of the day reversed."

"Rising then, she advanced softly, and with an air of respect, towards the party, and fixing herself just opposite to Lady Alitheia, with looks of the most profound attention, stood still, as if in admiring expectation.

Lady Alitheia, who had regarded this approach as an intrusion that strongly manifested ignorance of high life, thought much better of it when she remarked the almost veneration of her air. She deemed it, however, wholly beneath her to speak when thus attended to; till, ob-
serving

serving the patient admiration with which even a single word seemed to be hoped for, she began to pardon what appeared to be a mere tribute to her fame; and upon Sir Theophilus Jarard's saying, "I don't think we have had such a bore of a season as this, these five years;" could not refuse herself the pleasure of replying: "I did not imagine, Sir Theophilus, you were already able to count by lustres."

Her own air of complacency announced the happiness of this answer. The company, as usual, took the hint, and approbation was buzzed around her. Lord Newford gave a loud laugh, without the least conception why; and Sir Theophilus, after paying the same compliment, wished, as it concerned himself, to know what had been said; and glided to the other end of the shop, to look for the word lustre in Entick's dictionary.

But this triumph was even less than momentary; Mrs. Arlbery, gently raising her shoulders with her head, indulged herself in a smile that savoured yet more of pity than derision; and, with an hasty glance at the General, that spoke an eagerness to compare notes with him, hurried out of the shop; her eyes dropt, as if fearful to trust her countenance to an instant's investigation.

Lady Alitheia felt herself blush. The confusion was painful and unusual to her. She drew her glove off and on; she dabbed a highly scented pocket handkerchief repeatedly to her nose; she wondered what it was o'clock; took her watch in her hand, without recollecting to examine it; and then wondered if it would rain, though not a cloud was to be discerned in the sky.

To see her thus completely disconcerted, gave a weight to the mischievous malice of Mrs. Arlbery, of which the smallest presence of mind would have robbed it. Her admirers, one by one, dwindled away, with lessened esteem for her talents; and, finding herself presently alone in the shop with Sir Theophilus Jarard, she said, "Pray, Sir Theophilus, do you know any thing of that queer woman?"

The words *queer woman* were guides sufficient to Sir Theophilus, who answered, "No! I have seen her, somewhere

somewhere, by accident, but—she is quite out of our line.”

This reply was a sensible gratification to Lady Alithea, who, having heard her warmly admired by Lord O’Lerney, had been the more susceptible to her ridicule. Rudeness she could have despised without emotion ; but contempt had something in it of insolence ; a commodity she held herself born to dispense, not receive.

* * * *

When Mrs. Arlbery arrived, laughing, at the bottom of the Pantiles, she found Edgar making inquiries of the time and manner of drinking the mineral water.

Camilla heard him, also, and with deep apprehensions for his health. He did not however look ill ; and a second sadness, not less deep, ensued, that she could now retain no hope of being herself his inducement to this journey.

But egotism was no part of her composition ; when she saw, therefore, the next minute, Sir Sedley Clandel advance limping, and heard him ask if his phaeton were ready, she approached him, saying, “ Will you venture, Sir Sedley, in your phaeton ? ”

“ There’s no sort of reason why not,” answered he, sensibly flattered ; “ yet I had certainly rather go as you go ! ”

“ Then that,” said Mrs. Arlbery, must be in Denzel’s coach, with him and my little niece here : and then I’ll drive the General in your phaeton.”

“ Agreed ! ” cried Sir Sedley, seating himself on one of the forms ; and then, taking from a paper some tickets, added ; “ I want a few guineas ”

“ So do I ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery ; “ do you know where such sort of things are to be met with ? ”

“ Lady Alithea Selmore has promised to disperse some twenty tickets for the master of the ceremonies’ ball, and she commands me to help. How many shall I give you ? ”

“ Ask Mr. Denzel,” answered she negligently ; “ he’s the only pay-master just now.”

Mr.

Mr. Dennel turned round, and was going to walk away; but Mrs. Arlbery, taking him by the arm, said, "my good friend, how many tickets shall Sir Sedley give you?"

"Me! none at all."

"O fie! every body goes to the master of the ceremonies' ball. Come, you shall have six. You can't possibly take less."

"Six! What should I do with them?"

"Why you and your daughter will use two, and four you must give away."

"What for?"

"Was ever such a question? To do what's proper and right, and handsome and gallant."

"O, as to all that, it's what I don't understand. It's out of my way."

He would then have made off; but Mrs. Arlbery, piqued to succeed, held him fast, and said: "Come, if you'll be good, I'll be good too, and you shall have a plain joint of meat at the bottom of the table every day for a fortnight."

Mr. Dennel softened a little here into something like a smile; and drew two guineas from his purse; but more there was no obtaining.

"Come," cried Sir Sedley, "you have canvassed well so far. Now for your fair self."

"You are a shocking creature!" cried she; "don't you know I am turned miser?"

Yet she gave her guinea.

"But the fair Tyrolda does not also, I trust, assume that character?"

Camilla had felt very uneasy during this contest; and now, colouring, said she did not mean to go to the ball.

"Can you ever expect, then," said Mrs. Arlbery, "to have a partner at any other? You don't know the rules of these places. The master of the ceremonies is always a gentleman, and every body is eager to shew him every possible respect."

Camilla was now still more distressed; and stammered out, that she believed the fewer balls she went to, the better her father would be pleased.

"Your father, my dear, is a very wise man, and a very good man, and a very excellent preacher: but what does he know of Tunbridge Wells? Certainly not so much as my dairy maid, for she has heard John talk of them; but as to your father, depend upon it, the sole knowledge he has ever obtained, is from some treatise upon its mineral waters; which, very possibly, he can analyse as well as a physician: but for the regulation of a country dance, be assured he will do much better to make you over to Sir Sedley, or to me."

Camilla laughed faintly, and feeling in her pocket to take out her pocket handkerchief, by way of something to do, Mrs. Arlbery concluded she was seeking her purse, and suddenly putting her hand upon her arm to prevent her, said, "No, no! if you don't wish to go, or choose to go, or approve of going, I cannot, in sober earnestness, see you compelled. Nothing is so detestable as forcing people to be amused. Come, now for Knowle."

Sir Sedley was then putting up his tickets; but the Major, taking one of them out of his hand, presented it to Camilla, saying: "Let the ladies take their tickets, now, and settle with us afterwards."

Camilla felt extremely provoked, yet not knowing how to resist, took the ticket; but, turning pointedly from the Major to Sir Sedley, said: "I am your debtor, then, sir, a guinea—the smallest part, indeed, of what I owe you, though all I can pay!" And she then resolved to borrow that sum immediately of Mrs. Arlbery.

Sir Sedley began to think she grew handsomer every moment: and, contrary to his established and systematic inattention, upon hearing the sound of the carriages, conducted her himself to Mr. Dannel's coach, which he ascended after her.

Edgar, unable to withstand joining the party, had ordered his horse during the debate about the tickets.

Lords O'Lerney and Newford, and Sir Theophilus Jarard, and Major Cerwood, went also on horseback.

Sir Sedley made it his study to procure amusement for Camilla during the ride; and while he humoured alternately

alternately the loquacious folly of Miss Dannel, and the under-bred positiveness of her father, intermingled with both comic sarcasms against himself, and pointed annotations upon the times, that somewhat diverted her solicitude and perplexity.

She forgot them however, more naturally, in examining the noble antique mansion, pictures, and curiosities of Knowle; and in paying the tribute that taste must ever pay to the works exhibited there of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The house viewed, they all proceeded to the park, where, enchanted with the noble old trees which venerably adorn it, they strolled delightedly, till they came within sight of an elegant white form, as far distant as their eyes could reach, reading under an oak.

Camilla instantly thought of her moon-light friend; but Sir Theophilus called out, "Faith, there's the divine Berlington!"

"Is there, faith?" exclaimed Lord Newford, sadly rushing forward to satisfy himself if it were true.

Deeming this an ill-bred and unauthorised intrusion, they all stopt. The studious fair, profoundly absorbed by her book, did not hear his lordship's footsteps, till his coat rustled in her ears. Raising then her eyes, she screamed, dropt her book, and darting up, flew towards the wood, with a velocity far exceeding his own, though without seeming to know, or consider, whether her flight might lead her.

Camilla, certain now this was her new friend, felt an indignation the most lively against Lord Newford, and involuntarily sprung forward. It was evident the fair fugitive had perceived none of the party but him she sought to avoid; notwithstanding Lord Newford himself, when convinced who it was, ceased his pursuit, and seemed almost to find out there was such a sensation as shame; though by various antics, of swinging his cane, looking up in the air, shaking his pocket handkerchief, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, he thought it essential to his credit to disguise it.

Camilla had no chance to reach the flying beauty, but by calling to her to stop; which she did instantly at

the sound of her voice, and, turning round with a look of rapture, ran into her arms.

The Major, whose devoirs to Camilla always sought, not avoided the public eye, eagerly pursued her. Edgar, cruelly envying a licence he concluded to result from his happy situation, looked on in silent amaze; but listened with no small attention to the remarks that now fell from Mrs. Arlbery, who said she was sure this must be the fair Incognita that Miss Tyrold had met with upon the road; and gave a lively relation of that adventure.

He could not hear without delight the benevolent courage thus manifested by Camilla, nor without terror the danger to which it might have exposed her. But Lord O'Lerney, with an air of extreme surprise, exclaimed: "Is it possible Lord Newford could give any cause of alarm to Mrs. Berlington?"

"Is she then, my lord, a woman of character?" cried Mrs. Arlbery.

"Untainted!" he answered solemnly; "as spotless, I believe as her beauty: and if you have seen her, you will allow that to be no small praise. She comes from a most respectable family in Wales, and has been married but a few months."

"Married, my lord? my fair female Quixote assured me she was single."

"No, poor thing! she was carried from the nursery to the altar, and, I fear, not very judiciously nor happily."

"Dear!" cried Miss Dannel, "i'n't she happy?"

"I never presume to judge," answered his lordship, smiling, "but she has always something melancholy in her air."

"Pray how old is she?" said Miss Dannel.

"Eighteen."

"Dear! and married?—La! I wonder what makes her unhappy!"

"Not a husband, certainly!" said Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, "that is against all chance and probability."

"Well, I'm resolved when I'm married myself, I won't be unhappy."

"And

"And how will you help it?"

"O, because I'm determined I won't. I think it's very hard if I may'nt have my own way when I'm married."

"'Twill at least be very singular!" answered Mrs. Arlbery.

Camilla now returned to her party, having first conducted her new friend towards a door in the park where her carriage was waiting.

"At length, my dear," said Arlbery, "your fair mysterious has, I suppose avowed herself?"

"I made no enquiry," answered she, painfully looking down.

"I can tell you who she is, then, myself," said Miss Dannel; "she is Mrs. Berlington, and she's come out of Wales, and she's married, and she's eighteen."

"Married!" repeated Camilla, blushing from internal surprise at the conversations she had held with her.

"Yes; your fair incognita is neither more nor less," said Mrs. Arlbery, "than the honourable Mrs. Berlington, wife to Lord Berlington's brother, and, next only to Lady Alitheia Selmore, the first toast, and the reigning cry of the Wells for this season."

Camilla, who had seen and considered her in almost every other point of view, heard this with less of pleasure than astonishment. When a further investigation brought forth from Lord O'Lerney that her maiden name was Melmond, Mrs. Arlbery exclaimed: "O, then, I cease to play the idiot, and wonder! I know the Melmonds well. They are all half crazy, romantic, love-lorn, studious, and sentimental. One of them was in Hampshire this summer, but so immensely "melancholy and gentleman-like*," that I never took him into my society."

"'Twas the brother of this young lady, I doubt not," said Lord O'Lerney; he is a young man of very good parts, and of an exemplary character; but strong in his feelings, and wild in pursuit of whatever excites them."

"When will you introduce me to your new friend, Miss Tyrold?" said Mrs. Arlbery; "or, rather," (turning

ing to Lord Newford,) "I hope your lordship will do me that honour; I hear you are very kind to her; and take much care to convince her of the ill effects and danger of the evening air."

"O hang it! O curse it!" cried his lordship; "why does a woman walk by moon-light?"

"Why, rather, should man," said Lord O'Lerney, "impede so natural a recreation?"

The age of Lord O'Lerney, which more than doubled that of Lord Newford, made this question supported, and even drew forth the condescension of an attempted exculpation. "I vow, my lord," he cried, "I had no intention but to look at a letter; and that I thought, she only read in public to excite curiosity."

"O but you knelt to her!" cried Miss Dannel, "you knelt to her! I saw you! and why did you do that, when you knew she was married, and you could not be her lover?"

The party being now disposed to return to the Wells, Mrs. Arlbery called upon the General to attend her to the phaeton. Camilla, impatient to pay Sir Sedley, followed to speak to her; but, not aware of her wish, Mrs. Arlbery hurried laughingly on, saying, "Come, General, let us be gone, that the coach may be last, and then Dannel must pay the fees! That will be a good guinea towards my ponies!"

CHAPTER XV.

Mount Pleasant.

THE shame and distress natural to every unhackneyed mind, in any necessity of soliciting a pecuniary favour, had now, in that of Camilla, the additional difficulty

faculty of coping against the avowed desire of Mrs. Arlbery not to open her purse.

When they arrived at Mount Pleasant, she saw all the horsemen alighted, and in conversation with that lady; and Edgar move towards the carriage, palpably with a design to hand her out: but as the Major advanced, he retreated, and, finding himself unnoticed by Mrs. Arlbery, remounted his horse. Provoked and chagrined, she sprung forward alone, and when pursued by the Major, with some of his usual compliments, turned from him impatiently and went up stairs.

Intent in thinking only of Edgar, she was not herself aware of this abruptness, till Mrs. Arlbery, following her to her chamber, said, Why were you so suddenly haughty to the Major, my dear Miss Tyrold? Has he offended you?"

Much surprised, she answered, no; but forced by further questions, to be more explicit, confessed she wished to distance him, as his behaviour had been remarked.

"Remarked! how? by whom?"

She coloured, and was again hardly pressed before she answered, "Mr. Mandlebert—once—named it to me."

"O, ho, did he?" said Mrs. Arlbery, surprised in her turn; "why then, my dear, depend upon it, he loves you himself."

"Me!—Mr. Mandlebert!—" exclaimed Camilla, doubting what she heard.

"Nay, why not?"

"Why not?" repeated she in an excess or perturbation; "O, he is too good! too excellent! he sees all my faults—points them out himself—"

"Does he?"—said Mrs. Arlbery thoughtfully, and pausing: "nay, then,—if so—he wishes to marry you!"

"Me, ma'am!" cried Camilla, blushing high with mingled delight at the idea, and displeasure at its free expression.

"Why, else, should he caution you against another?"

"Form

"From goodness, from kindness, from generosity!—"

"No, no; those are not the characteristics of young men who counsel young women! We all heard he was engaged to your beautiful vacant-looking cousin; but I suppose he grew sick of her. A very young man seldom likes a silly wife. It is generally when he is further advanced in life that he takes that depraved taste. He then flatters himself a fool will be easier to govern."

She now went away to dress; leaving Camilla a new creature; changed in all her hopes, though overwhelmed with shame at the freedom of this attack, and determined to exert her utmost strength of mind, not to expose to view the secret pleasure with which it filled her.

She was, however, so absent when they met again, that Mrs. Arlbery, shaking her head, said: "Ah, my fair friend! what have you been thinking of?"

Excessively ashamed, she endeavoured to brighten up. The General and Sir Sedley had been invited to dinner. The latter was engaged in the evening to Lady Alithea Selmore, who gave tea at her own lodgings. "The rooms, then, will be quite empty," said Mrs. Arlbery; "so we had better go to the play."

Mr. Dannel had no objection, and Sir Sedley promised to attend them, as it would be time enough for her ladyship afterwards.

* * * *

So completely was Camilla absorbed in her new ideas, that she forgot both her borrowed guinea, and the state of her purse, till she arrived at the theatre. The recollection was then too late; and she had no resource against completely emptying it.

She was too happy however, at this instant, to admit any regret. The sagacity of Mrs. Arlbery she thought infallible; and the sight of Edgar in a box just facing her, banished every other consideration.

The theatre was almost without company. The assembly at Lady Alithea Selmore's had made it unfashionable,

onable, and when the play was over, Edgar found easily a place in the box.

Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard looked in just after, and affected not to know the piece was begun. Sir Sedley retired to his toilette, and Mr. Dannel to seek his carriage.

Some bills now got into the box, and were read by Sir Theophilus, announcing a superb exhibition of wild beasts for the next day, consisting chiefly of monkeys who could perform various feats, and a famous ourang outang, just landed from Africa.

Lord Newford said he would go if he had but two more days to live. Sir Theophilus echoed him. Mr. Dannel expressed some curiosity; Miss Dannel, though she protested she should be frightened out of her wits, said she would not stay at home; Mrs. Arlbery confessed it would be an amusing sight to see so many representations of the dear human race; but Camilla spoke not: and scarce heard even the subject of discourse.

"You," cried the Major, addressing her, "will be there?"

"Where?" demanded she.

"To see this curious collection of animals."

"It will be curious, undoubtedly," said Edgar, pleased that she made no answer; "but 'tis a species of curiosity not likely to attract the most elegant spectators; and rather, perhaps, adapted to give pleasure to naturalists, than to young ladies."

Softened, at this moment, in every feeling of her heart towards Edgar, she turned to him, and said, "Do you think it would be wrong to go?"

"Wrong" repeated he, surprised though gratified, "is perhaps too hard a word; but, I fear, at an itinerant show, such as this, a young lady would run some chance of finding herself in a neighbourhood that might seem rather strange to her."

"Most certainly then," cried she, with quickness, "I will not go!"

The astonished Edgar looked at her with earnestness, and saw the simplicity of sincerity on her countenance. He looked then at the Major; who, accustomed to

frequent failures in his solicitations, exhibited no change of features. Again he looked at Camilla, and her eyes met his with a sweetness of expression that passed straight to his heart.

Mrs. Arlbery now led the way to the coach; the forwardness of the Major, though in her own despatch, procured him the hand of Camilla; but she had left upon Edgar an impression renovating to all his esteem. She is still, he thought, the same; candid, open, flexible; still, therefore, let me follow, her, with such counsel as I am able to give. She has accused me of unkindness;—She was right! I retreated from her service at the moment when, in honour, I was bound to continue in it. How selfish was such conduct! how like such common love as seeks only its own gratification, not the happiness or welfare of its object! Could she, though but lately so dear to me, that all the felicity of my life seemed to hang upon her, become as nothing, because destined to another? No! Her father has been my father, and so long as she retains his respected name, I will watch by her unceasingly.

* * * *

In their way home, one of the horses tired, and could not be made to drag the carriage up to Mount Pleasant. They were therefore obliged to alight and walk. Mrs. Arlbery took the arm of Mr. Dannel, which she did not spare, and his daughter, almost crying with sleep and fatigue, made the same use of Camilla's. She protested she had never been so long upon her feet in her life as that very morning in Knowle Park, and, though she leant upon her companion with as little scruple as upon a walking stick, she frequently stooped short, and declared she should stay upon the road all night, for she could not move another step: and they were still far from the summit, when she insisted upon sitting down, saying fretfully, "I am sure I wish I was married! Nobody minds me. I am sure if I was, I would not be served so. I'm resolved I'll always have two coaches, one to come after me, and one to ride in; for I'm determined I won't marry a
man

man that has not a great fortune. I'm sure papa could afford it too, if he'd a mind; only he won't. Every body vexes me. I'm sure I'm ready to cry!"

Mr. Dennel and Mrs. Arlbery, who neither of them, at any time, took the smallest notice of what she said, passed on, and left the whole weight both of her person and her complaints to Camilla. The latter, however, now reached the ears of a fat, tidy, neat looking elderly woman, who, in a large black bonnet, and a blue checked apron, was going their way; she approached them, and in a good-humoured voice, said:—"What! poor dear! why you seem tired to death? come, get up, my dear; be of good heart, and you shall hold by my arm; for that t'other poor thing's almost hauled to pieces."

Miss Dennel accepted both the pity and the proposal; and the substantial arm of her new friend, gave her far superior aid to the slight one of Camilla.

"Well, and how did you like the play, my dears?" cried the woman.

"La!" said Miss Dennel, "how should you know we were at the play?"

"O, I have a little bird," answered she, sagaciously nodding, "that tells me every thing! you sat in the stage box?"

"Dear! so we did! How can you tell that? Was you in the gallery?"

"No, my dear, nor yet in the pit neither. And you had three gentlemen behind you, besides that gentleman that's going up the Mount?"

"Dear! So we had! But how do you know? did you peep at us behind the scenes?"

"No, my dear; I never went behind the scenes. But come, I hope you'll do now, for you ha'n't much further to go."

"Dear! how do you know that?"

"Because you live at that pretty house, there, up Mount Pleasant, that's got the little closet window."

"La, yes! who told you so?"

"And there's a pretty cat belonging to the house, all streaked brown and black?"

"O, la!"

"O, la!" exclaimed Miss Dannel, half screaming, and letting go her arm, "I dare say you're a fortune-teller! Pray don't speak to me till we get to the light!"

She now hung back, so terrified that neither Camilla could encourage, nor the woman appease her; and she was going to run down the hill, forgetting all her weariness, to seek refuge from the servants, when the woman said, "Why what's here to do? Why see, my dear, if I must let you into the secret,—you must know—but don't tell it to the world!—I'm a gentlewoman!" She then removed her checked apron, and shewed a white muslin one, embroidered and flounced.

Miss Dannel was now struck with a surprise, of which Camilla bore an equal share. Their new acquaintance appeared herself in some confusion, but having exacted a promise not to be discovered to *the world*, she told them, she lodged at a house upon Mount Pleasant, just by their's, whence she often saw them; that, having a ticket given her, by a friend, for the play, she dressed herself and went into a box, with some very genteel company, who kept their coach, and who sat her down afterwards at another friend's, where she pretended she should be fetched: "But I do my own way," continued she, "and nobody knows a word of the matter: for I keep a large bonnet, and cloak, and a checked apron, and a pair of clogs, or pattens, always at this friend's; and then when I have put them on, people take me for a mere common person, and I walk on, ever so late, and nobody speaks to me; and so by that means I get my pleasure, and save my money; and yet always appear like a gentlewoman when I'm known."

She then again charged them to be discreet, saying that if this were spread to *the world*, she should be quite undone, for many ladies that took her about with them, would notice her no more. At the same time, as she wished to make acquaintance with such pretty young ladies, she proposed that they should all three meet in
a walk

a walk before the house, the next morning, and talk together as if for the first time.

Camilla, who detested all tricks, declined entering into this engagement; but Miss Dannel, charmed with the ingenuity of her new acquaintance, accepted the appointment.

* * * *

Camilla had, however, her own new friend for the opening of the next day. "Ah! my sweet protectress!" cried she, throwing her arms about her neck, "what am I not destined to owe you? The very sight of that man is horror to me. Amiable, generous creature! what a sight was yours, when turning round, I met your eyes, and beheld him no more!"

"Your alarm, at which I cannot wonder," said Camilla, "prevented your seeing your safety; for Lord Newford was with a large party."

"O, he is obnoxious to my view! wherever I may see him, in public or in private, I shall fly him. He would have torn from me the loved characters of my heart's best correspondent!—"

Camilla now felt a little shocked, and colouring and interrupting her, said: "Is it possible, Mrs. Berlin-ton—" and stopt not knowing how to go on.

"Ah! you know me, then! You know my connexions and my situation!" cried she, hiding her face on Camilla's bosom: "tell me, at least, tell me, you do not therefore condemn and abhor me?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Camilla, terrified at such a preparation; "what can I hear that can give you so cruel an idea?"

"Alas! know you not I have prophaned at the altar my plighted vows to the most odious of men? That I have formed an alliance I despise? and that I bear a name I think of with disgust, and hate ever to own?"

Camilla, thunderstruck, answered; "No, indeed! I know nothing of all this!"

"Ah! guard yourself, then, well," cried she, bursting into tears, "from a similar fate! My friends are kind and good, but the temptation of seeing me rich beguiled

beguiled them. I was disinterested and contented myself, but young and inexperienced; and I yielded to their pleadings, unaware of their consequences. Alas! I was utterly ignorant both of myself and the world! I knew not how essential to my own peace was an amiable companion; and I knew not, then,—that the world contained one just formed to make me happy!"

She now hung down her head, weeping and desponding. Camilla sought to sooth her, but was so amazed, so fearful, and so perplexed, she scarce knew what either to say or to think.

The fair mourner, at length, a little recovering, added: "Let me not agitate your gentle bosom with my sorrows. I regard you as an angel sent to console them; but it must be by mitigating, not partaking of them."

Camilla was sensibly touched; and though strangely at a loss what to judge, felt her affections deeply interested.

"I dreaded," she continued, "to tell you my name, for I dreaded to sink myself into your contempt, by your knowledge of an alliance you must deem so mercenary. 'Twas folly to hope you would not hear it; yet I wished first to obtain, at least, your good will. The dear lost name of Melmond is all I love to pronounce! That name, I believe is known to you; so may be, also, perhaps, my brother's unhappy story?"

Melmond, she then said, believing Miss Lynmere betrothed to Mr. Mandlebert, had quitted Hampshire in misery, to finish his vacation in Wales, with their mutual friends. There he heard that the rumour was false; and would instantly have returned and thrown himself at the feet of the young lady, by whose cousin, Mr. Lionel Tyrold, he had been told she was to inherit a large fortune; when this second report, also, was contradicted, and he learnt that Miss Lynmere had almost nothing; "My brother," added she, "with the true spirit of true sentiment, was but the more urgent to pursue her; but our relations interfered—and he, like me, is doomed to endless anguish!"

The

The accident, she said, of the preceding morning, was owing to her being engaged in reading Rowe's letters from the dead to the living; which had so infinitely inchant'd her, that, desiring to peruse them without interruption, yet fearing to again wander in search of a rural retreat, she had driven to Knowle; where, hearing the noble family was absent, she had asked leave to view the park, and there had taken out her delicious book, which she was enjoying in the highest luxury of solitude and sweet air, when Lord Newford broke in upon her.

Camilla enquired if she feared any bad consequences, by telling Mr. Berlington of his impertinence.

"Heaven forbid," she answered, "that I should be condemned to speak to Mr. Berlington of any thing that concerns or befalls me! I see him as little as I am able, and speak to him as seldom."

Camilla heard this with grief, but durst not further press a subject so delicate. They continued together till noon, and then reluctantly parted, upon a message from Mrs. Arlbery that the carriages were waiting. Mrs. Berlington declined being introduced to that lady, which would only, she said, occasion interruptions to their future *tête-à-têtes*.

Neither the thoughtlessness of the disposition, nor the gaiety of the imagination of Camilla, could disguise from her understanding the glaring eccentricity of this conduct and character: but she saw them with more of interest than blame; the various attractions with which they were mixed, blending in her opinion something between pity and admiration, more captivating, though more dangerous, to the fond fancy of youth, than the most solid respect, and best founded esteem.

C H A P. XVI.

The Accomplished Monks.

WHEN Camilla descended, she found Sir Sedley Clarendel and General Kinsale in attendance; and saw, from the parlour window, Miss Dannel sauntering before the house, with the newly made acquaintance of the preceding evening.

The Baronet, who was to drive Mrs. Arlbery, enquired if Camilla would not prefer, also, an open carriage. Mrs. Arlbery, seconded the motion. Miss Dannel, then, running to her father, exclaimed, "Pray papa, let's take this lady I've been talking with in the coach with us. She's the good naturedest creature I ever knew."

"Who is she? what's her name?"

"O, I don't know that, papa; but I'll go and ask her."

Flying then back, "Pray, ma'am," she cried, "what's your name? because papa want's to know."

"Why, my dear, my name's Mittin. So you may think of me when you put on your gloves."

"Papa, her name's Mittin," cried Miss Dannel, scampering again to her father.

"Well, and who is she?"

"O, la, I'm sure I can't tell, only she's a gentlewoman."

"And how do you know that?"

"She told me so herself."

"And where does she live?"

"Just by, papa, at that house you see there."

"O, well, if she's a neighbour, that's enough. I've no more to say."

"O, then, I'll ask her!" cried Miss Dannel, jumping, "dear! I'm so glad! 'twould have been so dull, only

only papa and I. I'm resolved, when I've a house of my own, I'll never go alone any where with papa."

This being muttered, the invitation was made and accepted, and the parties set forward.

The ride was perfectly pleasing to Camilla, now revived and chearful; Sir Sedley was free from airs; Mrs. Arlbery drew them into conversation with one another, and none of them were glad when Mr. Dennel, called "stop! or you'll drive too far."

Camilla, who, supposing she was going, as usual, to the Pantiles, had got into the phaeton without inquiry; and who, finding afterwards her mistake, concluded they were merely taking an airing, now observed she was advancing towards a crowd, and presently perceived a booth, and an immense sign hung out from it, exhibiting a man monkey, or ourang outang.

Though excessively fluttered, she courageously, and at once, told Mrs. Arlbery she begged to be excused proceeding.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had heard, at the play, the general objections of Mandlebert, though she had not attended to her answer, conjectured her reason for retreating, and laughed, but said she would not oppose her.

Camilla then begged to wait in Mr. Dennel's carriage, that she might keep no one else from the show. Sir Sedley, saying it would be an excruciatingly vulgar sight, proposed they should all return; but she pleaded strongly against breaking up the party, though, while she was handed out, to go back to the coach, the Dennels and Mrs. Mittin had alighted, and it had driven off.

The chagrin of Camilla was so palpable, that Mrs. Arlbery herself agreed to resign the scheme; and Sir Sedley, who drew up to them, said he should rejoice in being delivered from it: but Miss Dennel, who was waiting without the booth for her aunt, was ready to cry at the thought of losing the sight, which Mrs. Mittin had assured her was extremely pretty; and, after some discussion, Camilla was reduced to beg she might do no mischief, and consent to make one.

A more

A more immediate distress now occurred to her ; she heard Mr. Dannel call out to the man stationed at the entrance of the booth, " What's to pay ?" and recollected she had no money left.

" What your Honor pleases," was the answer, " but gentlefolks gives half-a-crown."

" I'm sure it's well worth it," said Mrs. Mittin, " for it's one of the most curious things you ever saw. You can't give less, sir." And she passed nimbly by, without paying at all : but added, " I had a ticket the first day, and now I come every day for nothing, if it don't rain, for one only need to pay at first."

Mr. Dannel and his daughter followed, and Camilla was beginning a hesitating speech to Mrs Arlbery, as that lady, not attending to her, said to Mr. Dannel : " Well, frank me also ; but take care what you pay ; I'm not at all sure I shall ever return it. All I save goes to my ponies." And, handed by the General, she crossed the barrier ; not hearing the voice of her young friend, which was timidly beseeching her to stop.

Camilla was now in extreme confusion. She put her hand into her pocket, took it out, felt again, and again brought forth the hand empty.

The Major, who was before her, and who watched her, begged leave to settle with the booth-keeper ; but Camilla, to whom he grew daily more irksome, again preferred a short obligation to the Baronet, and blushing asked if he would once more be her banker ?

Sir Sedley, by no means suspecting the necessity that urged this condescension, was surprised and delighted, and almost without knowing it himself, became all that was attentive, obliging, and pleasing.

Before they were seated, the young Ensign, Mr. Macderfey, issuing from a group of gentlemen, addressed himself to Camilla, though with an air that spoke him much discomposed and out of spirits. " I hope you are well, Miss Camilla Tyrold," he cried ; " and have left all your family well ? particularly the loveliest of your sex, that angel of beauty, the divine Miss Lynmere ?"

" Except

"Except the company present!" said Mrs. Arlbery; "always except the company present, when you talk of beauty to women."

"I would not except even the company absent!" replied he, with warmth; but was interrupted from proceeding, by what the master of the booth called his *Consort of Musics*: in which not less than twenty monies contributed their part; one dreadfully scraping a bow across the strings of a vile kit, another beating a drum, another with a fife, a fourth with a bagpipe, and the sixteen remainder striking together tongs, shovels, and pokers, by way of marrowbones and cleavers. Every body stopt their ears, though no one could forbear laughing at their various contortions, and horrible grimaces, till the master of the booth, to keep them, he said, in tune, dealt about such fierce blows with a stick, that they set up a general howling, which he called the *Wocal* part of his *Consort*, not more stunning to the ear, than offensive to all humanity. The audience applauded by loud shouts, but Mrs. Arlbery, disgusted, rose to quit the booth. Camilla eagerly started up to second the motion, but her eyes still more expeditiously turned from the door, upon encountering those of Edgar; who, having met the empty coach of Mr. Denzel, had not been able to refrain from inquiring where its company had been deposited; nor, upon hearing it was at the *accomplished Monies*, from hastening to the spot, to satisfy himself if or not Camilla had been steady to her declaration. But he witnessed at once the propriety of his advice, and its failure.

The master of the booth could not endure to see the departure of the most brilliant part of his spectators, and made an harangue, promising the company, at large, if they would submit to postponing the *Consort*, in order to oblige his friends the *Quality*, they should have it, with the newest squalls in taste, afterwards.

The people laughed and clapped, and Mrs. Arlbery sat down.

In a few minutes, the performers were ready for a new exhibition. They were dressed up as soldiers,
who

who, headed by a corporal, came forward to do their exercises.

Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, told the General, as he was upon duty, he should himself take the command: the General, a pleasant, yet cool and sensible man, did not laugh less; but the Ensign, more warm tempered, and wrong headed, seeing a feather in a monkey's cap, of the same colour, by chance, as in his own, fired with hasty indignation, and rising, called out to the master of the booth: "What do you mean by this, sir? do you mean to put an affront upon our corps?"

The man, startled, was going most humbly to protest his innocence of any such design; but the laugh raised against the Ensign amongst the audience gave him more courage, and he only simpered without speaking.

"What do you mean by grinning at me, sir?" said Macdersey; "do you want me to cane you?"

"Cane me!" cried the man enraged, "by what rights?"

Macdersey, easily put off all guard, was stepping over the benches, with his cane uplifted, when his next neighbour, tightly holding him, said, in a half whisper, "If you'll take my advice, you'd a deal better provoke him to strike the first blow."

Macdersey, far more irritated by this counsel than by the original offence, fiercely looked back, calling out "The first blow! What do you mean by that, sir?"

"No offence, sir," answered the person; who was no other than the slow and solemn Mr. Dubster; "but only to give you a hint for your own good; for if you strike first, being in his own house, as one may say, he may take the law of you."

"The law!" repeated the fiery Ensign; "the law was made for poltroons: a man of honour does not know what it means."

"If you talk at that rate, sir," said Dubster, in a low voice, "it may bring you into trouble."

"And who are you, sir, that take upon you the presumption to give me your opinion?"

"Who am I, sir? I am a gentleman, if you must needs know."

"A gentleman!"

"A gentleman! who made you so?"

"Who made me so? why leaving off business! what would you have made me so? you may tell me if you are any better, if you come to that."

Macdersey, of an ancient and respectable family, incensed past measure, was turning back upon Mr. Dubster; when the General, taking him gently by the hand, begged he would recollect himself.

"That's very true, sir, very true, General!" cried he, profoundly bowing; "what you say is very true. I have no right to put myself into a passion before my superior officer, unless he puts me into it himself; in which case 'tis his own fault. So I beg your pardon, General, with all my heart. And I'll go out of the booth without another half syllable. But if ever I detect any of those monkies mocking us, and wearing our feathers, when you a'n't by, I sha'n't put up with it so mildly. I hope you'll excuse me, General."

He then bowed to him again, and begged pardon of all the ladies; but, in quitting the booth, contemptuously said to Mr. Dubster: "As to you, you little dirty fellow, you a'n't worth my notice."

"Little dirty fellow!" repeated Mr. Dubster, when he was gone; "How come you to think of that? why I'm as clean as hands can make me!"

"Come, sir, come," said Mrs. Mittin, reaching over to him, and stroking his arm, "don't be angry; these things will happen, sometimes, in public companies; but gentlemen should be above minding them. He meant no harm, I dare say."

"O, as to that, ma'am," answered Mr. Dubster proudly, "I don't much care if he did or not: it's no odds to me. Only I don't know much what right he has to defame me. I wonder who he thinks he is that he may break the peace for nothing. I can't say I'm much a friend to such behaviour. Treating people with so little ceremony."

"I protest," cried Sir Sedley to Camilla, "'tis your favourite swain from the Northwick assembly! waisted on some zephyr of Hope, he has pursued you to Tunbridge. I flatter myself he has brought his last bran
new

new cloaths to claim your fair hand at the master of the ceremonies' ball."

"Hush! hush!" cried Camilla, in a low voice; "he will take you literally should he hear you!"

Mr. Dubster, now perceiving her, bowed low from the place where he stood, and called out, "How do you do, ma'am? I ask pardon for not speaking to you before; but I can't say as I see you."

Camilla was forced to bow, though she made no answer. But he continued with his usual steadiness; "Why, that was but a unked morning we was together so long, ma'am, in my new summer-horse. We was in fine jeopardy, that's the truth of it. Pray, how does the young gentleman do as took away our ladder?"

"What a delectable acquaintance!" cried Sir Sedley; "would you have the cruelty to keep such a treasure to yourself? present me, I supplicate!"

"O, I know you well enough, sir," said Mr. Dubster, who overheard him; "I see you at the hop at the White Hart; and I believe you know me pretty well too, sir, if I may take account by your staring. Not that I mind it in the least."

"Come, come, don't be touchy," said Mrs. Mitton; "can't you be good-natured, and hold your tongue? what signifies taking things amiss? It only breeds ill words."

"That's very sensibly observed upon!" said Mr. Dannel; "I don't know when I've heard any thing more sensibly said."

"O, as to that, I don't take it amiss in the least," cried Mr. Dubster; "if the gentleman's a mind to stare, let him stare. Only I should like to know what it's for. It's no better than child's play, as one may say, making one look foolish for nothing."

The ourang outang was now announced, and Mrs. Arlbery immediately left the booth, accompanied by her party, and speedily followed by Edgar.

Neither of the carriages were in waiting, but they would not return to the booth. Sir Sedley, to whom standing was still rather inconvenient, begged a cast in the

the carriage of a friend, who was accidentally passing by.

Macdersey, who joined them, said he had been considering what that fellow had proposed to him, of taking the first blow, and found he could not put up with it: and upon the appearance of Mr. Dubster, who in quitting the booth was preparing, with his usual leisurely solemnity, to approach Camilla, darted forward and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "Retract, sir! Retract!"

Mr. Dubster stared, at first, without speech or opposition; but being released by the Major, whom the General begged to interfere, he angrily said: "Pray, sir, what business have you to take hold of a body in such a manner as that? It's an assault, sir, and so I can prove. And I'm glad of it; for now I can serve you as I did another gentleman once before, that I smarted out of a good ten pound out of his pocket, for a knock he gave me, for a mere nothing, just like this here pulling one by the collar, nobody knows why."

The Major, endeavouring to quiet Macdersey, advised him to despise so low a person.

"So I will, my dear friend," he returned, "as soon as ever I have given him the proper chastisement for his ignorance. But I must do that first. You won't take it ill, Major."

"I believe," cried Mr. Dubster, holding up both his hands, "the like of this was never heard of! Here's a gentleman, as he calls himself, ready to take away my life, with his own good will, for nothing but giving him a little bit of advice! However, it's all one to me. The law is open to all. And if any one plays their tricks upon me, they shall pay for their fun. I'm none of your tame ones to put up with such a thing for nothing. I'm above that, I promise you."

"Don't talk, sir, don't talk!" cried Macdersey; "it's a thing I can't bear from a mean person, to be talked to. I had a hundred thousand times rather stand to be shot at."

"Not talk, sir? I should be glad to know what right you has to hinder me, provided I say nothing
against

against the law? And as to being a mean person, it's more than you can prove, for I'm sure you don't know who I am, nor nothing about me. I may be a lord, for any thing you know, though I don't pretend to say I am. But as to what people take me for, that behave so out of character, it's what I sha'n't trouble my head about. They may take me for a chimney-sweeper, or they may take me for a duke; which they like. I sha'n't tell them whether I'm one or t'other, or whether I'm neither. And as to not talking, I shall hold my tongue when I think proper."

"Ask my pardon this instant, fellow!" cried the Ensign, whom the Major, at the motion of the General, now caught by the arm, and hurried from the spot: Mrs. Mittin, at the same moment pulling away Mr. Dubster, and notably expounding to him the advantages of patience and good humour.

Mrs. Arlbery, wearied both of this squabble and of waiting, took the arm of the General, and said she would walk home; Miss Dannel lovingly held by Mrs. Mittin, with whom her father also assorted, and by whom Mr. Dubster was drawn on.

Camilla alone had no immediate companion, as the Major was occupied by the Ensign. Edgar saw her disengaged. He trembled, he wavered; he wished the Major back; he wished him still more at a distance too remote ever to return; he thought he would instantly mount his horse, and gallop towards Beech Park; but the horse was not ready, and Camilla was in sight;—and, in less than a minute, he found himself, scarce knowing how, at her side.

Camilla felt a pleasure that bounded to her heart, though the late assertions of Mrs. Arlbery prepared her to expect him. He knew not, however, what to say; he felt mortified and disappointed, and when he had uttered something scarce intelligible about the weather, he walked on in silence.

Camilla, whose present train of thoughts had no discordant tendency, broke through this strangeness herself, and said: "How frivolous I must appear to you!

but

but indeed I was at the very door of the booth, before I knew whither the party was going.

"You did not, I hope, at least," he cried, "when you had entered it, deem me too rigid, too austere, that I thought the species, both of company and of entertainment, ill calculated for a young lady?"

"Rigid! austere!" repeated she; "I never thought you either! never—and if once again—" she stooped; embarrassed, ashamed.

"If once again what?" cried he in a tremulous voice; "what would Miss Camilla say?—would she again—Is there yet—What would Miss Camilla say?"

Camilla felt confounded, both with ideas of what he meant to allude to, and what construction he had put upon her half finished sentence. Impatient, however, to clear that, "If once more," she cried, "you could prevail with yourself—now and then—from time to time—to give me an hint, an idea—of what you think right—I will promise, if not a constant observance, at least a never-failing sense of your kindness."

The revulsion in the heart, in the whole frame of Edgar, was almost too powerful for restraint: he panted for an immediate explanation of every past and every present difficulty, and a final avowal that she was either self-destined to the Major, or that he had no rival to fear: But before he could make any answer, a sudden and violent shower broke up the conference, and grouped the whole party under a large tree.

This interruption, however, had no power upon their thoughts; neither of them heard a word that was saying; each ruminated intently, though confusedly, upon what already was passed. Yet where the wind precipitated the rain, Edgar stationed himself, and held his hat to intercept its passage to Camilla; and as her eye involuntarily was caught by the shower that pattered upon his head and shoulders, she insensibly pressed nearer to the trunk of the tree, to afford more shelter to him from its branches.

The rest of the party partook not of this taciturnity: Mr. Dubster, staring Mrs. Mittin full in the face,

VOL. II.

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exclaimed:

exclaimed: "I think I ought to know you, ma'am, asking your pardon?"

"No matter for that!" cried she, turning with quickness to Camilla; "Lord, miss—I don't know your name,—how your poor hat is all I don't know how! as limp, and as flimzy, as if it had been in a wash-tub!"

"I've just bethought me," continued he, "where it was we used to see one another, and all the whole manner of it. I've got it as clear in my head as if it was but yesterday. Don't you remember—"

"Can't you stand a little out there?" interrupted she; "what signifies a man's old coat? don't you see how you let all the rain come upon this young lady? you should never think of yourself, but only of what you can do to be obliging."

"A very good rule, that! a very good one indeed!" said Mr. Dannel; "I wish every body would mind it."

"I'm as willing to mind it, I believe said Mr. Dubster, "as my neighbours; but as to being wet through, for mere complaisance, I don't think it fair to expect such a thing of nobody. Besides, this is not such an old coat as you may think for. If you was to see what I wear at home, I promise you would not think so bad of it. I don't say it's my best; who'd be fool then, to wear it every day? However, I believe it's pretty nigh as good as that I had on that night I saw you at Mrs. Purdle's, when, you know, one of your pattens—"

"Come, come, what's the man talking about? one person should not take all the conversation up so. Dear miss—do tell me your name?—I am so sorry for your hat, I can't but think of it; it looks as dingy!—"

"Why, now, you won't make me believe," said Mr. Dubster, "you've forgot how your patten broke; and how I squeezed my finger under the iron? And how I'd like to have lost the use of it? There would have been a fine job! And how Mrs. Purdle—"

"I'm sure the shower's over," cried Mrs. Mittin, "and if we stay here, we shall have all the droppings
of

of the leaves upon us. Poor miss thing-o-me's hat is spoilt already. There's no need to make it worse."

"And how Mrs. Purdle," he continued, was obliged to lend you a pair of shoes and stockings, because you was wet through your feet? And how they would not fit you, and kept tumbling off? And how, when somebody come to fetch you in their own coach, you made us say you was taken ill because you was so daubed with mud and mire, you was ashamed to shew yourself? And how—"

"I can't think what you are talking of," said Mrs. Mittin; "but come, let's you and I go a little way on, to see if the rain's over." She then went some paces from the tree, and said: "What signifies running on so, Mr. Dubster, about things nobody knows any thing of? It's tiring all the company to death. You should never talk about your own fingers, and hap-hazards, to genteel people. You should only talk about agreeable subjects as I do. See how they all like me! That gentleman brought me to the monkies in his own coach."

"As to that," answered he, gravely, "I did not mean, in the least, to say any thing disagreeable; only I thought it odd you should not seem to know me again, considering Mrs. Purdle used——"

"Why you've no nous, Mr. Dubster; Mrs. Purdle's a very good sort of woman and the best friend I have in the world, perhaps; at the bottom; but she i'n't a sort of person to talk of before gentlefolks. You should talk to great people about their own affairs, and what you can do to please them, and find out how you can serve them, if you'd be treated genteelly by them, as I am. Why, I go every where, and see every thing, and it costs me nothing. A friend, a lady of great fashion, took me one day to the monkies, and paid for me; and I've gone since, whenever I will for nothing."

"Nobody treats me to nothing," answered he, in a melancholy voice, "whatever's the reason: except: when I make friends with somebody that can let me in free, sometimes. And I get a peep, now and then, at what goes forward, that way."

"But you are rich enough to pay for yourself now, Mr. Dubster; good luck! if I had such a fortune as yours, I'd go all the the world over, and thanks to nobody."

"And how long would you be rich then, Mrs. Mittin? Who'd give you your money again when you'd spent it? I got mine hard enough. I sha'n't fool it away in a hurry, I promise you!"

"I can't say I see that, Mr. Dubster, when two of your wives died so soon, and left you so handsome."

"Why, yes, I don't say to the contrary of that; but then, think of the time before, when I was 'prentice!"

The shower was now over, and the party proceeded as before.

Edgar, uncertain, irresolute, walked on in silence: yet attentive, assiduous, even tenderly watchful to guide, guard, and assist his fair companion in her way. The name of the Major trembled perpetually upon his lips; but fear what might be the result of his inquiries stopt his speech till they approached the house; when he commanded voice to say: "You permit then the renewal of my old privilege?"

"Permit! I wish for it!"

They were now at the door. Edgar, not daring to speak again to Camilla, and not able to address any one else, took his leave; enchanted that he was authorized, once more, to inform himself with openness of the state of her affairs, and of her conduct. And Camilla, dwelling with delight upon the discernment of Mrs. Arlbery, blest the happy penetration that had endowed her with courage to speak again to Edgar in terms of friendship and confidence.

Mrs. Mittin, declaring she could not eat till she had seen what could be done for the hat of Miss Tyrold, accompanied her up stairs, took it off herself, wiped it, smoothed, and tried to new arrange it; and, at last, failing to succeed, insisted upon taking it home, to put it in order, and promised to return it in the morning time enough for the Pantiles. Camilla was much ashamed; but she had no means to buy another,
and

and she had now lost her indifference to going abroad. She thought, therefore, this new acquaintance at least as useful as she was officious, and accepted her civility with thanks.

C H A P. XVII.

The Rooms.

THE evening, as usual, was destined to the Rooms. The first object Camilla perceived upon her entrance was Edgar, and the smile with which she met his eye brought him instantly to her side. That smile was not less radiant for his nearer approach; nor was the pleasure in it less animated for observing that Major Cerwood was not of her party, nor as yet in the room. The opportunity seemed inviting to engage her himself, to suggest and to find it irresistible was the same thing, and he inquired if her whole evening were arranged, or she would go down two dances with an old friend.

The softness of her assent was even exquisite delight to him; and, as they all walked up and down the apartment, though he addressed her but little, and though she spoke but in answer, every word he uttered she received as couching some gentle meaning, and every syllable she replied, he thought conveyed something of flattering interest: and although all was upon open and unavoidable subjects, he had no eyes but for her, she had no attention but for him.

This quiet, yet heart-felt intercourse, was soon a little interrupted by the appearance of a large and striking party, led on by Lady Alitheia Selmore; for which every body made way, to which every body turned, and which, passing by all the company without seeming conscious

conscious there was any to pass, formed a mass at the upper end of the room, with an air and manner of such exclusive attention to their chief, or to one another, that common observation would have concluded some film before their eyes obstructed their discerning that they were not the sole engrossers of the apartment.

But such was not the judgment formed of them by Mrs. Arlbery, who, forced by the stream to give them passage, paid herself for the condescension by a commentary upon the passengers. "Those good people," said she, "strive to make us believe we are nothing to them. They strive even to believe it themselves. But this is the mere semblance worn by pride and affectation, to veil internal fatigue. They come hither to recruit their exhausted powers, not, indeed, by joining in our society, but by a view of new objects for their senses, and the flattering idea, for their minds, of the envy or admiration they excite. They are all people of some consequence, and many of them are people of title: but these are far the most supportable of the group; their privileged superiority over the rest is so marked and indisputable, that they are saved the trouble either of claiming or ascertaining it: but those who approach their rank without reaching it, live in a constant struggle to make known their importance. Indeed, I have often seen that people of title are less gratified with the sound of their own honours, than people of no title in pronouncing them."

Sir Sedley Clarendel was of this set. Like the rest he passed Mrs. Arlbery without seeming to notice her, and was passing Camilla in the same manner; but not aware this was only to be fine, like the party to which he belonged, she very innocently spoke to him herself, to hope he got safe to his lodgings, without feeling any further ill effect from his accident.

Sir Sedley, though internally much gratified by this interest in his safety, which in Camilla was the result of having herself endangered it, looked as if he scarce recollected her, and making hastily a kind of half bow, walked on with his company.

Camilla,

Camilla, who had no view, nor one serious thought concerning him, was rather amused than displeased by his caprices ; and was preparing to relate the history of his lameness to Edgar, who seemed surprised and even hurt by her addressing him, and by his so slightly passing her, when the entrance of another splendid party interrupted all discourse.

And here, to her utter amaze, she beheld as chief of the group, her romantic new friend ; not leading, indeed, like Lady Alithea Selmore, a train, but surrounded by admirers, who, seeking no eye but hers, seemed dim and humble planets, moving round a radiant sun.

Camilla, now forgetting Sir Sedley, would have taken this moment to narrate her adventure with Mrs. Berlinton, had not her design been defeated by the approach of the Major. He belonged to this last group, but was the only one that separated from it. He spoke to Camilla with his usual air of devotion, told her he had dined with Mrs. Berlinton, to whose husband, whom he had taken for her grandfather, he had been just introduced ; and begged to know of Mrs. Arlbery if he might have the pleasure of bringing them all acquainted ; an offer which Camilla, unauthorised by Mrs. Berlinton, had not ventured to make. Mrs. Arlbery declined the proposal ; not anxious to mix where she had small chance of presiding.

The party, after traversing the room, took full and exclusive possession of a considerable spot just below that occupied by Lady Alithea.

These two companies completely engrossed all attention, amply supplying the rest of the assembly with topics for discourse. The set with Lady Alithea Selmore, was, in general, haughty, supercilious, and taciturn ; looking around with eyes determined to see neither any person nor any thing before them, and rarely speaking, except to applaud what fell from her ladyship ; who far less proud, because a lover of popularity, deigned herself, from time to time, a slight glance at the company, to see if she was observed, and to enjoy its reverence.

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The party to which Mrs. Berlington was the loadstone, was far more attractive to the disciples of nature, though less sedulously sought by those whom the manners and maxims of the common world had sophisticated. They were gay, elegant, desirous to please, because pleased themselves; and though some of them harboured designs deeper and more dangerous than any formed by the votaries of rank, they appeared to have nothing more in view than to decorate with flowers the present moment. The magnetic influence of beauty was, however, more powerful than that of the *ton*; for though Mrs. Berlington, from time to time, allured a beau from Lady Alithea Selmore, her ladyship, during the whole season, had not one retaliation to boast. But, on the other hand, the females, in general, strove to cluster about Lady Alithea; Mrs. Berlington leaving them no greater chance of rivalry in conversation than in charms.

Edgar had made way upon the approach of the Major, who wore an air of superior claim extremely unpleasant to him; but, since already engaged to Camilla, he meant to return to her when the dancing began.

She concluded he left her but to speak to some acquaintance, and was, herself, amply occupied in observing her new friend. The light in which she now beheld her, admired, pursued, and adulated, elegantly adorned in her person, and evidently with but one rival for fame and fashion in Tunbridge, filled her with astonishment. Nothing could less assort with her passion for solitude, her fondness for literary and sentimental discussions, and her enthusiasm in friendship. But her surprise was mixed with praise and admiration, when she reflected upon the soft humility and caressing sweetness of her manners, yet found her, by general consent, holding this elevated rank in society.

The Major earnestly pressed to conduct Camilla to this coterie, assuring her Mrs. Berlington would not have passed, had she seen her, for, during dinner, and at coffee, she had talked of nobody else. Camilla heard this with pleasure, but shrunk from all advances,
and

and strove rather to hide than shew herself, that Mrs. Berlinton might have full liberty either to seek or avoid her. She wished to consult Edgar upon this acquaintance; though the present splendour of her appearance, and the number of her followers, made her fear she could never induce him to do justice to the sweetness and endearment of her social powers.

When the Major found he pleaded in vain, he said he would at least let Mrs. Berlinton know where to look for her; and went himself to that lady.

Edgar, who had felt sensibly mortified to observe, when he retreated, that the eyes and attention of Camilla had been wholly bestowed upon what he considered merely as a new scene, was now coming forward; when he saw Mrs. Berlinton hastily rise, suddenly break from all her adulators, and, with quick steps and animated gestures, traverse the apartment, to address Camilla, whom taking by both her hands, which she pressed to her heart, she conjured, in the most flattering terms, to accompany her back.

Camilla was much gratified; yet, from delicacy to Mrs. Arlbery, stimulated by the fear of missing her expected partner in the country dances, declined the invitation: Mrs. Berlinton looked disappointed; but said she would not be importunate, and returned alone.

Camilla, a little disturbed, besought the Major to follow, with an offer of spending with her, if she pleased, the whole of the ensuing day.

"Charming!" cried the Major, "for I am engaged to her myself already."

To Camilla this hearing was distressing; to Edgar it was scarcely endurable. But she could not retract, and Edgar was stopt in the inquiries he meant to make concerning this striking new acquaintance, by an abrupt declaration from Mrs. Arlbery, that the Rooms were insufferable, and she would immediately go home. She then gave her hand to the General, and Miss Dannel took the arm of Camilla, murmuring, that she would never leave the Rooms at such an early hour again, when once she was married.

To quit Edgar thus, at the very moment of renewed intercourse and amity, seemed too cruel; and Camilla, though with blushes, and stammering, whispered Mrs. Arlbery, "What can I do, ma'am? most unfortunately I have engaged myself to dance?"

"With whom?"

"With—Mr.—Mandlebert."

"O, vastly well! Stay, then by all means: but, as he has not engaged me too, allow me I beseech you to escape. Mrs. Berlinton will, I am sure, be happy to take care of you."

This scheme was, to Camilla, the most pleasant that could be proposed; and, at the same instant, the Major returned to her, with these words written with a pencil upon the back of a letter.

"To-morrow, and next day, and next day, come to me, my lovely friend; every thing, and every body fatigues me but yourself."

Camilla, obliged again to have recourse to the Major, wrote, upon the same paper, "Can you have the goodness to convey me to Mount Pleasant to-night, if I stay? and begged him to bring her an answer. She entreated, also, Mrs. Arlbery to stop, till it arrived, which was almost in the same minute; for the eye of Mrs. Berlinton had but glanced upon the words, ere her soft and lovely form was again with their fair writer, with whom, smiling and delighted, she walked back, arm in arm, to her place.

Mrs. Arlbery and the General, and Mr. and Miss Dannel, now left the room.

Edgar viewed all this with amazement. He found that the young lady she joined was sister-in-law to a peer, and as fashionable as she was beautiful; but could not fathom how so great an intimacy had so suddenly been formed.

Camilla, thus distinguished, became now herself an object of peculiar notice; her own personal claim to particular attention, her dejection had forfeited, for it had robbed her eyes of their animation, and her countenance of its play; but no contagion spreads with greater certainty nor greater speed than that of fashion; slander it-
self

self is not more sure of promulgation. She was now looked at by all present as if seen for the first time; every one discovered in her some charm, some grace, some excellence; those who, the minute before, had passed her with perfect indifference, said it was impossible to see and not be struck with her; and all agreed she could appear upon no spot under the sun, and not instinctively be singled out, as formed to shine in the highest sphere.

But he by whom this transaction was observed with most pleasure, was Sir Sedley Clarendel. The extraordinary service he had performed for Camilla, and the grateful interest she had shewn him in return, had led him to consider her with an attention so favourable, that, without half her merit, or half her beauty, she could not have failed rising in his estimation, and exciting his regard: and she had now a superior charm that distanced every other; she had been asked to dance, yet refused it, by a man of celebrity in the *ton*; and she was publicly sought and caressed by the only rival at Tunbridge, in that species of renoun, to Lady Alithea Selmore.

He felt an increased desire to be presented to Mrs. Berlington himself; and, gliding from his own circle as quietly as he could contrive, not to offend Lady Alithea, who, though she laughed at *the little Welsh rustic*, was watchful of her votaries, and jealous of her rising power, came gently behind Lord O'Lerney and whispered his request.

He was received by the young beauty with that grace, and that sweetness which rendered her so generally bewitching, yet with an air that proved her already accustomed to admiration, and untouched by its intoxicating qualities. All that was voluntary of her attention was bestowed exclusively upon Camilla, though, when addressed and called upon by others, she answered without impatience, and looked without displeasure.

This conduct, at the same time that it shewed her in a point of view the most amiable, raised Camilla higher and higher in the eyes of the bye-standers: and, in a few minutes more, the general cry throughout the assembly

sembly was, to inquire who was the young lady thus brought forward by Mrs. Berlinton.

Edgar heard this with increased anxiety. Has she discretion, has she fortitude, thought he, to withstand public distinction? Will it not spoil her for private life; estrange her from family concerns? render tasteless and insipid the conjugal and maternal characters, meant by Nature to form not only the most sacred of duties, but the most delicious of enjoyments?

Very soon after, this anxiety was tinged with a feeling more severe; he saw her spoken to negligently by Sir Sedley; he required, after what he had already himself deemed impertinence from the Baronet, that she should have assumed to him a distant dignity; but he perceived, on the contrary, that she answered him with pleasant alacrity, and, when not engaged by Mrs. Berlinton, attended to him, even with distinction.

Alas! thought he, the degradation from the true female character is already begun! already the lure of fashion draws her from what she owes to delicacy and propriety, to give a willing reception to insolence and foppery!

Camilla, meanwhile, unsuspecting of his remarks, and persuaded every civility in her power was due to Sir Sedley, was gay, pleased, and pleasing; happy to consider herself under the guidance, and restored to the amity of Edgar, and determined to acquaint him with all her affairs, and consult him upon all her proceedings.

The dancing, for which mutually they languished, as the mutual means of re-union, seemed not to be the humour of the evening, and those who were ready for it, were not of sufficient consequence to bring it forward. But when Mrs. Berlinton mentioned, that she had been taking some lessons in a cotillon, a universal cry was raised by all her party, to try one immediately. She pleaded in vain her inexperience in such dances; they insisted there was nobody present that could criticise, that her form alone would compensate for every mistake of rule, and that the best lesson was easy practice.

She was soon gained, for she was not addicted to denials; but the application which ensued to Camilla was acceded

acceded to less promptly. As there were but two other ladies in the circle of Mrs. Berlington, her assistance was declared to be indispensable. She pleaded inability of every sort, though to dance without Edgar was her only real objection; for she had no false shame in being ignorant of what she never had learnt. But Mrs. Berlington protested she would not rise if she were the only novice to be exhibited; and the Major then prepared to prostrate himself at the feet of Camilla; who, hastily, and ashamed, stood up, to prevent an action that Edgar might misinterpret.

Hoping, however, now, to at least draw him into their set, she ventured to acknowledge to Mrs. Berlington, that she was already engaged, in case she danced.

The Major, who heard her, and who knew it was not to himself, strenuously declared this could only be for country dances, and therefore would not interfere with a cotillon.

"Will country dances, then," said she, blushing, "follow?"

"Certainly, if any one has spirit to begin them."

The cotillon was now played, and the preceding bow from the opposite Major forced her courtship in return.

The little skill in this dance of one of the performers, and the total want of it in another, made it a mere pleasantry to all, though the youth and beauty of the two who did the worst, rendered them objects of admiration, that left nearly unnoticed those who did best.

To Camilla what belonged to pleasantry in this business was of short duration. When the cotillon was over, she saw nothing of Edgar. She looked around, mortified, disappointed. No one called for a country dance; and the few who had wished for it, concluding all chance over when a cotillon was begun, had now retired, or given it up.

What was this disappointment, compared with the sufferings of Edgar? Something of a contest, and of entreaties, had reached his ears, while he had hovered near the party, or strolled up and down the room. He had gathered the subject was dancing, and he saw the Major most earnest with Camilla. He was sure it was
for

for her hand, and concluded it was for a country dance; but could she forfeit her engagement? were matters so far advanced, as to make her so openly shew him all prevailing, all powerful, not only over all rivals, but, according to the world's established customs upon these occasions, over all decorum?

Presently, he saw the Major half kneel; he saw her rise to prevent the prostration; and he heard the dance called.

He could bear no more; pain intolerable seized, distracted him, and he abruptly quitted the ball-room, lest the Major should approach him with some happy apology, which he was unfitted to receive. †

He could only settle his ideas by supposing she really loved Major Cerwood, and had suffered her character to be infected by the indelicacy that made a part of his own. Yet why had she so strove to deny all regard, all connection? what an unaccountable want of frankness! what a miserable dereliction of truth!

His first impulse was to set off instantly from Turnbridge; but his second thoughts represented the confession this would make. He was too proud to leave the Major, whom he despised, such a triumph, and too much hurt to permit Camilla herself to know him so poignantly wounded. She could not, indeed, but be struck by his retreat; he resolved, however, to try to meet with her the next day, and to speak to her with the amity they had so lately arranged, yet in a way that should manifest him wholly free from all other interest or view.

*Why not declare his solicitude
in the extreme ~~to~~ fastidious
timidity cannot be the offspring
of genuine sensibility -*

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

Ways to the Heart.

ALL pleasure to Camilla was completely over from the moment that Edgar disappeared

When she returned to Mount Pleasant, Mrs. Arlbery, whom she found alone, said, "Did I not understand that you were going to dance with Mr. Mandlebert? How chanced he to leave you? We were kept ages waiting for the coach; and I saw him pass by, and walk off."

Camilla, colouring, related the history of the cotillon; and said, she feared, not knowing how she had been circumstanced, he was displeased.

"Displeased?" cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "and do you, at seventeen, suffer a man to be displeased? How can you do worse when you are fifty? Know your own power more truly, and use it better. Men, my dear, are all spoilt by humility, and all conquered by gaiety. Amuse and defy them!—attend to that maxim, and you will have the world at your feet."

"I have no such ambition:—but I should be sensibly hurt to make an old friend think ill of me."

"When an old friend," said Mrs. Arlbery, archly, "happens to be a young man, you must conduct yourself with him a little like what you are; that is, a young woman. And a young woman is never in her proper place, if such sort of old friends are not taught to know their own. From the instant you permit them to think of being offended, they become your masters; and you will find it vastly more convenient to make them your slaves."

Camilla pretended to understand this in a mere general sense, and wished her good night.

The



The next morning at an early hour, her chamber door was opened with great suddenness, and no preparation, and Mrs. Mittin tript nimbly into the room, with a hat in her hand.

"Look here ! my dear Miss Tyrold," cried she, "for now that other young lady has told me your name, and I writ it down upon paper, that I might not forget it again : look at your hat now ! Did you ever see any thing so much improved for the better ? I declare nobody would know it ! Miss Dannel says it's as pretty again as it was at first. I'll go and shew it to the other lady."

Away she went, triumphant, with the trophy of her notability ; but presently returned, saying, "Do, pray, Miss Tyrold, write me down that other lady's name upon a scrap of paper. It always goes out of my head. And one looks as if one knew nobody, when one forgets people's names."

Camilla complied, and expressed her shame to have caused her so much trouble.

"O, my dear, it's none at all. I got all the things at Mrs. Tillden's."

"Who is Mrs. Tillden ?" cried Camilla, staring.

"Why the milliner. Don't you know that ?"

"What things ?" asked Camilla, alarmed.

"Why these, my dear ; don't you see ? Why it's all new, except just the hat itself, and the feathers."

Camilla was now in extreme embarrassment. She had concluded Mrs. Mittin had only newly arranged the ornaments, and had not the smallest idea of incurring a debt which she had no means to discharge.

"It all comes to quite a trifle," continued Mrs. Mittin, "for all it's so pretty. Mrs. Tillden's things are all monstrous cheap. I get things for next to nothing from her, sometimes, when they are a little past the mode. But then I recommend her a heap of customers. I get all my friends, by hook or by crook, to go to her shop."

"And

"And what," stammered out Camilla, "besides my thanks, do I owe you?"

"Oh, nothing. She would not be paid; she said, as you was her customer, and had all your things of her at first, she'd put it down in your bill for the season."

This was, at least, some respite; though Camilla felt the disagreeable necessity of increasing her intended demand upon Mrs. Arlbery.

Miss Dannel came with a summons from that lady to the Pantiles, whither, as the day was fine, she proposed they should walk.

"O," cried Mrs. Mittin, "if you are going upon the Pantiles, you must go to that shop where there's the curious ear-rings that are to be raffled for. You'll put in to be sure."

Camilla said no, with a sigh attributed to the ear-rings, but due to a tender recollection of the raffle in which Edgar had procured her the trinket she most valued. Mrs. Mittin proposed accompanying them, and asked Camilla to introduce her to Mrs. Arlbery. This was very disagreeable; but she knew not how, after the civility she owed her, to refuse.

Mrs. Arlbery received her with much surprize, but perfect unconcern; conscious of her own importance, she feared no disgrace from being seen with one in a lower station; and she conceived it no honour to appear with one in a higher.

When they came to the Pantiles, Mrs. Mittin begged to introduce them to a view of the ear-rings, which belonged, she said, to one of her particular friends; and as Mrs. Arlbery caught the eye of Sir Sedley Claarendel in passing the window, she entered the shop.

"Well," cried Mrs. Mittin, to its master, "don't say I bring you no company. I am sure you ought to let me throw for nothing, if it's only for good luck; for I am sure these ladies will all put in. Come, Miss Dannel, do lead the way. 'Tis but half a guinea, and only look what a prize."

"Ask papa to pay for me!" cried Miss Dannel.

"Come,

"Come, good sir, come, put down the half guinea for the young lady. I'm sure you can't refuse her. Lord ! what's half a guinea ?"

"That's a very bad way of reasoning," answered Mr. Dannel; "and what I did not expect from a woman of your sense."

"Why you don't think, sir, I meant that half a guinea's a trifle? No indeed! I know what money is better than that. I only mean half a guinea is nothing in comparison to ten guineas, which is the price of the ear-rings; and so that makes me think it's pity the young lady should lose an opportunity of getting them so cheap. I'm sure if they were dear, I should be the last to recommend them, for I think extravagance the greatest sin under the sun."

"Well, now you speak like the sensible woman I took you for."

A very little more eloquence of this sort was necessary, before Mr. Dannel put down half a guinea.

"Well, I declare, cried Mrs. Mittin, "there's only three more names wanted; and when these two ladies have put in, there will be only one! I'm sure if I was rich enough, that one would not be far off. But come, ma'am, where's your half guinea? Come, Miss Tyrold, don't hold back; who knows but you may win? there's only nineteen against you. Lord what's that?"

Camilla turned away, and Mrs. Arlbery did not listen to a word; but when Sir Sedley said, "They are really very pretty; won't you throw?" she answered, "I must rather make a raffle with my own trinkets, than raffle for other people's. Think of my ponies! However, I'll put in, if Mr. Dannel will be my paymaster."

Mr. Dannel, turning short off, walked out of the shop.

"This is a bad omen!" cried she, laughing; and then desired to look at the list of rafflers; when seeing amongst the names those of Lady Alitheia Selmore and the Hon. Mrs. Berlington, she exclaimed: "'Tis a coalition of all fashion and reputation! We shall be absolutely

solutely scouted, my dear Miss Tyrold, if we shrink. My poor ponies must wait half a guinea longer! Let us put in together."

Camilla answered, she had no intention to try for them.

"Well, then, lend me half a guinea; for I never trust myself, now, with my purse."

"I have not a half guinea—I have—I have no—gold—in my purse," answered Camilla, with a face deeply tinged with red.

Major Cerwood, who joined the party during this discussion, intreated to be banker for both the ladies. Camilla positively refused any share; but Mrs. Mitten said it would be a shame for such a young lady to go without her chance, and wrote down her name next to that of Mrs. Arlbery; while the Major, without further question, put down a guinea upon the counter.

Camilla could not endure this; yet from a youthful shame of confessing poverty, forced herself to the ear of Mrs. Arlbery, and whispered an intreaty that she would pay the guinea herself.

Mrs. Arlbery, surprized, answered she had really come out without her purse; but seeing her seriously vexed, added, "If you do not approve of the Major for a banker till we go home, what say you to Sir Sedley?"

"I shall prefer him a thousand times!"

Mrs. Arlbery, in a low voice, repeated this to the young Baronet, and receiving his guinea, threw it down; making the Major, without the smallest excuse or ceremony, take back his own.

This was by no means lost upon Sir Sedley; he felt flattered—he felt softened; he thought Camilla looked unusually lovely; he began to wonder at the coldness of Mandlebert, and to lament that the first affections of so fair a creature should be cast away.

Mandlebert himself was an object of nothing less than envy. He had entered the shop during the contest about the raffle, and seen Major Cerwood pay for Camilla as well as for Mrs. Arlbery. Confirmed in
his

his notions of her positive engagement, and sick at heart from the confirmation, he walked further into the shop, upon pretence of looking at some other articles, before he could assume sufficient composure to speak to her.

Mrs. Mittin now began woefully to repine that she could not take the last share for the ear-rings; and addressing herself to Mr. Dannel, who re-entered as soon as he saw the money was paid for Mrs. Arlbery, she said, "You see, sir, if there was somebody ready to take the last chance at once, this gentleman might fix a day for the throwing immediately; but else, it may be dawdled on, nobody knows how long; for one will be gone, and t'other will be gone, and there'll be no getting the people together; and all the pleasure of the thing is being here to throw for one's self: for I don't much like trusting money matters out of sight."

"If I'd thought of all that," said Mr. Dannel, "I should not have put in."

"True, sir. But here, if it was not that I don't happen to have half a guinea to spare just now, how nicely it might all be finished in a trice! For, as I have been saying to Miss Dannel, this may turn out a real bargain; for they'll fetch their full value at any time. And I tell Miss Dannel that's the only way to lay out money, upon things that will bring it back again if it's wanted; not upon frippery froppery, that's spoilt in a minute, and then i'n't worth a farthing."

"Very sensibly said," cried Mr. Dannel; "I'm sure she can't hear better advice; I'm much obliged to you for putting such sensible thoughts into her head." And then, hoping she would continue her good lessons to his daughter, he drew out his purse, and begged her to accept a chance from it for the prize.

Mrs. Mittin was in raptures; and the following week was settled for the raffle.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had attended to this scene with much amusement, now said to General Kinsale, who had taken a seat by her: "Did I not tell you well, General, that all men are at the disposition of women? If even the shrewd monied man cannot resist, what heart

heart shall we find impenetrable? The connoisseur in human characters knows, that the pursuit of wealth is the petrification of tenderness: yet yonder is my good brother-in-law, who thinks cash and existence one, allured even to squander money, merely by the address of that woman, in allowing that money should be the first study of life! Let even Clarendel have a care of himself, or, when least he suspects any danger, some fair dairy-maid will praise his horsemanship, or take a fancy to his favourite spaniel, or any other favourite that happens to be the foible of the day, and his invulnerability will be at her feet, and, Lady Clarendel be brought forward in a fortnight."

Lord O'Lerney now entered the shop, accompanying a lady whose countenance and appearance were singularly pleasing, and who, having made some purchase, was quietly retiring, when the master of the shop inquired if she wished to look at the ear-rings; adding, that though the number was full, he knew of one person, who would give up her chance, in case it would oblige a customer.

She answered she had no present occasion for ear-rings, and would not therefore take up either his time or her own unnecessarily; and then walked gently away, still attended by Lord O'Lerney.

"Bless me," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "who is that? to hear a little plain common sense is so rare, it strikes one more than wit."

"It's Lady Isabella Irby, madam," answered the master of the shop.

Here Lord O'Lerney, who had only handed her to her carriage, returned.

"My Lord," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "do you know what a curiosity you brought in amongst us just now? A woman of rank who looks round upon other people just as if she thought they were her fellow creatures?"

"Fie, fie!" answered Lord O'Lerney, laughing, "why will you suppose that so rare? If we have not as many women who are amiable with titles as without, it is only because we have not the same number from
which

which to select them. They are spoilt or unspoilt, but in the same proportion as the rest of their sex. Their fall, or their escape, is less local than you imagine; it does not depend upon their titles, but upon their understandings."

"Well, my Lord, I believe you are right. I was adopting a narrow prejudice, merely from indolence of thought."

"But why, my lord," cried Sir Sedley, "does this paragon of a divinity deny her example to the world? Is it in contempt of our incorrigibility? or in horror of our contagion?"

"My dear Sir Sedley," said Mrs. Arlbery, "don't flatter yourself with being so dangerous. Her ladyship does not fly you from fear, take my word for it. There is nothing in her air that looks as if she could only be good by being shut up. I dare believe she could meet you every day, yet be mistress of herself? Nevertheless, why, my lord, is she such a recluse? Why does one never see her at the rooms?"

"Never see her there, my dear madam! she is there almost every night; only being unintruding, she is unnoticed."

"The satire, then, my lord," said Mrs. Arlbery, "falls upon the company. Why is she not surrounded by volunteer admirers? Why, with a person and manner so formed to charm, joined to such a character, and such rank, has she not her train?"

"The reason, my dear madam, you could define with more sagacity than myself; she must be sought! And the world is so lazy, that the most easy of access, however valueless, is preferred to the most perfect, who must be pursued with any trouble."

Admirable Lord O'Lerney! thought Edgar, what a lesson is this to youthful females against the glare of public homage, the false brilliancy of unfeminine popularity?

This conversation, however, which alone of any he had heard at Tunbridge promised him any pleasure, was interrupted by Mr. Dannel, who said the dinner would be spoilt, if they did not all go home.

Camilla

Camilla felt extremely vexed to quit the shop, without clearing up the history of the dance; and Edgar, seeing the persevering Major at her side as she departed, in urgency to put any species of period to his own sufferings, followed the party, and precipitately began a discourse with Lord O'Lerney upon making the tour of Europe. Camilla, for whom it was designed, intent upon planning her own defence, heard nothing that was said, till Lord O'Lerney asked him if his route would be through Switzerland, and he answered: "My route is not quite fixed, my lord."

Startled, she now listened, and Mrs. Arlbery, whom she held by the arm, was equally surprised, and looked to see how she bore this intimation.

"If you will walk with me to my lodgings," replied Lord O'Lerney, "I will shew you my own route, which may perhaps save you some difficulties. Shall you set out soon?"

"I fancy within a month," answered Edgar; and, arm in arm, they walked away together, as Camilla and her party quitted the Pantiles for Mount Pleasant.

C H A P. XIX.

Counsels for Conquest.

FORTUNATELY for Camilla, no eye was upon her at this period but that of Mrs. Arlbery; her changed countenance, else, must have betrayed still more widely her emotion. Mrs. Arlbery saw it with real concern, and saying she had something to consult her about, hurried on with her alone.

Camilla

Camilla scarce knew what she did, or what she suffered; the suddenness of surprise, which involved so severe a disappointment, almost stupified her faculties. Mrs. Arlbery did not utter one word by the way, and, when they arrived at home, saw her to her chamber, pressed her hand, and left her.

She now from a sense of shame, came to her full recollection. She was convinced all her feelings were understood by Mrs. Arlbery; she thought over what her father had said upon such exposures, and hopeless of any honorable end to her suspences, earnestly wished herself back at Etherington, to hide in his revered breast her confusion and grief.

Even Mrs. Arlbery she now believed had been mistaken; Edgar appeared never to have loved her; his attentions, his kindness, had all flowed from friendship; his solicitude, his counsel had been the result of family regard.

When called to dinner, she descended with downcast eyes. She found no company invited; she felt thankful, yet abashed; and Mrs. Arlbery let her retire when the meal was over, but soon followed to beg she would prepare for the play.

She saw her hastily putting away her handkerchief, and dispersing her tears. "Ah! my dear," cried she, taking her hand, "I am afraid this old friend of yours does not much contribute to make Tunbridge Wells salubrious to you!"

Camilla, affecting not to understand her, said she had never been in better health.

"Of mind, do you mean, or body?" cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; but seeing she only redoubled her distress, more seriously added, "Will you suffer me, my dear Miss Tyrold, to play the old friend, also, and speak to you with openness?"

Camilla durst not say no, though she feared to say yes.

"I must content myself with a tacit compliance, if I can obtain no other. I am really uneasy to talk with you; not, believe me, from officiousness nor impertinence, but from a persuasion I may be able to promote
your

your happiness. You won't speak, I see? And you judge perfectly right; for the less you disclaim, the less I shall torment you. Permit me, therefore, to take for granted that you are already aware I am acquainted with the state of your heart."

Camilla, trembling, had now no wish but to fly; she fastened her eyes upon the door, and every thought was devoted to find the means of her escape.

"Nay, nay, if you look frightened in sober sadness, I am gone. But shall I think less, or know less, for saying nothing? It is not speech, my dear Miss Tyrold, that makes detections: It only proclaims them."

A sigh was all the answer of Camilla: though, assured, thus, she had nothing to gain by flight, she forced herself to stay.

"We understand one another, I see, perfectly. Let me now, then, as unaffectedly go on, as if the grand explanation had been verbally made. That your fancy, my fair young friend, has hit upon a tormentor, I will not deny; yet not upon an ingrate; for this person, little as you seem conscious of your power, certainly loves you."

Surprised off all sort of guard, Camilla exclaimed, "O no!—O no!"

Mrs. Arlbery smiled, but went on. "Yes, my dear, he undoubtedly does you that little justice; yet, if you are not well advised his passion will be unavailing; and your artlessness, your facility, and your innocence, with his knowledge, nay, his very admiration of them, will operate but to separate you."

Glowing with opposing yet strong emotions at these words, the countenance of Camilla asked an explanation, in defiance of her earnest desire to look indifferent or angry.

"You will wonder, and very naturally, how such attractions should work as repulses; but I will be plain and clear, and you must be candid and rational, and forgive me. These attractions, my dear, will be the source of this mischief, because he sees, by their means, that you are undoubtedly at his command."

"No, madam! no Mrs. Arlbery!" cried Camilla, in whose pride now every other feeling was concentrated, "he does not, cannot see it!—"

"I would not hurt you for the world, my very amiable young friend; but pardon me if I say, that not to see it—he must be blinder than I imagine him!—blinder than—to tell you the truth, I am much inclined to think any of his race."

Confounded, irritated, and wounded, Camilla remained a moment silent, and then, though scarce articulately, answered: "If such is your opinion—at least he shall see it—fancy it, I mean—no more!—"

"Keep to that resolution, and you will behold him—where he ought to be—at your feet."

Irresistibly, though most unwillingly appeased by this unexpected conclusion, she turned away to hide a blush in which anger had not solely a place, and suffered Mrs. Arlbery to go on.

"There is but one single method to make a man of his ruminating class know his own mind: give him cause to fear he will lose you. Animate, inspire, inspire him with doubt."

"But why, ma'am," cried Camilla, in a faltering voice; why shall you suppose I will take any method at all?"

"The apprehension you will take none is the very motive that urges me to speak to you. You are young enough in the world to think men come of themselves. But you are mistaken, my dear. That happens rarely; except with inflamed and hot-headed boys, whose passions are in their first innocence as well as violence. Mandlebert has already given the dominion of his to other rulers, who will take more care of his pride, though not of his happiness. Attend to one who has travelled further into life than yourself, and believe me when I assert, that his bane, and yours alike is his security."

With a colour yet deeper than ever Camilla resentfully repeated "Security!"

"Nay, how can he doubt? with a situation in life such as his—"

"Situation

"Situation in life! Do you think he can ever suppose that would have the least, the most minute weight with me?"

"Why, it would be a very shocking supposition, I allow! but yet, some how or other, that same sordid thing called money, does manage to produce such abundance of little comforts and pretty amusements, that one is apt---to half suspect---it may really not much add to any matrimonial aversion."

The very idea of such a suspicion offended Camilla beyond all else that had passed; Mrs. Arlbery appeared to her indelicate, unkind, and ungenerous, and regretting she had ever seen, and repenting she had ever known her, she sunk upon a chair in a passionate burst of tears.

Mrs. Arlbery embraced her, begged her pardon a thousand times; assured her all she had uttered was the effect of esteem as well as of affection, since she saw her too delicate, and too inexperienced, to be aware either of the dangers or the advantages surrounding her; and that very far from meaning to hurt her, she had few things more at heart than the desire of proving the sincerity of her regard, and endeavouring to contribute to her happiness.

Camilla thanked her, dried her eyes, and strove to appear composed; but she was too deeply affected for internal consolation: she felt herself degraded in being openly addressed as a love-sick girl; and injured in being supposed, for a moment, capable of any mercenary view. She desired to be excused going out, and to have the evening to herself; not on account of the expence of the play; she had again wholly forgotten her poverty; but to breathe a little alone, and in dulge the sadness of her mind.

Mrs. Arlbery, unfeignedly sorry to have caused her any pain, would not oppose her inclination; she repeated her apologies, dragged from her an assurance of forgiveness, and went down stairs alone to a summons from Sir Sedley Clarendel.

The first moments of her departure were spent by Camilla in the deepest dejection; from which, however,

the recollection of her father, and her solemn engagement to him, soon after awakened her. She read again his injunctions, and resolving not to add to her unhappiness by any failure in her duty, determined to make her appearance with some spirit before Mrs. Arlbery set out.

* * * *

"My dear Clarendel," cried that lady, as she entered the parlour, "this poor little girl is in a more serious plight than I had conjectured. I have been giving her a few hints, from the stores of my worldly knowledge, and they appear to her so detestably mean and vulgar, that they have almost broken her heart. The arrival of this odious Mandlebert has overthrown all our schemes. We are cut up, Sir Sedley! completely cut up!"

"O, indubitably to a degree!" cried the Baronet, with an air of mingled pique and conceit; "how could it be otherwise? Exists the wight who could dream of competition with Mandlebert!"

"Nay, now, my dear Clarendel, you enchant me. If you view his power with resentment, you are the man in the world to crumble it to the dust. To work, therefore, dear creature, without delay."

"But how must I go about it? a little instruction, for pity!"

"Charming innocent! So you don't know how to try to make yourself agreeable?"

"Not in the least! I am ignorant to a redundancy."

"And were you never more adroit?"

"Never. A goth in grain! Witless from the first *muling in my nurse's arms!*"

"Come, come, a truce for a moment, with soppery, and answer me seriously; Were you ever in love, Clarendel? speak the truth. I am just seized with a passionate desire to know."

"Why--yes--" answered he, pulling his lips with his fingers, "I think,--I rather think--I was once."

"O tell! tell! tell!"

"Nay

"Nay, I am not very positive. One hears it is to happen; and one is put upon thinking of it, while so very young, that one soon takes it for granted. Define it a little, and I can answer you more accurately. Pray, is it any thing beyond being very fond, and very silly, with a little touch of melancholy?"

"Precise! precise! Tell me, therefore, what it was that caught you. Beauty? Fortune? Flattery? or Wit? Speak! speak! I die to know!"

"O, I have forgotten all that these hundred years! I have not the smallest trace left!"

"You are a terrible coxcomb, my dear Clarendel! and I am a worse myself for giving you so much encouragement. But, however, we must absolutely do something for this fair and drooping violet. She won't go even to the play to-night."

"Lovely lilly! how shall we rear it? Tell her I beg her to be of our party."

"You beg her? My dear Sir Sedley! what do you talk of?"

"Tell her 'tis my intreaty, my supplication!"

"And you think that will make her comply?"

"You will see."

"Bravo, my dear Clarendel, bravo! However, if you have the courage to send such a message, I have not to deliver it: but I will write it for you."

She then wrote,

"Sir Sedley Clarendel asserts, that if you are not as inexorable as you are fair, you will not refuse to join our little party to night at the theatre."

Camilla, after a severe conflict from this note, which she concluded to be the mere work of Mrs. Arlbery to draw her from retirement, sent word she would wait upon her.

Sir Sedley heard the answer with exultation, and Mrs. Arlbery with surprise. She declared, however, that since he possessed this power, she should not suffer it to lie dormant, but make it work upon her fair friend, till it either excited jealousy in Mandlebert, or brought indifference to herself. "My resolution," cried she,

"is

"is fixt; either to see him at her feet, or drive him from her heart."

Camilla, presently descending, looked away from Mrs. Arlbery; but, unsuspicious as she was undesigning, thanked the Baronet for his message, and told him she had already repented her solitary plan. The Baronet felt but the more flattered, from supposing this was said from the fear of flattering him.

In the way to the theatre, Camilla, with much confusion, recollected her empty purse; but could not, before Mr. and Miss Dannel and Sir Sedley, prevail with herself to make it known; she could only determine to ask Mrs. Arlbery to pay for her at present, and defer the explanation till night.

But, just as she alighted from the coach, Mrs. Arlbery, in her usual manner, said: "Do pay for me, good Dannel; you know how I hate money."

Camilla, hurrying after her, whispered, "May I beg you to lend me some silver?"

"Silver! I have not carried any about with me since I lost my dear ponies and my pet phaeton. I am as poor as Job; and therefore bent upon avoiding all temptation. Somebody or other always trusts me. If they get paid, they bless their stars. If not,—do your hear me, Mr. Dannel?—'twill be all the same an hundred years hence; so what man of any spirit will think of it? hey, Mr. Dannel?"

"But—dear madam!—pray—"

"O, they'll change for you, here, my dear, without difficulty."

"But—but—pray stop!--I--I have no gold neither!"

"Have you done like me, then, come out without your purse?"

"No!--"

This single negative, and the fluttered manner, and low voice in which it was pronounced, gave Mrs. Arlbery the utmost astonishment. She said nothing, however, but called aloud to Mr. Dannel to settle for the whole party.

Mr.

Mr. Dannel, during the dialogue, had paid for himself and his daughter, and walked on into the box.

"What a Hottentot!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery. "Come, then, Clarendel, take pity on two poor distressed objects, and let us pass."

Sir Sedley, little suspicious of the truth, yet flattered to be always called upon to be the banker of Camilla, obeyed with alacrity.

Mrs. Arlbery placed Camilla upon a seat before her, and motioned to the Baronet to remain in a row above; and then, in a low voice, said: "My dear Clarendel, do you know they have let that poor girl come to Tunbridge without a sixpence in her pocket!"

"Is it possible?"

"'Tis a fact. I never suspected it till suspicion was followed by confirmation. She had a guinea or two, I fancy, at first, just to equip her with one set of things to appear in; which, probably, the good Parson imagined would last as clean and as long at a public place as at his parsonage-house, where my best suit is worn about twice in a summer. But how that rich old uncle of hers could suffer her to come without a penny, I can neither account for nor forgive. I have seen her shyness about money-matters for some days past; but I so little conjectured the possibility of her distress, that I have always rather increased than spared it."

"Sweet little angel!" exclaimed the Baronet, in a tone of tenderness; "I had indeed no idea of her situation. Heavens! I could lay half my fortune at her feet to set her at ease!"

"Half, my dear Clarendel!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "nay, why not the whole? where will you find a more lovely companion?"

"Pho, pho!—but why should it be so vastly horrid an incongruity that a man who, by chance, is rich, should do something for a woman who, by chance, is poor? How immensely impertinent is the prejudice that forbids so natural a use of money! why should the better half of a man's actions be always under the dominion of some prescriptive slavery? 'Tis hideous to think of. And how could he more delectably spend, or more
extatically

extatically enjoy his fortune, than by so equitable a participation?"

"True, Sir Sedley. And you men are all so disinterested, so pure in your benevolence, so free from any spirit of encroachment, that no possible ill consequence could ensue from such an arrangement. When once a fair lady had made you a civil courtesy, you would wholly forget you had ever obliged her. And you would let her walk her ways, and forget it also: especially if, by chance, she happened to be young and pretty."

This raillery was interrupted by the appearance of Edgar in an opposite box. "Ah!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, "look but at that piece of congelation that nothing seems to thaw! Enter the lists against him, dear Clarendel! He has stationed himself there merely to watch and discountenance her. I hate him heartily; yet he rolls in wealth, and she has nothing. I must bring them, therefore, together, positively: for though a husband----such a fastidious one especially----is not what I would recommend to her for happiness, 'tis better than poverty. And, after his cold and selfish manner, I am convinced he loves her. He is evidently in pursuit of her, though he wants generosity to act openly. Work him but with a little jealousy, and you will find me right."

"Me, my dear madam? me, my divine Mrs. Arlbery? Alas! with what chance? No! see where enters the gallant Major. Thence must issue those poignant darts that newly vivify the expiring embers of languishing love."

"Now don't talk such nonsense when I am really serious. You are the very man for the purpose: because, though you have no feeling, Mandlebert does not know you are without it. But those Officers are too notoriously unmeaning to excite a moment's real apprehension. They have a new dulcinea wherever they newly quarter, and carry about the few ideas they possess from damsel to damsel, as regularly as from town to town."

The Major was now in the box, and the conversation ended.

He

He endeavoured, as usual, to monopolize Camilla; but while her thoughts were all upon Edgar, the whole she could command of her attention was bestowed upon Sir Sedley.

This was not unobserved by Edgar, who now again wavered in believing she loved the Major: but the doubt brought with it no pleasure; it led him only the more to condemn her. Does she turn, thought he, thus, from one to the other, with no preference but of accident or caprice? Is her favour thus light of circulation? Is it now the mawkish Major, and now the coxcomb Clarendel? Already is she thus versed in the common dissipation of coquetry?—O, if so, how blest has been my escape! A coquette wife!—

His heart swelled, and his eye no longer sought her.

* * * *

At night, as soon as she went to her own room, Mrs. Arlbery followed her, and said: “My dear Miss Tyrold, I know much better than you how many six-pences and three-pences are perpetually wanted at places such as these. Do suffer me to be your banker. What shall we begin our account with?”

Camilla felt really thankful for being spared an opening upon this subject. She consented to borrow two guineas; but Mrs. Arlbery would not leave her with less than five, adding, “I insist upon doubling it in a day or two. Never mind what I say about my distress, and my phaeton, and my ponies; ’tis only to torment Dennel, who trembles at parting with half-a-crown for half an hour; or else, now and then, to set other people a staring; which is not unamusing, when nothing else is going forward. But believe me, my dear young friend, were I really in distress, or were I really not to discharge these petty debts I incur, you would soon discover it by the thinness of our parties! These men that now so flock around us, would find some other loadstone. I know them pretty well, dear creatures!—”

Though shocked to appear thus destitute, Camilla was somewhat relieved to have no debt but with Mrs.

Arlbery; for she resolved to pay Sir Sedley and the milliner the next day, and to settle with Mrs. Arlbery upon her return to Etherington.

C H A P. XX.

Strictures upon the Ton.

THE next day was appointed for the master of the ceremonies' ball; which proved a general rendezvous of all parties, and almost all classes of company.

Mrs. Mittin, in a morning visit to Camilla, found out that she had only the same cap for this occasion that she had worn upon every other; and, assuring her it was grown so old-fashioned, that not a lady's maid in Tunbridge would now be seen in it, she offered to pin her up a turban, which should come to next to nothing, yet should be the prettiest, and simplest, and cheapest thing that ever was seen.

Camilla, though a stranger to vanity, and without any natural turn to extravagance, was neither of an age, nor a philosophy, to be unmoved by the apprehension of being exposed to ridicule from her dress: she thankfully, therefore, accepted the proposal; and Mrs. Mittin, taking a guinea, said, she would pay Mrs. Tilden for the hat, at the same time that she bought a new handkerchief for the turban.

When she came back, however, she had only laid out a few shillings at another shop, for some articles, so cheap, she said it would have been a shame not to buy them; but without paying the bill, Mrs. Tilden having desired it might not be discharged till the young lady was leaving the Wells.

As

As the turban was made up from a pattern of one prepared for Mrs. Berlinton, Camilla had every reason to be satisfied of its elegance. Nor did Mrs. Mittin involve her in much distress how her own trouble might be recompensed; the cap she found unfit for Camilla, she could contrive, she said, to alter for herself; and as a friend had given her a ticket for the ball, it would be mighty convenient to her, as she had nothing of the kind ready.

* * * *

Far different were the sensations with which Edgar and Camilla saw each other this night, from those with which, so lately they had met in the same apartment. Edgar thought her degenerating into the character of a coquette, and Camilla, in his intended tour, anticipated a period to all their intercourse.

She was received, meanwhile, in general, with peculiar and flattering attention. Sir Sedley Clarendel made up to her, with public smiles and courtesy; even Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard, though they passed by Mrs. Arlbery without speaking to her, singled out Camilla for their devoirs. The distinction paid her by the admired Mrs. Berlinton had now not only marked her as an object whom it would not be derogatory to treat with civility, but as one who might, henceforward, be regarded herself as admitted into *certain circles*.

Mrs. Arlbery, though every way a woman of fashion, they conceived to be somewhat wanting in *ton*, since she presided in no party, was unnoticed by Lady Alithea Selmore, and unknown to Mrs. Berlinton.

Ton, in the scale of connoisseurs in the *certain circles*, is as much above fashion, as fashion is above fortune: for though the latter is an ingredient that all alike covet to possess, it is courted without being respected, and desired without being honoured, except only by those who, from earliest life, have been taught to earn it as a business. *Ton*, meanwhile, is as attainable without birth as without understanding, though in all the *certain circles* it takes place of either. To define what
it

it is, would be as difficult to the most renowned of its votaries, as to an utter stranger to its attributes. That those who call themselves of the *ton* either lead, or hold cheap all others, is obtrusively evident: but how and by what art they attain such pre-eminence, they would be perplexed to explain. That some whim has happily called forth imitators; that some strange phrase has been adopted; that something odd in dress has become popular; that some beauty, or some deformity, no matter which, has found annotators; may commonly be traced as the origin of their first public notice. But to whichever of these accidents their early fame may be attributed, its establishment and its glory is built upon vanity that knows no deficiency, or insolence that knows no blush.

Notwithstanding her high superiority both in capacity and knowledge, Mrs. Arlbery felt piqued by this behaviour, though she laughed at herself for heeding it. "Nevertheless," cried she, "those who shew contempt, even though themselves are the most contemptible, always seem on the higher ground. Yet 'tis only, with regard to these animals of the *ton*, that nobody combats them. Their presumption is so notorious, that, either by disgust or alarm, it keeps off reprehension. Let any one boldly, and face to face, venture to be more uncivil than themselves, and they would be overpowered at once. Their valour is no better than that of a barking cur, who affrights all that go on without looking at him, but who, the moment he is turned upon with a stamp and a fierce look, retreats himself, amazed, afraid, and ashamed."

"If you, Mrs. Arlbery," said the General, "would undertake to tutor them, what good you might do!"

"O, Heavens, General, suspect me not of such reforming Quixotism! I have not the smallest desire to do them any good, believe me! If nature has given them no sense of propriety, why should I be more liberal? I only want to punish them; and that not, alas! from virtue, put from spite!"

The conversation of the two men of the *ton* with Camilla was soon over. It was made up of a few disjointed

jointed sentences, abusing Tunbridge, and praising the German Spa, in cant words, emphatically and conceitedly pronounced, and brought round upon every occasion, and in every speech, with so precise an exclusion of all other terms, that their vocabulary scarce consisted of forty words in totality.

Edgar occupied the space they vacated the moment of their departure ; but not alone ; Mrs. Mittin came into it with him, eager to tell Camilla how every body had admired her turban ; how sweetly she looked in it ; how every body said, they should not have known her again, it became her so ; and how they all agreed her head had never been so well dressed before.

Edgar, when he could be heard, began speaking of Sir Sedley Clarendel ; he felt miserable in what he thought her inconsiderate encouragement of such impertinence ; and the delicacy which restrained him from expressing his opinion of the Major, had no weight with him here, as jealousy had no share in his dislike to the acquaintance : he believed the young Baronet incapable of all love but for himself, and a decidedly destined bachelor : without, therefore, the smallest hesitation, he plainly avowed that he had never met with a more thoroughly conceited fop, a more elaborate and self-sufficient coxcomb.

" You see him only," said Camilla, " with the impression made by his general appearance ; and that is all against him : I always look for his better qualities and rejoice in finding them. His very sight fills me with grateful pleasure, by reminding me of the deliverance I owe to him."

Edgar, amazed, intreated an explanation ; and, when she had given it, struck and affected, clasped his hands, and exclaimed : " How providential such a rescue ! and how differently shall I henceforth behold him !" And almost involuntarily turning to Mrs. Arlbery, he intreated to be presented to the young Baronet.

Sir Sedley received his overtures with some surprise, but great civility ; and then went on with a ludicrous account he was giving to Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus, of the quarrel of Macdersey with Mr. Dubster.

" How

"How awake thou art grown, Clary?" cried Sir Theophilus; "A little while ago thou wast all hip and vapour; and now thou dost nothing but patronise fun."

"Why, yes," answered the Baronet, "I begin to tire of ennui. 'Tis grown so common. I saw my footman beginning it but last week."

"O, hang it! O, curse it!" cried Lord Newford, "your footman!"

"Yes, the rogue is not without parts. I don't know if I shan't give him some lessons, upon leaving it off myself. The only difficulty is to find out what, in this nether world, to do without it. How can one fill up one's time? Stretching, yawning, and all that, are such delicious ingredients for coaxing on the hazy hours!"

"O, hang it, O, curse it," cried Lord Newford; "who can exist without them? I would not be bound to pass half an hour without yawning and stretching for the Mogul's empire. I'd rather snap short at once."

"No, no, don't snap short yet, little Newry," cried Sir Sedley. "As to me, I am never at a loss for an expedient. I am not without some thoughts of falling in love."

He looked at Edgar; who, not aware this was designed to catch his attention, naturally exclaimed: "Thoughts! can you choose, or avoid at pleasure?"

"Most certainly. After four-and-twenty a man is seldom taken by surprise; at least, not till he is past forty: and then, the fear of being too late, sometimes renovates the eagerness of the first youth. But, in general, your willing slaves are boys."

Edgar, laughing, begged a little information, how he meant to put his thoughts in execution.

"Nothing so facile! 'Tis but to look at some fair object attentively, to follow her with your eyes when she quits the room; never to let them rest without watching for her return; filling up the interval with a few sighs; to which, in a short time, you grow so habituated, that they become natural; and then, before you are aware, a certain solicitude and restlessness arise, which

which the connoisseurs in natural history dub falling in love."

"These would be good hints," said Edgar, "to urge on waverers, who wish to persuade themselves to marry."

"O no, my dear sir! no! that's a mistake of the first magnitude; no man is in love when he marries. He may have loved before; I have even heard he has sometimes loved after: but at the time never. There is something in the formalities of the matrimonial preparations that drive away all the little cupidons. They rarely stand even a demand of consent—unless they doubt obtaining it; but a settlement! Parchments! Lawyers!—No! there is not a little Love in the Island of Cyprus, that is not ready to lead a wing to set passion, inspiration, and tenderness to flight, from such excruciating legalities."

"Don't prose, Clary; don't prose," cried Sir Theophilus, gaping till his mouth was almost distorted.

"O, killing! O, murder!" cried Lord Newford; "what dost talk of marriage for?"

"It seems, then," said Edgar, "to be much the same thing what sort of wife falls to a man's lot; whether the woman of his choice, or a person he should blush to own?"

"Blush!" repeated Sir Sedley, smiling; "no! no! A man of any fashion never blushes for his wife, whatever she may be. For his mistress, indeed, he may blush: for if there are any small failings there, his taste may be called in question."

"Blush about a wife!" exclaimed Lord Newford; "O, hang it! O, curse it! that's too bad!"

"Too bad, indeed," cried Sir Theophilus; "I can't possibly patronise blushing for a wife."

"'Tis the same, then, also," said Edgar, "how she turns out when the knot is tied, whether well or ill?"

"To exactitude! If he marry her for beauty, let her prove what she may, her face offers his apology. If for money, he needs none. But if, indeed, by some queer chance, he marries with a view of living with
it

her, then, indeed, if his particularity gets wind, he may grow a little anxious for the acquittal of his oddity, in seeing her approved."

"Approved! Ha! ha!" cried Lord Newford; "a wife approved! That's too bad, Clary; that's too bad!"

"Poor Clary, what art prosing about?" cried Sir Theophilus. "I can't possibly patronise this prosing."

The entrance of the beautiful Mrs. Berlinton and her tain now interrupted this conversation; the young Baronet immediately joined her; though not till he had given his hand to Edgar, in token of his willingness to cultivate his acquaintance.

Edgar, returning to Camilla, confessed he had too hastily judged Sir Sedley, when he concluded him a fool, as well as a fop; "For," added he, with a smile, "I see, now, one of those epithets is all he merits. He is certainly far from deficient in parts, though he abuses the good gifts of nature with such pedantry of affectation and conceit."

Camilla was now intent to clear the history of the cotillon; when Mrs. Berlinton approaching, and, with graceful fondness, taking her hand, entreated to be indulged with her society: and, since she meant not to dance, for Edgar had not asked her, and the Major she had refused, she could not resist her invitation. She had lost her fear of displeasing Mrs. Arlbery by quitting her, from conceiving a still greater, of wearying by remaining with her.

Edgar, anxious both to understand and to discuss this new connexion, hovered about the party with unremitting vigilance. But, though he could not either look at or listen to Mrs. Berlinton, without admiring her, his admiration was neither free from censure of herself, nor terror for her companion: he saw her far more beautiful than prudent, more amiable than dignified. The females in her group were few, and little worthy notice; the males appeared, to a man, without disguise, though not without restraint, her lovers. And though no one seemed selected, no one seemed despised; she appeared to admit their devoirs with little consideration;

ration ; neither modestly retiring from power, nor vainly displaying it.

Camilla quitted not this enchantress till summoned by Mrs. Arlbery ; who, seeing herself again, from the arrival of Lady Alithea Selmore, without any distinguished party, that lady drawing into her circle all people of any consequence not already attracted by Mrs. Berlinton, grew sick of the ball and the rooms, and impatient to return home. Camilla, in retiring, presented, folded in a paper, the guinea, half-guinea, and silver, she had borrowed of Sir Sedley ; who received it without presuming at any contest ; though not, after what he had heard from Mrs. Arlbery, without reluctance.

Edgar watched the instant when Camilla moved from the gay group ; but Mrs. Mittin watched it also ; and, approaching her more speedily, because with less embarrassment, seized her arm before he could reach her : and before he could, with any discretion, glide to her other side, Miss Dannel was there.

“ Well now, young ladies,” said Mrs. Mittin, “ I’m going to tell you a secret. Do you know, for all I call myself Mrs. I’m single ?”

“ Dear, la !” exclaimed Miss Dannel ; “ and for all you’re so old !”

“ So old, Miss ! Who told you I was so old ? I’m not so very old as you may think me. I’m no particular age, I assure you. Why, what made you think of that ?”

“ La, I don’t know ; only you don’t look very young.”

“ I can’t help that, Miss Dannel. Perhaps you mayn’t look young yourself one of these days. People can’t always stand still just at a particular minute. Why how old, now, do you take me to be ? Come, be sincere.”

“ La ! I’m sure I can’t tell ; only I thought you was an old woman.”

“ An old woman ! Lord, my dear, people would laugh to hear you. You don’t know what an old woman is. Why it’s being a cripple, and blind, and deaf,
and

and dumb, and flavering, and without a tooth. Pray, how am I like all that?"

"Nay, I'm sure I don't know; only I thought, by the look of your face, you must be monstrous old."

"Lord, I can't think what you've got in your head, Miss Dannel! I never heard as much before, since I was born. Why the reason I'm called Mrs. is not because of that, I assure you; but because I'd a mind to be taken for a young widow, on account that every body likes a young widow; and if one is called Miss, people begin so soon to think one an old maid, that it's quite disagreeable."

This discourse brought them to the carriage.

C H A P. XXI.

Traits of Characters.

THE following morning, Mrs. Mittin came with eager intelligence, that the raffle was fixed for one o'clock; and, without any scruple, accompanied the party to the shop, addressing herself to every one of the set as to a confirmed and intimate friend. But her chief supporter was Mr. Dannel, whose praise of her was the vehicle to his censure of his sister-in-law. That lady was the person in the world whom he most feared and disliked. He had neither spirit for the splendid manner in which she lived, nor parts for the vivacity of her conversation. The first, his love of money made him condemn as extravagant, and the latter his self-love made him hate, because he could not understand. He persuaded himself, therefore, that she had more words than meaning; and extolled all the obvious truths

truths uttered by Mrs. Mittin, to shew his superior admiration of what, being plain and incontrovertible, he dignified with the panegyric of being sensible.

When they came upon the Pantiles, they were accosted by Mr. Dubster; who having solemnly asked them, one by one, how they all did, joined Mrs. Mittin, saying; "Well, I can't pretend as I'm over sorry you've got neither of those two comical gentlemen with you, that behaved so free to me for nothing. I don't think it's particular agreeable being treated so; though it's a thing I don't much mind. It's not worth fretting about."

"Well, don't say any more about it," cried Mrs. Mittin, endeavouring to shake him off; "I dare say you did something to provoke 'em, or they're too genteel to have taken notice of you."

"Me provoke them! why what did I do? I was just like a mere lamb, as one may say, at the very time that young Captain felt abusing me so, calling of me a little dirty fellow, without no provocation. If I'm little, or big, I don't see that it's any business of his. And as to dirty, I'd put on all clean linen but the very day before, as the people can tell you at the inn; so the whole was a mere piece of falsehood from one end to t'other."

"Well, well, what do you talk about it for any more? You should never take any thing ill of a young gentleman. It's only aggravating him so much the worse."

"Aggravating him, Mrs. Mittin! why what need I mind that? Do you think I'm to put up with his talking of caning me, and such like, because of his being a young gentleman? Not I, I assure you! I'm no such person. And if once I feel his switch across these here shoulders, it won't be so well for him!"

The party now entered the shop where the raffle was to be held.

Edgar was already there; he had no power to keep away from any place where he was sure to behold Camilla; and a raffle brought to his mind the most tender recollections. He was now with Lord O'Lerney, in whose candour and benevolence of character he took
great

great delight, and with whom he had joined Lady Isabella Irby, who had been drawn, as a quiet spectatress, to the sight, by a friend, who, having never seen the humours of a raffle, had entreated, through her means, to look on. He languished to see Camilla presented to this lady, in whose manners and conversation, dignity and simplicity were equally blended.

While he was yet, though absently, conversing with them, Lord O'Lerney pointed out Camilla to Lady Isabella.

"I have taken notice of her already at the rooms;" answered her Ladyship; and I have seldom, I think, seen a more interesting young creature."

"The character of her countenance," said Lord O'Lerney, "strikes me very peculiarly. 'Tis so intelligent, yet so unhackneyed, so full of meaning, yet so artless, that, while I look at her, I feel myself involuntarily anxious for her welfare."

"I don't think she seems happy," said Lady Isabella; "Do you know who she is, my Lord?"

Edgar, here! with difficulty suppressed a sigh. Not happy! thought he; ah! wherefore? what can make Camilla unhappy?

"I understand she is a niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold," answered his Lordship; "a Yorkshire Baronet. She is here with an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Arlbery, who is one of the first women I have ever known, for wit and capacity. She has an excellent heart, too; though her extraordinary talents, and her carelessness of opinion make it sometimes, but very unjustly, doubted."

Edgar heard this with much pleasure. A good word from Lord O'Lerney quieted many fears; he hoped he had been unnecessarily alarmed; he determined, in future, to judge her more favourably.

"I should be glad," continued his lordship, "to hear this young lady were either well established, or returned to her friends without becoming an object of public notice. A young woman is no where so rarely respectable, or respected, as at these water-drinking places, if seen at them either long or often. The search of pleasure and dissipation, at a spot consecrated for restoring health

health to the sick, the infirm, and the suffering, carries with it an air of egotism, that does not give the most pleasant idea of the feeling and disposition."

"Yet, may not the sick, my lord, be rather amended than hurt by the sight of gaiety around them?"

"Yes, my dear Lady Isabella; and the effect therefore, I believe to be beneficial. But as this is not the motive why the young and the gay seek these spots, it is not here they will find themselves most honoured. And the mixture of pain and illness with splendour and festivity, is so unnatural, that probably it is to that we must attribute that a young woman is no where so hardly judged. If she is without fortune, she is thought a female adventurer, seeking to sell herself for its attainment; if she is rich, she is supposed a willing dupe, ready for a snare, and only looking about for an en-snarer."

"And yet, young women, seldom, I believe, my lord, merit this severity of judgment. They come but hither in the summer, as they go to London in the winter, simply in search of amusement, without any particular purpose."

"True; but they do not weigh what their observers weigh for them, that the search of public recreation in the winter is, from long habit, permitted without censure; but that the summer has not, as yet, prescription so positively in its favour; and those who, after meeting them all the winter at the opera, and all the spring at Renelagh hear of them all the summer at Cheltenham, Tunbridge, &c. and all the autumn at Bath, are apt to inquire, when is the season for home."

"Ah, my lord! how wide are the poor inconsiderate little flutterers from being aware of such a question! how necessary to youth and thoughtlessness is the wisdom of experience!"

Why does she not come this way? thought Edgar; why does she not gather from these mild, yet understanding moralists, instruction that might benefit all her future life?

"There is nothing," said Lord O'Lerney, "I more sincerely pity than the delusions surrounding young females."

males. The strongest admirers of their eyes are frequently the most austere satirists of their conduct."

The entrance of Lord Newford, Sir Theophilus Jarard, and Sir Sedley Clarendel, all noisily talking and laughing together, interrupted any further conversation. The two former no sooner saw Camilla, and perceived neither Lady Alithea Selmore, nor Mrs. Berlington, than they made up to her; and Sir Sedley, who now found she was completely established in the *bon ton*, felt something of pride mix with pleasure in publicly availing himself of his intimacy with her; and something like interest mix with curiosity, in examining if Edgar were struck with her ready attention to him.

Upon Edgar, however, it made not the slightest impression. While Sir Sedley had appeared to him a mere fop, he had thought it degraded her; but now he regarded him as her preserver, it seemed both natural and merited.

Sir Sedley, not aware of this reasoning, was somewhat piqued; and taking him to another part of the shop, whispered: "I am horribly vapoured! Do you know I have some thoughts of trying that little girl? Do you think one could make any thing of her?"

"How? what do you mean?" cried Edgar, with sudden alarm.

Sir Sedley, a little flattered, affectedly answered: "O, if you have any serious designs that way, incontrovertibly I won't interfere."

"Me!" cried Edgar, surprised and offended; "believe me, no! I have all my life considered her—as my sister."

Sir Sedley saw this was spoken with effort; and negligently replied: "Nay you are just at the first epocha for marrying from inclination; but you are in the right not to perform so soon the funeral honours of liberty. 'Tis what you may do at any time. So many girls want establishments, that a man of sixty can just as easily get a wife of eighteen, as a man of one-and-twenty. The only inconvenience in that sort of alliance is, that though she begins with submitting to her venerated husband as prettily as to her papa, she is terribly apt to have
a knock

a knack of running away from him, afterwards, with equal facility."

"That is rather a discouraging article, I confess," cried Edgar, "for the tardy votaries of Hymen!"

"O, no! 'tis no great matter!" answered he, patting his snuff-box; "we are impenetrable in the extreme to those sort of grievances now-a-days. We are at such prodigious expence of sensibility in public, for tales of sorrow told about pathetically, at a full board, that if we suffered much for our private concerns to boot, we must always meet one another with tears in our eyes. We never weep now, but at dinner, or at some diversion."

Lord Newford, pulling him by the arm, called out: "Come, Clary, what art about, man? we want thee."

"Come, Clary! don't shrink, Clary," cried Sir Theophilus; "I can't possibly patronise this shrinking." And they hauled him to a corner of the shop, where all three resumed their customary laughing whispers.

"You will not, perhaps, suspect, Lady Isabella," said Lord O'Lerney, smiling, "that one of that triumvirate is by no means deficient in parts, and can even, when he desires it, be extremely pleasing?"

"Your Lordship judges right, I confess! I had not, indeed, done him such justice!"

"See then," said his Lordship, "how futile an animal is man, without some decided character and principle!"

"He's every thing by turns, and nothing long*."

Wife, foolish; virtuous, vicious; active, indolent; prodigal and avaricious! No contrast is too strong for him while guided but by accident or impulse. This gentleman also, in common with the rest of his *tonnish* brethren, is now daily, though unconsciously, hoarding up a world of unprepared-for mortification, by not foreseeing that the more he is celebrated in his youth, for being the leader of the *ton*, and the man of the day, the earlier

* Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel.

earlier he will be regarded as a creature out of date, an old beau, and a fine gentleman of former times. But 'tis by reverses, such as these, that folly and impropriety pay their penalties. We might spare all our anger against the vanity of the beauty, or the conceit of the coxcomb. Are not wrinkles always in waiting to punish the one, and age, without honour, to chastise and degrade the other?"

All the raffles were now arrived except Mrs. Berlinton, who was impatiently expected. Lady Alitheia Selmore had already sent a proxy to throw for her in her own woman; much to the dissatisfaction of most part of the company. A general rising and inquietude to look out for Mrs. Berlinton, gave Edgar, at length, an opportunity to stand next to Camilla. "How I grieve," he cried, "you should not know Lady Isabella Irby! she seems to me a model for a woman of rank in her manners, and a model for a woman of every station in her mind. The world, I believe, could scarce have tempted her to so offensive a mark of superiority as has just been exhibited by Lady Alitheia Selmore, who has ingeniously discovered a method of being signalised as the most important person out of twenty, by making herself nineteen enemies."

"I wonder," said Camilla, "she can think the chance of the ear-rings worth so high a price!"

A footman, in a splendid livery, now entering, inquired for Miss Tyrold. She was pointed out to him by Major Cerwood, and he delivered her a letter from Mrs. Berlinton.

The contents were to intreat she would throw for that lady, who was in the midst of Aken-side's Pleasures of the Imagination, and could not tear herself away from them.

Camilla blushed excessively in proclaiming she was chosen Mrs. Berlinton's proxy. Edgar saw with tenderness her modest confusion, and, with a pleasure the most touching, read the favourable impression it made upon Lord O'Lerney and Lady Isabella.

This seemed an opportunity irresistible for venting his fears and cautions about Mrs. Berlinton; and, tak-
ing

ing the bustling period in which the raffles were arranging the order and manner and of throwing, he said, in a low, and diffident tone of voice, "You have committed to me an important and, I fear, an importunate office; yet, while I hold, I cannot persuade myself not to fulfil it; though I know that to give advice which opposes sentiment and feeling, is repugnant to independence and to delicacy. Such, therefore, I do not mean to enforce; but merely to offer hints—intimations—and observations—that without controlling, may put you upon your guard."

Camilla, affected by this unexpected address, could only look her desire for an explanation.

"The lady," he continued, "whom you are presently to represent, appears to be uncommonly engaging?—"

"Indeed she is! She is attractive, gentle, amiable."

"She seems, also, already to have caught your affection?"

"Who could have withheld it, that had seen her as I have seen her? She is as unhappy as she is lovely?—"

"I have heard of your first meeting, with as much pleasure in the presence of mind it called forth on one side, as with doubt and perplexity, upon every circumstance I can gather of the other.—"

"If you knew her, you would find it impossible to hold any doubts; impossible to resist admiring, compassionating, and loving her!"

"If my knowledge of her bribed an interest in her favour, without convincing me she deserved it, I ought rather, to regret that you have not escaped falling into such a snare, than that I could have escaped it myself."

"I believe her free, nay incapable of all ill!" cried Camilla warmly; "though I dare not assert she is always coolly upon her guard."

"Do not let me hurt you," said Edgar, gently; "I have seen how lovely she is in person, and how pleasing in manners. And she is so young that, were she in a situation less exposed, want of steadiness or judgment might, by a little time, be set right. But

here, there is surely much to fear from her early possession of power.---O, that some happier chance had brought about such a peculiar intercourse for you with Lady Isabella Irby ! There, to the pleasure of friendship, might be added the modesty of retired elegance, and the security of established respectability."

"And may not this yet happen, with Mrs. Berlington ? Lady Isabella, though still young, is not in the extreme youth of Mrs. Berlington : a few more years, therefore, may bring equal discretion ; and as she has already every other good quality, you may hereafter equally approve her."

"Do you think, then," said Edgar, half smiling, "that the few years of difference in their age were spent by Lady Isabella in the manner they are now spent by Mrs. Berlington ? do you think she paved the way for her present dignified, though unassuming character, by permitting herself to be surrounded by professed admirers ? by letting their sighs reach her ears ? by suffering their eyes to fasten with open rapture on her face ? and by holding it sufficient not to suppress such liberties, so long as she does not avowedly encourage them ?"

Camilla was startled. She had not seen her conduct in this light : yet her understanding refused to deny it might bear this interpretation.

Charmed with the candour of her silence, Edgar continued, "How wide from all that is open to similar comment, is the carriage and behaviour of Lady Isabella ! how clear ! how transparent, how free from all conjecture of blemish ! They may each, indeed, essentially be equally innocent ; and your opinion of Mrs Berlington corroborates the impression made by her beautiful countenance : yet how far more highly is the true feminine character preserved, where surmise is not raised, than where it can be parried ! Think but of those two ladies, and mark the difference. Lady Isabella, addressed only where known, followed only because loved, sees no adulators encircling her, for adulation would alarm her ; no admirers paying her homage, for such homage would offend her. She knows she

she has not only her own innocence to guard, but the honour of her husband. Whether she is happy with him or not, this deposit is equally sacred.—”

He stooped; for Camilla again started. The irrepressible frankness of her nature revolted against denying how much this last sentence struck her, and she ingenuously exclaimed: “O that this most amiable young creature were but more aware of this duty!”

“Ah, my dear Miss Camilla,” cried Edgar, with energy, “since you feel and own---and with you, that is always one---this baneful deficiency, drop, or at least suspend an intercourse too hazardous to be indulged with propriety! See what she may be sometime hence, ere you contract further intimacy. At present, unexperienced and unsuspicious, her dangers may be yours. You are too young for such a risk. Fly, fly from it, my dear Miss Camilla!---as if the voice of your mother were calling out to caution you!”

Camilla was deeply touched. An interest so warm in her welfare was soothing, and the name of her mother rendered it awful; yet, thus united, it appeared to her more strongly than ever to announce itself as merely fraternal. She could not suppress a sigh; but he attributed it to the request he had urged, and, with much concern, added: “What I have asked of you, then, is too severe?”

Again irresistibly sighing, yet collecting all her force to conceal the secret cause, she answered, “If she is thus exposed to danger---if her situation is so perilous, ought I not rather to stay by, and help to support her, than by abandoning, perhaps contribute to the evil you think awaiting her?”

“Generous Camilla,” cried he, melted into tender admiration, “who can oppose so kind a design? So noble a nature!---”

No more could be said, for all preliminaries had been settled, and the throwing being arranged to take place alphabetically, she was soon summoned to represent Mrs. Berlington.

From this time, Edgar could speak to her no more: even the Major could scarcely make way to her: the

two men of the *ton* would not quit her, and Sir Sedley Clarendel appeared openly devoted to her.

Edgar looked on with the keenest emotion. The proof he had just received that her intrinsic worth was in its first state of excellence, had come home to his heart, and the fear of seeing her altered and spoilt, by the flatteries and dangers which environed her, with his wavering belief in her engagement with Major Cerwood, made him more wretched than ever. But when some time after, she was called upon to throw for herself, the recollection that, from the former raffle, her half-guinea, even when the prize was in her hand, had been voluntarily withdrawn to be bestowed upon a poor family, so powerfully affected him, that he could not rest in the shop; he was obliged to breathe a freer air, and to hide his disturbance by a retreat.

Her throw was the highest the dice had yet afforded. A Miss Williams alone came after her, whose throw was the lowest; Miss Camilla Tyrold, therefore, was proclaimed to be the winner.

This second testimony of the favour of fortune was a most pleasant surprize to Camilla, and made the room resound with felicitations, till they were interrupted by a violent quarrel upon the Pantiles, whence the voice of Macdersey was heard, hollooming out: "Don't talk, I say sir! don't presume to say a word!" and that of Mr. Dubster angrily answering, he would talk as long as he thought proper, whether it was agreeable or not.

Sir Sedley advanced to the combatants, in order to help on the dispute; but Edgar returning at the sound of high words, took the Ensign by the arm, and prevailed with him to accompany him up and down the Pantiles; while Mrs. Mittin ran to Mr. Dubster, and pulling him into the shop, said: "Mr. Dubster, if I'm not ashamed of you! how can you forget yourself so? talking to gentlemen at such a rate!"

"Why, what should hinder me?" cried he; "do you think I shall put up with every thing as I used to do when you first knew me, and we used to meet at Mr. Typton's, the tallow chandler's in Shug-lane? no, Mrs. Mittin, nor no such a thing; I'm turned gentleman myself,

myself, now, as much as the best of 'em; for I've nothing to do, but just what I choose."

"I protest, Mr. Dubster," cried Mrs. Mitten, taking him into a corner, "you're enough to put a saint into a pet! how come you to think of talking of Mr. Typton here? before such gentlefolks? and where's the use of telling every body he's a tallow chandler? and as to my meeting with you there once or so, in a way, I desire you'll mention it no more; for it's so long ago, I have no recollection of it."

"No! why don't you remember—"

"Fiddle, faddle, what's the good of ripping up old stories about nothing? when you're with genteel people, you must do as I do; never talk about business at all."

Macdersey now entered the shop, appeased by Edgar from shewing any further wrath, but wantonly inflamed by Sir Sedley, in a dispute upon the passion of love.

"Do you always, my dear friend," said the Baronet, "fall in love at first sight?"

"To be sure I do! If a man makes a scruple of that, it's ten to one but he's disappointed of doing it at all; because, after two or three second sights, the danger is you may spy out some little flaw in the dear angel, that takes off the zest, and hinders you to the longest day you have to live.

"Profoundly cogitated that! you think then, my vast dear sir, the passion had more conveniently be kindled first, that the flaws may appear after to cure it."

"No, sir, no! when a man's once in love, those flaws don't signify, because he can't see them; or, if he could, at least he'd scorn to own them."

"Live for ever brave Ireland!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery; "what cold phlegmatic Englishman would have made a speech of so much gallantry?"

"As to an Englishman," said Macdersey, "you must never mind what he says about the ladies, because he's too sheepish to speak out. He's just as often in love as his neighbours, only he's so shy he won't own it, till he sees if the young fair one is as
much

much in love as himself ; but a generous Irishman never scruples to proclaim the girl of his heart, though he should have twenty in a year."

" But is that perfectly delicate, my dearest sir, to the several Dulcineas !"

" Perfectly ! your Irishman is the delicatest man upon earth to the fair sex ; for he always talks of their cruelty, if they are never so kind. He knows every honest heart will pity him, if its true ; and if it i'n't, he is too much a man of honour not to complain all one ; he knows how agreeable it is to the dear creatures ; they always take it for a compliment."

" Whether avowedly or clandestinely," said Mrs. Arlbery, " still you are all in our chains. Even where you play the tyrant with us, we occupy all your thoughts ; and if you have not the skill to make us happy, your next delight is to make us miserable ; for tho' now and then, you can contrive to hate, you can never arrive at forgetting us."

" Contrive to hate you !" repeated Macdersey ; " I could as soon contrive to turn the world into a potatoe ; there is nothing upon earth, nothing under the whole firmament I value but beauty !"

" A chearful glafs, then," said Sir Sedley, " you think horridly intolerable ?"

" A chearful glafs, sir ! do you take me for a milk-sop ? do you think I don't know what it is to be a man ? a chearful glafs, sir, is the first pleasure in life ; the most convivial, the most exhilarating, the most friendly joy of a true honest soul ! what were existence without it ? I should choose to be off in half an hour ; which I should only make so long, not to shock my friends."

" Well, the glafs is not what I patronise," said Sir Theophilus ; " it hips me so consumedly the next day ; no, I can't patronise the glafs."

" Not patronise wine ?" cried Lord Newford ; " O hang it ! O curse it ! that's too bad, Offy ! but hunting ! what dost think of that, little Offy ?"

" Too obstreperous ! It rouses one at such aukward hours ; no, I can't patronise hunting."

" Hunting !"

"Hunting!" cried Macdersey; "O, it leaves every thing behind it; 'tis the thing upon the earth for which I have the truest taste. I know nothing else that is not a bauble to it. A man is no more, in my estimation, than a child, or a woman, that don't enjoy it."

"Cards, then," said Sir Sedley, "you reprobate?"

"And dice?"—cried Lord Newford—

"And betting?"—cried Sir Theophilus.

"Why what do you take me for, gentlemen?" replied Macdersey, hotly; "Do you think I have no soul? no fire? no feeling? Do you suppose me a stone? a block? a lump of lead? I scorn such suspicions; I don't hold them worth answering. I am none of that torpid, morbid, drowsy tribe. I hold nobody to have an idea of life that has not rattled in his own hand the dear little box of promise. What ecstasy not to know if in two seconds, one mayn't be worth ten thousand pounds! or else without a farthing! how it puts one on the rack! There's nothing to compare with it. I would not give up that moment to be sovereign of the East Indies! no, not if the West were to be put into the bargain."

"All these things," said Mr. Dannel, "are fit for nothing but to bring a man to ruin. The main chance is all that is worth thinking of. 'Tis money makes the mare to go; and I don't know any thing that's to be done without it."

"Money!" exclaimed Macdersey, "'tis the thing under heaven I hold in the most disdain. It won't give me a moment's concern never to see its colour again. I vow solemnly, if it were not just for the pleasures of the table, and a jolly glass with a friend, and a few horses in one's stable, and a little ready cash in one's purse, for odd uses, I should not care if the mint were sunk under ground to-morrow; money is what I most despise of all."

"That's talking out of reason," said Mr. Dannel, walking out of the shop with great disgust.

"Why,

"Why, if I was to speak," said Mr. Dubster, encouraged to come forward, by an observation so much to his own comprehension and taste as the last; "I can't but say I think the same; for money—"

"Keep your distance, sir!" cried the fiery Ensign, "keep your distance, I tell you! if you don't wish I should say something to you pretty cutting."

This broke up the party, which else the lounging spirit of the place, and the general consent by which all descriptions of characters seem determined to occupy any spot whatever, to avoid a moment's abode in their lodgings, would still have detained till the dinner hour had forced to their respective homes. To suppress all possibility of further dissention, Mrs. Arlbery put Miss Dannel under the care of Macdersey, and bid him attend her towards Mount Pleasant.

Mr. Dubster, having stared after them some time in silence, called out: "Keep my distance! I can't but say but what I think that young Captain the rudest young gentleman I ever happened to light upon! however, if he don't like me, I shan't take it much to heart; I can't pretend to say I like him any better; so he may choose; it's much the same to me; it breaks no squares."

Edgar, almost without knowing it, followed Camilla, but he could displace neither the Baronet nor the Major, who, one with a look of open exultation, and the other with an air of determined perseverance, retained each his post at her side.

He saw that her voluntary attention was to Sir Sedley, and that the Major had none but what was called for and inevitable. Was this indifference, or security? was she seeking to obtain in the Baronet a new adorer, or to excite jealousy, through his means, in an old one? Silent he walked on, perpetually exclaiming to himself: "Can it be Camilla, the ingenuous, the artless Camilla, I find it so difficult to fathom, to comprehend, to trust?"

He had not spirits to join Mrs. Arlbery, though he lamented he had not, at once, visited her; since it was now awkward to take such a step without an invitation, which

which she seemed by no means disposed to offer him. She internally resented the little desire he had ever manifested for her acquaintance; and they had both too much penetration not to perceive how wide either was from being the favourite of the other.

C H A P. XXII.

Traits of Eccentricity.

THUS passed the first eight days of the Tunbridge excursion, and another week succeeded without any varying event.

Mrs. Arlbery now, impelled with concern for Camilla, and resentment against Edgar, renewed the subject of her opinion and advice upon his character and conduct. "My dear young friend," cried she, "I cannot bear to see your days, your views, your feelings, thus fruitlessly consumed: I have observed this young man narrowly, and I am convinced he is not worth your consideration."

Camilla, deeply colouring, was beginning to assure her she had no need of this counsel; but Mrs. Arlbery, not listening, continued.

"I know what you must say; yet, once more, I cannot refrain venturing at the liberty of lending you my experience. Turn your mind from him with all the expedition in your power, or its peace may be touched for the better half of your life. You do not see, he does not, perhaps, himself know how exactly he is calculated to make you wretched. He is a watcher; and a watcher, restless and perturbed himself, infests all he pursues with uneasiness. He is without trust, and therefore without either courage or consistency. To-day he may be persuaded you will make all his hap-

piness ; to-morrow, he may fear you will give him nothing but misery. Yet it is not that he is jealous of any other ; 'tis of the object of his choice he is jealous, lest she should not prove good enough to merit it. Such a man, after long wavering, and losing probable happiness in the terror of possible disappointment, will either die an old batchelor, with endless repinings at his own lingering fastidiousness, or else marry just at the eve of confinement for life, from a fit of the gout. He then makes, on a sudden, the first prudent choice in his way ; a choice no longer difficult, but from the embarrassment of its ease ; for she must have no beauty, lest she should be sought by others, no wit, lest others should be sought by herself ; and no fortune, lest she should bring with it a taste of independence, that might curb his own will, when the strength and spirit are gone with which he might have curbed her's."

Camilla attempted to laugh at this portrait ; but Mrs. Arlbery intreated her to consider it as faithful and exact. " You have thought of him too much," cried she, " to do justice to any other, or you would not, with such perfect unconcern, pass by your daily increasing influence with Sir Sedley Clarendel."

Excessively, and very seriously offended, Camilla earnestly besought to be spared any hints of such a nature.

" I know well," cried she, " how repugnant to seventeen is every idea of life that is rational. Let us, therefore, set aside, in our discussions, any thing so really beneficial, as a solid connection formed with a view to the worldly comforts of existence and speak of Sir Sedley's devoirs merely as the instrument of teaching Mandlebert, that he is not the only rich, young, and handsome man in this lower sphere, who has viewed Miss Camilla Tyrold with complacency. Clarendel, it is true, would lose every charm in my estimation by losing his heart ; for the earth holds nothing comparable for deadness of weight, with a poor soul really in love—except when it happens to be with oneself !—yet, to alarm the selfish irresolution of that impenetrable Mandlebert,

Mandlebert, I should really delight to behold him completely caught."

Camilla, distressed and confused, sought to parry the whole as raillery: but Mrs. Arlbery would not be turned aside from her subject and purpose, "I languish, I own," cried she, "to see that frozen youth worked up into a little sensibility. I have an instinctive aversion to those cold, haughty, drawing-back characters, who are made up of the egotism of looking out for something that is wholly devoted to them, and that has not a breath to breathe that is not a sigh for their perfections."

"O! this is far—" Camilla began meaning to say, far from the character of Mandlebert; but ashamed of undertaking his defence, she stopt short, and only mentally added, even excellence such as his cannot, then, withstand prejudice!

"If there is any way," continued Mrs. Arlbery, "of animating him for a moment out of himself, it can only be by giving him a dread of some other. The poor Major does his best; but he is not rich enough to be feared, unless he were more attractive. Sir Sedley will seem more formidable. Countenance, therefore, his present propensity to wear your chains, till Mandlebert perceives that he is putting them on; and then—mount to the rising ground you ought to tread, and shew, at once your power and your disinterestedness, by turning from the handsome Baronet and all his immense wealth, to mark—since you are determined to indulge it—your unbiassed preference for Mandlebert."

Camilla, irresistibly appeased by a picture so flattering to all her best feelings, and dearest wishes, looked down; angry with herself to find she felt no longer angry with Mrs. Arlbery.

Mrs. Arlbery, perceiving a point gained, determined to enforce the blow, and then leave her to her reflections.

"Mandlebert is a creature whose whole composition is a pile of accumulated punctillos. He will spend his life in refining away his own happiness: but do not let,

let him refine away yours. He is just a man to bewitch an innocent and unguarded young woman from forming any other connexion, and yet, when her youth and expectations have been sacrificed to his hesitation,—to conceive he does not use her ill in thinking of her no more, because he has entered into no verbal engagement. If his honour cannot be arraigned of breaking any bond,—What matters merely breaking her heart?

She then left the room; but Camilla dwelt upon nothing she had uttered except the one dear and inviting project of proving her disinterestedness to Edgar. "O! if once," she cried, "I could annihilate every mercenary suspicion! If once I could shew Edgar that his situation has no charms for me---and it has none! none! then, indeed, I am his equal, though I am nothing,---equal in what is highest, in mind, in spirit, in sentiment!

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From this time the whole of her behaviour became coloured by this fascinating idea; and a scheme which, if proposed to her under its real name of coquetry, she would have fled and condemned with antipathy, when presented to her as a means to mark her freedom from sordid motives, she adopted with inconsiderate fondness. The sight, therefore, of Edgar, wherever she met him, became now the signal for adding spirit to the pleasure with which, already, and without any design, she had attended to the young Baronet. Exertion gave to her the gaiety of which solicitude had deprived her, and she appeared, in the eyes of Sir Sedley, every day more charming. She indulged him with the history of her adventure at the house of Mr. Dubster, and his prevalent taste for the ridiculous made the account enchant him. He cast off, in return, all airs of affectation, when he conversed with her separately; and though still, in all mixt companies, they were resumed, the real integrity, as well as indifference of her heart, made that a circumstance but to stimulate
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this new species of intercourse, by representing it to be equally void of future danger to them both.

All this, however, failed of its desired end. Edgar never saw her engaged by Sir Sedley, but he thought her youthfully grateful, and esteemed her the more, or beheld her as a mere coquette, and ceased to esteem her at all. But never for a moment was any personal uneasiness excited by their mutually increasing intimacy. The conversations he had held, both with the Baronet and herself, had satisfied him that neither entertained one serious thought of the other; and he took, therefore, no interest in their acquaintance, beyond that which was always alive,—a vigilant concern for the manner in which it might operate upon her disposition.

With respect to the Major, he was by no means so entirely at his ease. He saw him still the declared and undisguised pursuer of her favour; and though he perceived, at the same time, she rather avoided than sought him, he still imagined, in general his acceptance was arranged, from the many preceding circumstances which had first given him that belief. The whole of her behaviour, nevertheless, perplexed as much as it grieved him, and frequently, in the same half hour, she seemed to him all that was most amiable for inspiring admiration, and all that was least to be depended upon, for retaining attachment.

Yet however, from time to time, he felt alarmed or offended, he never ceased to experience the sondest interest in her happiness, nor the most tender compassion for the dangers with which he saw her environed. He knew, that though her understanding was excellent, her temper was so inconsiderate, that she rarely consulted it; and that, though her mind was of the purest innocence, it was unguarded by caution, and unprotected by reflexion. He thought her placed where far higher discretion, far superior experience might risk being shaken: and he did not more fervently wish, than internally tremble for her safety. Wherever she appeared, she was sure of distinction: "'Tis Miss Tyrold, the friend of Mrs. Berlington," was buzzed round the moment she was seen; and the particular favour in which she stood with
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some votaries of the *ton*, made even her artlessness, her retired education, and her ignorance of all that pertained to the *certain circles*, pass over and forgiven, in consideration of her personal attractions, her youth, and newness.

Still, however, even this celebrity was not what most he dreaded: so sudden and unexpected an elevation upon the heights of fashionable fame might make her head, indeed, giddy, but her heart he thought formed of materials too pure and too good to be endangered so lightly; and though frequently, when he saw her so circumstanced; he feared she was undone for private life, he could not reflect upon her principles and disposition, without soon recovering the belief that a short time might restore her mind to its native simplicity and worth. But another rock was in the way, against which he apprehended she might be dashed, whilst least suspicious of any peril.

This rock, indeed, exhibited nothing to the view that could have affrighted any spectator less anxiously watchful, or less personally interested in regarding it. But youth itself, in the fervour of a strong attachment, is as open-eyed, as observant, and as prophetic as age, with all its concomitants of practice, time, and suspicion. This rock, indeed, far from giving notice of danger by any sharp points or rough prominences, displayed only the smoothest and most inviting surface: for it was Mrs. Berlington, the beautiful, the accomplished, the attractive Mrs. Berlington, whom he beheld as the object of the greatest risk she had to encounter.

As he still preserved the character with which she had consented to invest him of her monitor, he seized every opportunity of communicating to her his doubts and apprehensions. But in proportion as her connexion with that lady increased, use to her manners and sentiments abated the wonderment they inspired, and they soon began to communicate an unmixt charm, that made all other society, that of Edgar alone excepted, heartless and uninteresting. Yet, in the conversations she held with him from time to time, she frankly related
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the extraordinary attachment of her new friend to some unknown correspondent, and confessed her own surprise when it first came to her knowledge.

Edgar listened to the account with the most unaffected dismay, and represented the probable danger, and actual impropriety of such an intercourse, in the strongest and most eloquent terms; but he could neither appal her confidence, nor subdue her esteem. The openness with which all had originally and voluntarily been avowed, convinced her of the innocence with which it was felt, and all that his exhortations could obtain, was a remonstrance on her own part to Mrs. Berlington.

She found that lady, however, persuaded she indulged but on innocent friendship, which she assured her was bestowed upon a person of as much honour as merit, and which only with life she should relinquish, since it was the sole consolation of her fettered existence.

Edgar, to whom this was communicated, saw with terror the ascendancy thus acquired over her judgment as well as her affections, and became more watchful and more uneasy in observing the progress of this friendship, than all the flattering devoirs of the gay Baronet, or the more serious assiduities of the Major.

Mrs. Berlington, indeed, was no common object, either for fear or for hope, for admiration, or for censure. She possessed all that was most softly attractive, most bewitchingly beautiful, and most irresistibly captivating, in mind, person, and manners. But to all that was thus most fascinating to others she joined unhappily all that was most dangerous for herself; an heart the most susceptible, sentiments the most romantic, and an imagination the most exalted. She had been an orphan from earliest years, and left, with an only brother, to the care of a fanatical maiden aunt, who had taught her nothing but her faith and her prayers, without one single lesson upon good works, or the smallest instruction upon the practical use of her theoretical piety. All that ever varied these studies were some common and ill selected novels and romances, which a young lady in the neighbourhood privately lent her to read;

read ; till her brother, upon his first vacation from the University, brought her the works of the Poets. These, also, it was only in secret she could enjoy ; but, to her juvenile fancy, and irregularly principled mind, that did not render them more tasteless. Whatever was most beautifully picturesque in poetry, she saw verified in the charming landscapes presented to her view in the part of Wales she inhabited ; whatever was most noble or tender in romance, she felt promptly in her heart, and conceived to be general ; and whatever was enthusiastic in theology, formed the whole of her idea and her belief with respect to religion.

Brought up thus, to think all things the most unusual and extraordinary, were merely common and of course ; she was romantic without consciousness, and eccentric without intention. Nothing steady or rational had been instilled into her mind by others : and she was too young, and too fanciful to have formed her own principles with any depth of reflection, or study of propriety. She had entered the world, by a sudden and most unequal marriage, in which her choice had no part, with only two self-formed maxims for the law of her conduct. The first of these was, that, from her early notions of religion, no vestal should be more personally chaste ; the second, that, from her more recently imbibed ones of tenderness, her heart, since she was married without its concurrence, was still wholly at liberty to be disposed of by its own propensities, without reproach and without scruple.

With such a character, where virtue had so little guide even while innocence presided ; where the person was so alluring, and the situation so open to temptation, Edgar saw with almost every species of concern the daily increasing friendship of Camilla. Yet while he feared for her firmness, he knew not how to blame her fondness ; nor where so much was amiable in its object, could he cease to wish that more were right.

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Thus again lived and died another week ; and the fourth succeeded with no actual occurrence, but a new change

change of opinion in Mrs. Arlbery, that forcibly and cruelly affected the feelings of Camilla.

Uninformed of the motive that occasioned the indifference with which Edgar beheld the newly awakened gallantry of Sir Sedley, and the pleasure with which Camilla received it, Mrs. Arlbery observed his total unconcern, first with surprise, next with perplexity, and finally with a belief he was seriously resolved against forming any connection with her himself. This she took an early opportunity to intimate to Camilla, warmly exhorting her to drive him fast from her mind.

Camilla assured her that no task could be more easy ; but the disappointment of the project with respect to Sir Sedley, which she blushed to have adopted, hurt her in every possible direction. Coquetry was as foreign to the ingenuousness of her nature, as to the dignity of all her early maternal precepts. She had hastily encouraged the devoirs of the Baronet, upon the recommendation of a woman she loved and admired ; but now that, the failure of her aim brought her to reflection, she felt penitent and ashamed to have heeded any advice so contrary to the singleness of the doctrines of her father, and so inferior to the elevation of every sentiment she had ever heard from her mother. If Edgar had seen her design, he had surely seen it with contempt : and though his manner was still the most gentle, and his advice ever ready and friendly, the opinion of Mrs. Arlbery was corroborated by all her own observations, that he was decidedly estranged from her.

What repentance ensued ! what severity of regret ! how did she canvass her conduct, how lament she had ever formed that fatal acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery, which he had so early opposed, and which seemed eternally destined to lead her into measures and conduct most foreign to his approbation !

The melancholy that now again took possession of her spirits made her decline going abroad, from a renewed determination to avoid all meetings with Edgar. Mrs. Arlbery felt provoked to find his power thus unabated, and Sir Sedley was astonished. He still saw her perpetually, from his visits at Mount Pleasant ; but his

his vanity, that weakest yet most predominant feature of his character, received a shock for which no modesty of apprehension or forethought had prepared him, in finding that, when he saw her no more in the presence of Mandlebert, he saw her no more the same. She was ready still to converse with him ; but no peculiar attention was flattering, no desire to oblige was pointed. He found he had been merely a passive instrument, in her estimation, to excite jealousy ; and even as such had been powerless to produce that effect. The raillery which Mrs. Arlbery spared not upon the occasion added greatly to his pique, and his mortification was so visible, that Camilla perceived it, and perceived it with pain, with shame, and with surprise. She thought now, for the first time, that the public homage he had paid her had private and serious motives, and that what she imagined mere sportive gallantry, arose from a growing attachment.

This idea had no gratifying power ; believing Edgar without care for her, she could not hope it would stimulate his regard ; and conceiving she had herself excited the partiality by wilful civilities, she could feel only reproach from a conquest, unduly, unfairly, uningenuously obtained.

In proportion as these self-upbraidings made her less deserving in her own eyes, the merits of the young Baronet seemed to augment ; and in considering herself as culpable for having raised his regard, she appeared before him with a humility that gave a softness to her look and manners, which soon proved as interesting to Sir Sedley as her marked gaiety had been flattering.

When she perceived this, she felt distressed anew. To shun him was impossible, as Mrs. Arlbery not only gave him completely the freedom of her house, but assiduously promoted their belonging always to the same group, and being seated next to each other. There was nothing she would not have done to extenuate her error, and to obviate its ill effect upon Sir Sedley ; but as she always thought herself in the wrong, and regarded him as injured, every effort was accompanied with
a timidity

a timidity that gave to every change a new charm, rather than any repulsive quality.

In this state of total self-disapprobation, to return to Etherington was her only wish, and to pass the intermediate time with Mrs. Berlinton became her sole pleasure. But she was forced again into public to avoid an almost single intercourse with Sir Sedley.

In meeting again with Edgar she saw him openly delighted at her sight, but without the least apparent solicitude, or notice, that the young Baronet had passed almost the whole of the interval upon Mount Pleasant.

This was instantly noticed, and instantly commented upon by Mrs. Arlbery, who again, and strongly pointed out to Camilla, that to save her youth from being wasted by fruitless expectation, she must forget young Mandlebert, and study only her own amusement.

Camilla dissented not from the opinion ; but the doctrine to which it was easy to agree, it was difficult to put in practice ; and her ardent mind believed itself fettered for ever, and for ever unhappy.

C H A P. XXIII.

Traits of Instruction.

THE sixth and last week destined for the Tunbridge sojourn was begun, when Mrs. Arlbery once more took her fair young guest apart, and intreated her attention for one final half hour. The time, she said, was fast advancing in which they must return to their respective homes ; but she wished to make a full and clear representation of the advantages that might be reaped from this excursion

excursion, before the period for gathering them should be past.

She would forbear, she said, entering again upon the irksome subject of the insensibility of Mandlebert, which was, at least, sufficiently glaring to prevent any delusion. But she begged leave to speak of what she believed had less obviously struck her, the apparent promise of a serious attachment from Sir Sedley Clarendel.

Camilla would here instantly have broken up the conversation, but Mrs. Arlbery insisted upon being heard.

"Why, she asked, should she wilfully destine her youth to a hopeless waste of affection, and dearth of all permanent comfort? To sacrifice every consideration to the honours of constancy, might be soothing, and even glorious in this first season of romance; but a very short time would render it vapid; and the epoch of repentance was always at hand to succeed. With the least address, or the least genuine encouragement, it was now palpable she might see Sir Sedley, and his title and fortune at her feet.

Camilla resentfully interrupted her, disclaiming with Sir Sedley, as with every one else, all possibility of alliance from motives so degrading; and persisted, in declaring, that the most moderate subsistence with freedom, would be preferable to the most affluent obtained by any mercenary engagement.

Mrs. Arlbery desired her to recollect that Sir Sedley, though rich even to splendour, was so young, so gay, so handsome, and so pleasant, that she might safely honour him with her hand, yet run no risk of being supposed to have made a mere interested alliance. "I throw out this," she cried, in conclusion, for your deepest consideration, but I must press it no further. Sir Sedley is evidently charmed with you at present; and his vanity is so potent, and, like all vanity, so easily assailable, that the smallest food to it, adroitly administered, would secure him your slave for life, and rescue you from the antediluvian courtship of a man, who, if he marries at all, is so deliberate in his progress,
that

that he must reach his grand climacteric before he can reach the altar."

* * * *

Far from meditating upon this discourse with any view to following its precepts, Camilla found it necessary to call all her original fondness for Mrs. Arlbery to her aid, to forgive the plainness of her attack, or the worldliness of her notions: and all that rested upon her mind for consideration was, her belief in the serious regard of Sir Sedley, which, as she apprehended it to be the work of her own designed exertions, she could only think of with contrition.

These ruminations were interrupted by a call down stairs to see a learned bullfinch. The Dennels and Sir Sedley were present, she met the eyes of the latter with a sensation of shame that quickly deepened her whole face with crimson. He did not behold it without emotion, and experienced a strong curiosity to define its exact cause.

He addressed himself to her with the most marked distinction; she could scarcely answer him; but her manner was even touchingly gentle. Sir Sedley could not restrain himself from following her in every motion by his eyes; he felt an interest concerning her that surprised him; he began to doubt if it had been indifference which caused her late change; her softness helped his vanity to recover its tone, and her confusion almost confirmed him that Mrs. Arlbery had been mistaken in rallying his failure of rivalry with Mandlebert.

The bird sung various little airs, upon certain words of command, and mounted his highest, and descended to his lowest perch; and made whatever evolutions were within the circumference of his limited habitation, with wonderful precision.

Camilla, however, was not more pleased by his adroitness, than pained to observe the severe aspect with which his keeper issued his orders. She inquired by what means he had obtained such authority.

The

The man, with a significant wag of the head, brutally answered, "By the true old way, Miss; I licks him."

"Lick him!" repeated she, with disgust; how is it possible you can beat such a poor delicate little creature?"

"O, easy enough, Miss," replied the man, grinning; "every thing's the better for a little beating, as I tells my wife. There's nothing so fine set, Miss, but what will bear it, more or less."

Sir Sedley asked with what he could strike it, that would not endanger its life.

"That's telling, sir!" cried the man, with a sneer; "howbeit, we've plenty of ill luck in the trade. No want of that. For one that I rears, I loses six or seven. And sometimes they be so plaguy sulky, they tempt me to give 'em a knock a little matter too hard, and then they'll fall you into a fit, like, and go off in a twinkle."

"And how can you have the cruelty," cried Camilla, indignantly, "to treat in such a manner a poor little inoffensive animal who does not understand what you require?"

"O, yes, a does, miss, they knows what I wants as well as I do myself; only they're so dead tiresome at being shy. Why now this one here, as does all his learning to satisfaction just now, mayhap wont' do nothing at all by an hour or two. Why sometimes you may pinch 'em to a mummy before you can make 'em budge."

"Pinch them!" exclaimed she; "do you ever pinch them?"

"Do I? Ay, miss. Why how do you think one larns them dumb creturs? It don't come to 'em natural. They are main dull of themselves. This one as you see here would do nothing at all, if he was not afraid of a tweak."

"Poor unhappy little thing!" cried she! "I hope, at least, now it has learnt so much, its sufferings are over!"

"Yes,

"Yes, yes, he's pretty well off. I always gives him his fill when he's done his day's work. But a little squeak now and then in the intrum does 'em no harm. They're mortal cunning. One's forced to be pretty tough with 'em."

"How should I rejoice," cried Camilla, "to rescue this one poor unoffending and oppressed little animal from such tyranny!" Then, taking out her purse, she desired to know what he would have for it.

The man, as a very great favour, said he would take ten guineas; though it would be his ruin to part with it, as it was all his livelihood; but he was willing to oblige the young lady.

Camilla, with a constrained laugh, but a very natural blush, put up her purse, and said: "Thou must linger on, then, in captivity, thou poor little undeserving sufferer, for I cannot help thee!"

Every body protested that ten guineas was an imposition; and the man offered to part with it for five.

Camilla, who had imagined it would have cost half a guinea, was now more ashamed, because equally incapable to answer such a demand; she declined, therefore, the composition, and the man was dismissed.

* * * *

At night, when she returned to her own room from the play, she saw the little bulfinch, reposing in a superb, cage, upon her table.

Delighted first, and next perplexed, she flew to Mrs. Arlbery, and inquired whence it came.

Mrs. Arlbery was as much amazed as herself.

Questions were then asked of the servants; but none knew, or none would own, how the bird became thus situated.

Camilla could not now doubt but Sir Sedley had given this commission to his servant, who could easily place the cage in her room, from his constant access to the house. She was enchanted to see the little animal relieved from so painful a life, but hesitated not a moment in resolving to refuse its acceptance.

When

When Sir Sedley came the next day, she carried it down, and, with a smile of open pleasure, thanked him for giving her so much share in his generous liberality; and asked if he could take it home with him in his carriage, or, if she should send it to his hotel.

Sir Sedley was disappointed, yet felt the propriety of her delicacy and her spirit. He did not deny the step he had taken; but told her that having hastily, from the truth of reflection her compassion had awakened, ordered his servant to follow the man, and buy the bird, he had forgotten, till it arrived, his incapability of taking care of it. His valet was as little at home as himself, and there was small chance, at an inn, that any maid would so carefully watch, as to prevent its falling a prey to the many cats with which it was swarming. He hoped, therefore, till their return to Hampshire, she would take charge of a little animal that owed its deliverance from slavery to her pitying comments.

Camilla, instinctively, would with unfeigned joy, have accepted such a trust: but she thought she saw something archly significant in the eye of Mrs. Arlbery, and therefore stammered out, she was afraid she should herself be too little at home to secure its safety.

Sir Sedley, looking extremely blank, said, it would be better to re-deliver it to the man, brute as he was, than to let it be unprotected; but, where generosity touched Camilla, reflection ever flew her; and off all guard at such an idea, she exclaimed she would rather relinquish going out again while at Tunbridge, than render his humanity abortive; and ran off precipitately with the bird to her chamber.

Mrs. Arlbery, soon following, praised her behaviour; and said, she had sent the Baronet away perfectly happy.

Camilla, much provoked, would now have had the bird conveyed after him; but Mrs. Arlbery assured her, inconsistency in a woman was as flattering, as in a man it was tedious and alarming; and persuaded her to let the matter rest.

Her mind, however, did not rest at the same time: in the evening, when the Baronet met them at the
Rooms,

Rooms, he was not only unusually gay, but looked at her with an air and manner that seemed palpably to mark her as the cause of his satisfaction.

In the deepest disturbance, she considered herself now to be in a difficulty the most delicate; she could not come forward to clear it up, without announcing expectations from his partiality which he had never authorised by any declaration; nor yet suffer such symptoms of his believing it welcome to pass unnoticed, without risking the reproach of using him ill, when she made known, at a later period, her indifference.

Mrs. Arlbery would not aid her, for she thought the embarrassment might lead to a termination the most fortunate. To consult with Edgar was her first wish; but how open such a subject? The very thought, however, gave her an air of solicitude when he spoke to her, that struck him, and he watched for an opportunity to say, "You have not, I hope, forgotten my province?—May I, in my permitted office, ask a few questions?"

"O, yes!" cried she, with alacrity; "And, when they are asked, and when I have answered them, if you should not be too much tired, may I ask some in my turn?"

"Of me!" cried he, with the most gratified surprise.

"Not concerning yourself!" answered she, blushing; "but upon something which a little distresses me."

"When, and where may it be?" cried he, while a thousand conjectures rapidly succeeded to each other; "may I call upon Mrs. Arlbery to-morrow morning?"

"O, no! we shall be, I suppose, here again at night," she answered; dreading arranging a visit Mrs. Arlbery would treat, she knew, with raillery the most unmerciful.

There was time for no more, as that lady, suddenly tired, led the way to the carriage. Edgar followed her to the door, hoping and fearing, at once, every thing that was most interesting from a confidence so voluntary and so unexpected.

Camilla was still more agitated; for though uncertain if she were right or wrong in the appeal she meant to make, to converse with him openly, to be guided by his counsel, and to convince him of her superiority to all mercenary allurements were pleasures to make her look forward to the approaching conference with almost trembling delight.

C H A P. XXIV.

A Demander.

THE next night, as the carriage was at the door, and the party preparing for the Rooms, the name of Mr. Tyrold was announced, and Lionel entered the parlour.

His manner was hurried, though he appeared gay and frisky as usual; Camilla felt a little alarmed; but Mrs. Arlbery asked if he would accompany them.

With all his heart, he answered, only he must first have a moment's chat with his sister. Then, saying they should have a letter to write together, he called for a pen and ink, and was taking her into another apartment, when Mr. Dannel objected to letting his horses wait.

"Send them back for us, then," cried Lionel, with his customary ease, "and we will follow you."

Mr. Dannel again objected to making his horses so often mount the hill; but Lionel assured him nothing was so good for them, ran on with so many farrier words and phrases of the benefit they would reap from such light evening exercise, that, persuaded he was master of the subject, Mr. Dannel submitted, and the brother and sister were left tête-à-tête.

At any other time, Camilla would have proposed giving up the Rooms entirely: but her desire to see Edgar, and the species of engagement she had made with him, counterbalanced every inconvenience.

"My dear girl," said Lionel, "I am come to beg a favour. You see this pen and ink. Give me a sheet of paper."

She fetched him one.

"That's a good child," cried he, patting her cheek; "so now sit down, and write a short letter for me. Come begin. Dear Sir"

She wrote Dear Sir.

"An unforeseen accident,—write on,—an unforeseen accident has reduced me to immediate distress for two hundred pounds——"

Camilla let her pen drop, and rising said, "Lionel! is this possible?"

"Very possible, my dear. You know I told you I wanted another hundred before you left Cleves. So you must account it only as one hundred, in fact, at present."

"O Lionel, Lionel!" cried Camilla, clasping her hands, with a look of more remonstrance than any words she durst utter.

"Won't you write the letter?" said he, pretending not to observe her emotion.

"To whom is it to be addressed?"

"My uncle, to be sure, my dear! What can you be thinking of? Are you in love, Camilla?"

"My uncle again? no Lionel, no!—I have solemnly engaged myself to apply to him no more."

"That was, for me, my dear; but where can your thoughts be wandering? Why you must ask for this, as if it were for yourself."

"For myself!"

"Yes, certainly. You know he won't give it else."

"Impossible! what should I want two hundred pounds for?"

"O, a thousand things; say you must have some new gowns and caps, and hats and petticoats, and all those

those kind of gear. There is not the least difficulty ; you can easily persuade him they are all worn out at such a place as this. Besides, I'll tell you what is still better ; say you've been robbed ; he'll soon believe it, for he thinks all public places filled with sharpers."

"Now you relieve me, said she, with a sort of fearful smile, "for I am sure you cannot be serious. You must be very certain I would not deceive or delude my uncle for a million of worlds."

"You know nothing of life, child, nothing at all. However, if you won't say that, tell him it's for a secret purpose. At least you can do that. And then, you can make him understand he must ask no questions about the matter. The money is all we want from him."

"This is so idle, Lionel, that I hope you speak it for mere nonsense. Who could demand such a sum, and refuse to account for its purpose?"

"Account, my dear ! Does being an uncle give a man a right to be impertinent ? If it does, marry out of hand yourself, there's a good girl, and have a family at once, that I may share the same privilege. I shall like it of all things ; who will you have ?"

"Pho, pho !"

"Major Cerwood ?"

"No, never !"

"I once thought Edgar Mandlebert had a sneaking kindness for you. But I believe it is gone off. Or else I was out."

This was not an observation to exhilarate her spirits. She sighed : but Lionel, concluding himself the cause, begged her not to be low-spirited, but to write the letter at once.

She assured him she could never again consent to interfere in his unreasonable requests.

He was undone, then, he said ; for he could not live without the money.

"Rather say, not with it," cried she ; "for you keep nothing !"

"Nobody does, my dear ; we all go on the same way now-a-days."

"And

"And what do you mean to be the end of it all, Lionel? How do you propose living when all these resources are completely exhausted?"

"When I am ruined, you mean? why how do other people live when they're ruined? I can but do the same; though I have not much considered the matter."

"Do consider it, then, dear Lionel! for all our sakes, do consider it!"

"Well,—let us see.—"

"O, I don't mean so; I don't mean just now; in this mere idle manner.—"

"O, yes, I'll do it at once, and then it will be over. Faith I don't well know. I have no great *gusto* for blowing out my brains. I like the little dears mighty well where they are. And I can't say I shall much relish to consume my life and prime and vigour in the king's bench prison. 'Tis horribly tiresome to reside always on the same spot. Nor I have no great disposition to whisk off to another country. Old England's a pretty place enough. I like it very well;—with a little rhino understood! But it's the very deuce, with an empty purse. So write the letter, my dear girl."

"And is this your consideration, Lionel? And is this its conclusion?"

"Why what signifies dwelling upon such dismalities? If I think upon my ruin beforehand, I am no nearer to enjoyment now than then. Live while we live, my dear girl! I hate prophesying horrors. Write, I say, write!"

Again she absolutely refused, pleading her promise to her uncle, and declaring she would keep her word.

"Keep a fiddlestick!" cried he, impatiently; "you don't know what mischief you may have to answer for! you may bring misery upon all our heads! you may make my father banish me his sight, you may make my mother execrate me!"

"Good Heaven!" cried Camilla interrupting him, "what is it you talk of? what is it you mean?"

"Just

"Just what I say; and to make you understand me better, I'll give you a hint of the truth; but you must lose your life twenty times before you reveal it—There's—there's—do you hear me?—there's a pretty girl in the case!"

"A pretty girl!—And what has that to do with this rapacity for money?"

"What an innocent question! why what a baby thou art, my dear Camilla?"

"I hope you are not forming any connexion unknown to my father?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Lionel laughing loud: "Why thou hast lived in that old parsonage-house till thou art almost too young to be rocked in a cradle."

"If you are entering into an engagement," said she, still more gravely, "that my father must not know, and that my mother would so bitterly condemn,—why am I to be trusted with it?"

"You understand nothing of these things, child. 'Tis the very nature of a father to be an hunk, and of a mother to be a bore."

"O Lionel! such a father!—such a mother!—"

"As to their being perfectly good, and all that, I know it very well. And I am very sorry for it. A good father is a very serious misfortune to a poor lad like me, as the world runs; it causes one such confounded gripes of the conscience for every little awkward thing one does! A bad father would be the joy of my life; 'twould be all fair play there; the more he was choused the better."

"But this pretty girl, Lionel!—Are you serious? Are you really engaging yourself? And is she so poor? Is she so much distressed, that you require these immense and frequent sums for her?"

Lionel laughed again, and rubbed his hands; but after a short silence assumed a more steady countenance, and said; "Don't ask me any thing about her. It is not fit you should be so curious. And don't give a hint of the matter to a soul. Mind that! But as to the money,

ney, I must have it. And directly : I shall be blown to the deuce else."

"Lionel!" cried Camilla, shrinking, "you make me tremble! you cannot surely be so wicked—so unprincipled—No! your connexions are never worse than imprudent!—you would not else be so unkind, so injurious as to place in me such a confidence!"

The whole face of Lionel now flashed with shame, and he walked about the room, muttering: "'Tis true, I ought not to have done it." And soon after, with still greater concern, he exclaimed: "If this appears to you in such a heinous light, what will my father think of it? And how can I bear to let it be known to my mother?"

"O never, never!" cried she emphatically; "never let it reach the knowledge of either! If indeed you have been so inconsiderate, and so wrong—break up, at least, any such intercourse before it offends their ears."

"But how, my dear, can I do that, if it gets blazed abroad?"

"Blazed abroad!"

"Yes; and for want, only, of a few pitiful guineas."

"What can you mean? how can it depend upon a few guineas?"

"Get me the guineas:—and leave the how to me."

"My dear Lionel," cried she, affectionately, "I would do any thing that is not absolute improper to serve you; but my uncle has now nothing more to spare; he has told me so himself; and with what courage, then, in this dark, mysterious, and, I fear, worse than mysterious business, can I apply to him?"

"My dear child, he only wants to hoard up his money to shew off poor Eugenia at her marriage; and you know as well as I do what a pinny he is for his pains; for what a poor little dowdy thing will she look, dizen'd out in jewels and laces?"

"Can

"Can you speak so of Eugenia? the most amiable, the most deserving, the most excellent creature breathing!"

"I speak it in pure friendship. I would not have her exposed. I love dear little Greek and Latin as well as you do. Only the difference is I don't talk so like an old woman; and really when you do it yourself, you can't think the ridiculous effect it has, when one looks at your young face. However, only write the request as if from yourself, and tell him you'll acquaint him with the reason next letter; but that the post is just going out now, and you have time for no more. And then, just coax him over a little, with, how you long to be back, and how you hate Tunbridge, and how you adore Cleves, and how tired you are for want of his bright conversation,—and you may command half his fortune.—My dear Camilla, you don't know from what destruction you will rescue me! Think too of my father, and what a shock you will save him: And think of my mother, whom I can never see again if you won't help me?"

Camilla sighed, but let him put the pen into her hand, whence, however, the very next moment's reflection was urging her to cast it down, when he caught her in his arms in a transport of joy, called her his protectress from dishonour and despair, and said he would run to the Rooms while she wrote, just to take the opportunity of seeing them, and to un-order the carriage, that she might have no interruption to her composition, which he would come back to claim before the party returned, as he must set off for Cleves, and gallop all night, to procure the money, which the loss of a single day would render useless.

All this he uttered with a rapidity that mocked every attempt at expostulation or answer: and then ran out of the room and out of the house.

* * * *

Horror at such perpetual and increasing ill conduct, grief at the compulsive failure of meeting Edgar, and perplexity how to extricate herself from her half given, but

but wholly seized upon engagement to write, took for a while nearly equally shares in tormenting Camilla. But all presently concentrated in one domineering sentiment of sharp repentance for what she had apparently undertaken.

To claim two hundred pounds of her uncle, in her own name, was out of all question. She could not, even a moment, dwell upon such a project; but how represent what she herself so little understood as the necessity of Lionel? or how ask for so large a sum, and postpone, as he desired, all explanation? She was incapable of any species of fraud, she detested even the most distant disguise. Simple supplication seemed therefore, her only method; but so difficult was even this, in an affair so dark and unconscionable, that she began twenty letters without proceeding in any one of them beyond two lines.

Thus far, however, her task was light to what it appeared to her upon a little further deliberation. That her brother had formed some unworthy engagement or attachment, he had not, indeed, avowed clearly, but he had by no means denied, and she had even omitted, in her surprise and consternation, exacting his promise that it should immediately be concluded. What, then, might she be doing by endeavouring to procure this money? Aiding perhaps vice and immorality, and assisting her misguided, if not guilty brother, to persevere in the most dangerous errors, if not crimes?

She shuddered, she pushed away her paper, she rose from the table, she determined not to write another word.

Yet, to permit parents she justly revered to suffer any evil she had the smallest chance to spare them, was dreadful to her; and what evil could be inflicted upon them, so deeply, so lastingly severe, as the conviction of any serious vices in any of their children?

This, for one minute, brought her again to the table; but the next, her better judgment pointed out the shallowness and fallacy of such reasoning. To save them present pain at the risk of future anguish, to consult the feelings of her brother, in preference to his morality,

would be forgetting every lesson of her life, which from its earliest dawn, had imbibed a love of virtue, that made her consider whatever was offensive to it as equally disgusting and unhappy.

To disappoint Lionel was, however, terrible. She knew well he would be deaf to remonstrance, ridicule all argument, and laugh off whatever she could urge by persuasion. She feared he would be quite outrageous to find his expectations thus thwarted; and the lateness of the hour when he would hear it, and the weight he annexed to obtaining the money expeditiously, redoubled at once her regret for her momentary compliance, and her pity for what he would undergo through its failure.

After considering in a thousand ways how to soften to him her recantation, she found herself so entirely without courage to encounter his opposition, that she resolved to write him a short letter, and then retire to her room, to avoid an interview.

In this, she besought him to forgive her error in not sooner being sensible of her duty, which had taught her, upon her first reflexion, the impossibility of demanding two hundred pounds for herself, who wanted nothing, and the impracticability of demanding it for him, in so unintelligible a manner.

Thus far only she had proceeded, from the length of time consumed in regret and rumination, when a violent ringing at the door, without the sound of any carriage, made her start up, and fly to her chamber; leaving her unfinished letter, with the beginnings of her several essays to address Sir Hugh, upon the table, to shew her various efforts, and to explain that they were relinquished.

C H A P. XXV.

An Accorder.

THUS, self-confined and almost in an agony, Camilla remained for a quarter of an hour, without any species of interruption, and in the greatest amazement that Lionel forbore pursuing her, either with letter or message.

Another violent ringing at the bell, but still without any carriage, then excited her attention, and presently the voice and steps of Lionel resounded upon the stairs, whence her name was with violence vociferated.

She did not move; and in another minute he was rapping at her chamber door, demanding admittance, or that she would instantly descend.

Alarmed for her open letter and papers, she enquired who was in the parlour.

"Not a soul," he answered; "I have left them all at the Rooms."

"Have you returned, then, twice?"

"No. I should have been here sooner, but I met two or three old cronies, that would not part with me. Come, where's your letter?"

"Have you not seen what I have written?"

Down upon this intimation he flew, without any reply; but was presently back, saying he found nothing in the parlour, except a letter to herself.

Affrighted, she followed him; but not one of her papers remained. The table was cleared, and nothing was to be seen but a large packet, addressed to her in a hand she did not know.

She rang to enquire who had been in the house before her brother.

The servant answered, only Sir Sedley Clarendel, who he thought had been there still, as he had said he should wait till Mrs. Arlbery came home.

"Is

"Is it possible," cried she, "that a gentleman such as Sir Sedley Clarendel, can have permitted himself to touch my papers?"

Lionel agreed that it was shocking; but said the loss of time to himself was still worse; without suffering her, therefore, to open her packet, he insisted that she should write another letter directly; adding, he had met the Baronet in his way from the Rooms, but had little suspected whence he came, or how he had been amusing himself.

Camilla now hung about her brother in the greatest tribulation, but refused to take the pen he would have put into her hands, and, at last, not without tears, said: "Forgive me, Lionel! but the papers you ought to have found would have explained—that I cannot write for you to my uncle."

Lionel heard this with the indignation of an injured man. He was utterly, he said, lost; and his family would be utterly disgraced, for ruin must be the lot of his father, or exile or imprisonment must be his own, if she persisted in such unkind and unnatural conduct.

Terror now bereft her of all speech or motion, till the letter, which Lionel had been beating about in his agitation, without knowing or caring what he was doing, burst open, and some written papers fell to the floor, which she recognised for her own.

Much amazed, she seized the cover, which had only been fastened by a wafer that was still wet, and saw a letter within it to herself, which she hastily read, while a paper that was enclosed dropt down, and was caught by Lionel.

To Miss Camilla Tyrold.

FORGIVE, fairest Camilla, the work of the Destinies. I came hither to see if illness detained you; the papers which I enclose from other curious eyes caught mine by accident. The pathetic sisterly address has touched me. I have not the honour to know Mr. Lionel Tyrold; let our acquaintance begin with an act of confidence

fidence on his part, that must bind to him for ever his lovely sister's

Most obedient and devoted
SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

The loose paper, picked up by Lionel, was a draft, upon a banker, for two hundred pounds.

While this, with speechless emotion, was perused by Camilla, Lionel, with unbounded joy, began jumping, skipping, leaping over every chair, and capering round and round the room in an ecstasy.

"My dearest Lionel," cried she, when a little recovered, "why such joy? you cannot suppose it possible this can be accepted."

"Not accepted, child? do you think me out of my senses? Don't you see me freed from all my misfortunes at once? and neither my father grieved, nor my mother offended, nor poor numps fleeced?"

"And when can you pay it? And what do you mean to do? And to whom will be the obligation? Weigh, weigh a little all this."

Lionel heard her not; his rapture was too buoyant for attention, and he whisked every thing out of its place, from frantic merriment, till he put the apartment into so much disorder, that it was scarce practicable to stir a step in it; now and then interrupting himself to make her low bows, scraping his feet all over the room, and obsequiously saying: "My sister Clarendel! How does your La'ship do? my dear Lady Clarendel, pray afford me your La'ship's countenance."

Nothing could be less pleasant to Camilla than railery which pointed out, that, even by the unreflecting Lionel, this action could be ascribed but to one motive. The draft, however, had fallen into his hands, and neither remonstrance nor petition, neither representation of impropriety nor persuasion, could induce him to relinquish it; he would only dance, sing, and pay her grotesque homage, till the coach stopt at the door; and then, ludicrously hoping her Ladyship would excuse his leaving her, for once, to play the part of the house-

house-maid in setting the room to rights, he sprang past them all, and bounded down the hill.

Mrs. Arlbery was much diverted by the confusion in the parlour, and Miss Dannel asked a thousand questions why the chairs and tables were all thrown down, the china jars removed from the chimney-piece into the middle of the room, and the side-board apparatus put on the chimney-piece in their stead.

Camilla was too much confounded either to laugh or explain, and hastily wishing them good-night, retired to her chamber.

Here, in the extremest perturbation, she saw the full extent of her difficulties, without perceiving any means of extrication. She had no hope of recovering the draft from Lionel, whom she had every reason to conclude already journeying from Tunbridge. What could she say the next day to Sir Sedley? How account for so sudden, so gross an acceptance of pecuniary obligation? What inference might he not draw? And how could she undeceive him, while retaining so improper a mark of his dependence upon her favour? The displeasure she felt that he should venture to suppose she would owe to him such a debt, rendered but still more palpable the species of expectation it might authorise.

To destroy this illusion occupied all her attention, except what was imperiously seized upon by regret of missing Edgar, with whom to consult was more than her wish.

In this disturbed state, when she saw Mrs. Arlbery the next morning, her whole care was to avoid being questioned: and that lady, who quickly perceived her fears by her avoidance, took the first opportunity to say to her, with a laugh, "I see I must make no enquiries into the gambols of your brother last night: but I may put together, perhaps, certain circumstances that may give me a little light to the business: and if, as I conjecture, Clarendel spoke out to him, his wildest rioting is more rational than his sister's gravity."

Camilla protested they had not conversed together at all.

"Nay

"Nay, then, I own myself still in the dark. But I observed that Clarendel left the Rooms at a very early hour, and that your brother almost immediately followed."

Camilla ventured not any reply; and soon after retreated.

Mrs. Arlbery, in a few minutes, pursuing her, laughingly, and with sportive reproach, accused her of intending to steal a march to the altar of Hymen; as she had just been informed, by her maid, that Sir Sedley had actually been at the house last night, during her absence.

Camilla seriously assured her, that she was in her chamber when he arrived, and had not seen him.

"For what in the world, then, could he come? He was sure I was not at home, for he had left me at the Rooms?"

Camilla again was silent; but her tingling cheeks proclaimed it was not for want of something to say.

Mrs. Arlbery forbore to press the matter further; but forbore with a nod that implied *I see how it is!* and a smile that published the pleasure and approbation which accompanied her self-conviction.

The vexation of Camilla would have prompted an immediate confession of the whole mortifying transaction, had she not been endued with a sense of honour, where the interests of others was concerned, that repressed her natural precipitance, and was more powerful even than her imprudence.

She waited the greatest part of the morning in some little faint hope of seeing Lionel: but he came not, and she spent the rest of it with Mrs. Berlinton. She anxiously wished to meet Edgar in the way, to apologise for her non-appearance the preceding evening; but this did not happen; and her concern was not lessened by reflecting upon the superior interest in her health and welfare, marked by Sir Sedley, who had taken the trouble to walk from the Rooms to Mount Pleasant to see what was become of her.

She

She returned home but barely in time to dress for dinner, and was not yet ready, when she saw the carriage of the Baronet drive up to the door.

In the most terrible confusion how to meet him, what to say about the draft, how to mention her brother, whether to seem resentful of the liberty he had so unceremoniously taken, or thankful for its kindness, she had scarce the force to attire herself, nor, when summoned down stairs, to descend.

This distress was but increased upon her entrance, by the sight and the behaviour of the Baronet; whose address to her was so marked, that it covered her with blushes, and whose air had an assurance that spoke a species of secret triumph. Offended as well as frightened, she looked every way to avoid him, or assumed a look of haughtiness, when forced by any direct speech to answer him. She soon, however, saw, by his continued self complacency, and even an increase of gaiety, that he only regarded this as coquetry, or bashful embarrassment, since every time she attempted thus to rebuff him, an arch smile stole over his features, that displayed his different conception of her meaning.

She now wished nothing so much as a prompt and positive declaration, that she might convince him of his mistake and her rejection. For this purpose, she subdued her desire of retreat, and spent the whole afternoon with Mrs. Arlbery and the Dennels in his company.

Nevertheless, when Mrs. Arlbery, who had the same object in view, though with a different conclusion, contrived to draw her other guests out of the apartment and to leave her alone with Sir Sedley, modesty and shame both interfered with her desire of an explanation, and she was hastily retiring; but the Baronet, in a gentle voice, called after her, "Are you going?"

"Yes; I have forgotten something...."

"He rose to follow her, with a motion that seemed purporting to take her hand; but, gliding quickly on, she prevented him, and was almost at the same moment in her own chamber.

With

With augmented severity, she now felt the impropriety of an apparent acceptance of so singular and unpleasant an obligation, which obviously misled Sir Sedley to believe her at his command.

Shocked in her delicacy, and stung in her best notions of laudable pride, she could not rest without destroying this humiliating idea; and resolved to apply to Edgar for the money, and to pay the Baronet the next day. Her objections to betraying the extravagance of Lionel, though great and sincere, yielded to the still more dangerous evil of letting Sir Sedley continue in an error, that might terminate in branding her in his opinion, with a character of inconsistency or duplicity.

Edgar, too, so nearly a brother to them both, would guard the secret of Lionel better, in all probability, than he would guard it himself; and could draw no personal inferences from the trust and obligation, when he found its sole incitement was sooner to owe an obligation to a ward of her father, than to a new acquaintance of her own.

Pleased at the seeming necessity of an application that would lead so naturally to a demand of the counsel she languished to claim, she determined not to suffer Sir Sedley to wait even another minute under his mistake; but, since she now could speak of returning the money, to take courage for meeting what might either precede or ensue in a conference.

Down, therefore, she went; but as she opened the parlour door, she heard Sir Sedley say to Mrs. Arlbery, who had just entered before her: "O, fie! fie! you know she will be cruel to excruciation! you know me destined to despair to the last degree."

Camilla, whose so speedy re-appearance was the last sight he expected, was too far advanced to retreat; and the resentment that tinged her whole complexion shewed she had heard what he said, and had heard it with an application the most offensive.

An immediate sensibility to his own impertinence now succeeded in its vain display; he looked not merely concerned, but contrite; and, in a voice softened nearly to timidity, attempted a general conversation, but
kept

kept his eyes, with an anxious expression, almost continually fixed upon her's.

Anger with Camilla was a quick, but short-lived sensation; and this sudden change in the Baronet from conceit to respect, produced a change equally sudden in herself from disdain to inquietude. Though mortified in the first moment by his vanity, it was less seriously painful to her than any belief that under it was couched a disposition towards a really steady regard. With Mrs. Arlbery she was but slightly offended, though certain she had been assuring him of all the success he could demand. her way of thinking upon the subject had been openly avowed, and she did justice to the kindness of her motives.

No opportunity, however, arose to mention the return of the draft; Mrs. Arlbery saw displeasure in her air, and not doubting she had heard what had dropt from Sir Sedley, thought the moment unfavourable for a *tête-à-tête*, and resolutely kept her place, till Camilla herself, weary of useless waiting, left the room.

Following her then to her chamber, "My dear Miss Tyrold," she cried, "do not let your extreme youth stand in the way of all your future life. A Baronet, rich, young, and amiable, is upon the very point of becoming your slave for ever; yet, because you discover him to be a little restive in the last agonies of his liberty, you are eager, in the high-flown disdain of juvenile susceptibility, to cast him and his fortune away; as if both were such every-day baubles, that you might command or reject them without thought of future consequence."

"Indeed no, dear madam; I am not actuated by pride or anger; I owe too much to Sir Sedley to feel either above a moment, even where I think them---pardon me!--justly excited. But I should ill pay my debt, by accepting a lasting attachment, where certain I can return nothing but lasting, eternal, unchangeable indifference."

"You sacrifice, then, both him and yourself, to the fanciful delicacy of a first love?"

"No,

"No, indeed!" cried she blushing. "I have no thought at all but of the single life. And I sincerely hope Sir Sedley has no serious intentions towards me; for my obligations to him are so infinite, I should be cruelly hurt to appear to him ungrateful."

"You would appear to him, I confess, a little surprising," said Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "for diffidence certainly is not his weak part. However, with all his foibles, he is a charming creature, and prepossession only can blind you to his merit."

Camilla again denied the charge, and strove to prevail with her to undeceive the Baronet from any false expectations. But she protested she would not be accessory to so much after-repentance; and left her.

The business now wore a very serious aspect to Camilla. Mrs. Arlbery avowed she thought Sir Sedley in earnest, and he knew she had herself heard him speak with security of his success. The bullfinch had gone far, but the draft seemed to have riveted the persuasion. The bird it was now impossible to return till her departure from Tunbridge; but she resolved not to defer another moment putting upon her brother alone the obligation of the draft, to stop the further progress of such dangerous inference.

Hastily, therefore, she wrote to him the following note:

To Sir Sedley Clarendel, Bart.

SIR,

SOME particular business compelled my brother so abruptly to quit Tunbridge, that he could not have the honour to first wait upon you with his thanks for the loan you so unexpectedly put into his hands; by mine, however, all will be restored to-morrow morning, except his gratitude for your kindness.

I am, sir, in both our names,
your obliged humble servant,

CAMILLA TYROLD.

MOUNT PLEASANT,
Thursday Evening.

She

She now waited till she was summoned down stairs to the carriage, and then gave her little letter to a servant, whom she desired to deliver it to Sir Sedley's man.

Sir Sedley did not accompany them to the Rooms, but promised to follow.

Camilla, on her arrival, with palpitating pleasure, looked round for Edgar. She did not, however, see him. She was accosted directly by the Major; who, as usual, never left her, and whose assiduity to seek her favour seemed increased.

She next joined Mrs. Berlington; but still she saw nothing of Edgar. Her eyes incessantly looked towards the door, but the object they sought never met them.

When Sir Sedley entered, he joined the group of Mrs. Berlington.

Camilla tried to look at him and to speak to him with her customary civility and cheerfulness, and nearly succeeded; while in him she observed only an expressive attention, without any marks of presumption.

Thus began and thus ended the evening. Edgar never appeared.

Camilla was in the utmost amaze and deepest vexation. Why did he stay away? was his wrath so great at her own failure the preceding night, that he purposely avoided her? what, also, could she do with Sir Sedley? how meet him the next morning without the draft she had now promised?"

In this state of extreme chagrin, when she retired to her chamber, she found the following letter upon her table:

To Miss Camilla Tyrold.

CAN you think of such a trifle? or deem wealth so truly contemptible, as to deny it all honourable employment? Ah, rather, enchanting Camilla! deign further to aid me in dispensing it worthily!

SEDELEY CLARENDEL.

Camilla now was touched, penetrated, and distressed beyond what she had been in any former time. She
looked

looked upon this letter as a positive intimation of the most serious designs; and all his good qualities, as painted by Mrs. Arlbery, with the very singular obligation she owed to him, rose up formidably to support the arguments and remonstrances of that lady; though every feeling of her heart, every sentiment of her mind, and every wish of her soul, opposed their smallest weight.

C H A P. XXVI.

An Helper.

THE next morning, as Camilla had accompanied Mrs. Berlinton, in earnest discourse, from her chamber to the hall, she heard the postman say Miss Tyrold as he gave in a letter. She seized it, saw the handwriting of Lionel, and ran eagerly into the parlour, which was empty, to read it, in some hopes it would at least contain an acknowledgment of the draft, that might be shewn to Sir Sedley, and relieve her from the pain of continuing the principal in such an affair.

The letter, however, was merely a sportive rhapsody, beginning; *My dear Lady Clarendel*; desiring her favour and protection, and telling her he had done what he could for her honour, by adding two trophies to the victorious car of Hymen, driven by the happy Baronet.

Wholly at a loss how to act, she sat ruminating over this letter, till Mrs. Arlbery opened the door. Having no time to fold it, and dreading her seeing the first words, she threw her handkerchief, which was then in her hand, over it, upon the table, hoping presently to draw it away unperceived.

“ My

"My dear friend," said Mrs. Arlbery, "I am glad to see you a moment alone. Do you know any thing of Mandlebert?"

"No!" answered she affrighted, lest any evil had happened.

"Did he not take leave of you at the rooms the other night!"

"Leave of me? is he gone any where!"

"He has left Tunbridge."

Camilla remained stupified.

"Left it," she continued, "without the poor civility to call, to ask if you had any letters or messages for Hampshire."

Camilla coloured high; she felt to her heart this evident coldness, and she knew it to be still more marked than Mrs. Arlbery could divine; for he was aware she wished particularly to speak with him; and though she had failed in her appointment, he had not inquired why.

"And this is the man for whom you would relinquish all mankind? this is the grateful character who is to render you insensible to every body?"

The disturbed mind of Camilla needed not this speech; her debt to Sir Sedley, cast wholly upon herself by the thoughtless Lionel; her inability to pay it, the impressive lines the Baronet had addressed to her, and the cruel and pointed indifference of Edgar, all forcibly united to make her wish, at this moment, her heart at her own disposal.

In a few minutes, the voice of Sir Sedley, gaily singing, caught her ear. He was entering the hall, the street door being open. She started up; Mrs. Arlbery would have detained her, but she could not endure to encounter him, and without returning his salutation, or listening to his address, crossed him in the hall, and flew up stairs.

There, however, she had scarcely taken breath, when she recollected the letter which she had left upon the table, and which the afflicting intelligence that Edgar had quitted Tunbridge, had made her forget she had received. In a terror immeasurable, lest her handkerchief

chief should be drawn aside, and betray the first line, she re-descended the stairs, and hastily entered the room. Her shock was then inexpressible. The handkerchief, which her own quick motion in retiring had displaced, was upon the floor, the letter was in full view; the eyes of Sir Sedley were fixed upon his own name, with a look indefinable between pleasure and impertinence, and Mrs. Arlbery was laughing with all her might.

She seized the letter, and was running away with it, when Mrs. Arlbery slipped out of the room, and Sir Sedley, shutting the door, half archly half tenderly repeated, from the letter, "My dear Lady Clarendel!"

In a perfect agony, she hid her face, exclaiming: "O Lionel! my foolish—cruel brother!"—

"Not foolish, not cruel, I think him," cried Sir Sedley, taking her hand, "but amiable—he has done honour to my name, and he will use it, I hope, henceforth, as his own."

"Forget, forget his flippancy," cried she, withdrawing impatiently her hand; "and pardon his sister's breach of engagement for this morning. I hope soon, very soon, to repair it, and I hope—"

She did not know what to add; she stopt, stammered, and then endeavoured to make her retreat.

"Do not go," cried he, gently detaining her; "incomparable Camilla! I have a thousand things to say to you. Will you not hear them?"

"No!" cried she, disengaging herself; "no, no, no! I can hear nothing!—"

"Do you fascinate then, said he, half reproachfully, "like the rattlesnake, only to destroy?"

Camilla conceived this as alluding to her recent encouragement, and stood trembling with expectation it would be followed by a claim upon her justice.

But Sir Sedley, who was far from any meaning so pointed, lightly added, "What thus agitates the fairest of creatures? can she fear a poor captive entangled in the witchery of her loveliness, and only the more enslaved the more he struggles to get free!"

"Let

"Let me go," cried she, eager to stop him; "I beseech you, Sir Sedley!"

"All beauteous Camilla!" said he, retreating yet still so as to intercept her passage; "I am bound to submit; but when may I see you again?"

"At any time," replied she hastily; "only let me pass now!"

"At any time! adorable Camilla! be it then to-night! be it this evening!—be it at noon—be it—"

"No, no, no, no!" cried she, panting with shame and alarm; "I donot mean at any time! I spoke without thought—I mean—"

"Speak so ever and anon," cried he, "if thought is my enemy! This evening then—"

He stopt, as if irresolute how to finish his phrase, but soon added: "Adieu, till this evening, adieu!" and opened the door for her to pass.

Triumph sat in his eye; exultation spoke in every feature; yet his voice betrayed constraint, and seemed checked, as if from fear of entrusting it with his sentiments. The fear, however, was palpably not of diffidence with respect to Camilla, but of indecision with regard to himself.

Camilla, almost sinking with shame now hung back, from a dread of leaving him in this dangerous delusion. She sat down, and in a faltering voice, said: "Sir Sedley! hear me, I beg!—"

"Hear you," cried he, gallantly casting himself at her feet; "yes! from the fervid rays of the sun, to the mild lustre of the moon!—from—"

A loud knock at the street door, and a ringing at the same time at the bell, made him rise, meaning to shut again the door of the parlour; but he was prevented, by the entrance of a man into the hall, calling out, in a voice that reached to every part of the house, "An express for Miss Camilla Tyrold."

Camilla started up, concluding it some strange intelligence concerning Edgar. But a letter was put into her hand, and she saw it was the writing of Lavinia.

It was short, but most affectionate. It told her that news was just arrived from the Continent, which gave
reason

reason for hourly expectation of their cousin Lynmere at Cleves, in consequence of which Sir Hugh was assembling all the family to receive him. She was then, with her father, going thither from Etherington, where the restored health of her uncle had, for a week past, enabled them to reside, and she was ordered to send off an express to Tunbridge, to beg Camilla would prepare immediately for the post-chaise of Sir Hugh, which would be sent for her, with the Cleves house-keeper, and reach Mount Pleasant within a few hours after this notice.

A hundred questions assailed Camilla when she had run over this letter, the noise of the express having brought Mrs. Arlbery and the Dennels into the parlour.

She produced the letter, and putting it in the hands of Mrs. Arlbery, relieved her painful confusion, by quitting the room without again meeting the eyes of Sir Sedley.

She could make no preparation, however, for her journey, from mingled desire and fear of an explanation with the Baronet before her departure.

Again, therefore, in a few minutes she went down; gathering courage from the horror of a mistake that might lead to so much mischief.

She found only Mrs. Arlbery in the parlour.

Involuntarily starting, "Where," she cried, "is Sir Sedley?"

"He is gone," answered Mrs. Arlbery, laughing at her earnestness; "but no doubt you will soon see him at Cleves."

"Then I am undone!" cried she, bursting into tears and running back to her chamber.

Mrs. Arlbery instantly followed, and kindly inquired what disturbed her.

"O, Mrs. Arlbery!" she cried, "lend me, I beseech you, some aid, and spare me, in pity, your raillery! Sir Sedley, I fear, greatly mistakes me; set him right, I conjure you—"

"Me, my dear? and do you think if some happy fatality is at work at this moment to force you to your good,

I will come forth, like your evil genius, to counteract its operations?"

"I must write then,—yet, in this haste, this confusion, I fear to involve rather than extricate myself!"

"Ay, write by all means; there is nothing so prettily forwards these affairs, as a correspondence between the parties undertaken to put an end to them."

She went, laughing, out of the chamber, and Camilla, who had seized a pen, distressfully flung it from her.

What indeed could she say? he had made no direct declaration; she could give, therefore, no direct repulse; and though, through her brother's cruel want of all consideration, she was so deeply in his debt, she durst no longer promise its discharge; for the strange departure of Edgar robbed her of all courage to make to him her meditated application.

Yet to leave Sir Sedley in this error was every way terrible. If, which still seemed very possible, from his manner and behaviour, he should check his partiality, and make the whole of what had passed end in mere public-place gallantry, she must always have the mortification to know he had considered her as ready to accept him: If, on the contrary, encouraging what he felt for her, from the belief she returned his best opinion, he should seriously demand her hand—how could she justify the apparent attention she once paid him? and how assert, while so hopelessly his debtor, the independence to reject one who so many ways seemed to hold himself secure!

* * * *

She was broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin, who entered full of lamentation at the intelligence she had just heard from Miss Dannel of her sudden departure; which she ended with, "But as you are going in such haste, my dear, you must have fifty things to do, so pray now, let me help you. Come, what shall I pack up for you? Where's all your things?"

Camilla,

Camilla, incapable of doing any business for herself, accepted the offer.

"Well then, now where's your gowns? Bless me! what a one is here? why it's been in the dew, and then in the dust, and then in the dew again, till all the bottom must be cut off; why you can never shew it amongst your friends; it will quite bring a disgrace upon poor Tunbridge; come, I think you must give it to me; I've got a piece of muslin just like it, and I can piece it so that it won't appear; but it will never do for you again."

Camilla was surprised; but her mind was filled with other matters, and the gown was put apart.

"What! are those all your neck handkerchiefs? why, my dear Miss Tyrold, that's a thing you want very bad indeed; why here's one you can never wear again; it wants more darning than it's worth."

Camilla said she should have very good time to mend it at home.

"But then, my dear, you don't consider what a bad look that will have amongst your friends; what will they think of poor Tunbridge, that you should have let it go so far? why, may be they'll never let you come again; the best way will be not to let them see it; suppose I take it off your hands? I dare say they don't know your count."

At any other time, Camilla would either have resisted these seizures, or have been diverted by the pretence that they were made only for her own benefit; but she was now glad at any rate to get rid of the care of the package.

When this was over, and Mrs. Mittin had pretty well paid herself for her trouble: "Well, my dear," she cried, "and what can I do for you next? Have you paid Mrs. Tilldin, and Mr. Doust, and Mr. Tent?"

These were questions that indeed roused Camilla from her reverie; she had not once thought of what she owed to the milliner, to her shoemaker, nor to her haberdasher; from all of whom she had now, through the hands of Mrs. Mittin, had various articles. She thank-

ed her for reminding her of so necessary an attention, and said she would immediately send for the bills.

"I'll run and pay 'em for you myself," said Mrs. Mittin; "for they always take that kind; and as I recommended them all to you, I have a right they should know how I stand their friend; for there's many an odd service they may do me in return; so I'll go for you with all my heart; only give me the money."

Camilla took out her purse, in which, from her debt to Sir Sedley, and perpetually current expences, there now remained but fifteen shillings of her borrowed five guineas; though latterly, she had wholly denied herself whatever did not seem an expence unavoidable. What to do she now knew not; for though all she had ordered had been trifling, she was sure it must amount to four or five guineas. She had repeatedly refused to borrow any thing more of Mrs. Arlbery, always hoping every call for money would be the last; but she was too inexperienced to know, that in gay circles, and public places, the demands for wealth are endless and countless; and that œconomy itself, which is always local, is there lavish and extravagant, compared with its character, in private scenes and retired life.

Yet was this the last moment to apply to Mrs. Arlbery upon such a subject, since it would be endowing her with fresh arms to fight the cause of Sir Sedley. She sat still, and ruminating, till Mrs. Mittin, who without scruple had taken a full inventory of the contents of the purse, exclaimed: "La! my dear, why sure I hope that i'n't all you've got left?"

Camilla was fain to confess she had nothing more at Tunbridge.

"Well, don't be uneasy, my dear," cried she, "and I'll go to 'em all, and be caution for you, till you get the money."

Camilla thanked her very sincerely, and again resumed her first opinion of her real good nature, and kindness of heart. She took her direction in London, whither she was soon to return, and promised, in a short time, to transmit the money for her to distribute,

as every one of the shop-keepers went to the metropolis in the winter.

Delighted both with the praise and the commission, Mrs. Mittin took leave; and Camilla determined to employ her next quarter's allowance in paying these debts, and frankly to beg from her uncle the five guineas that were due to Mrs. Arlbery.

She then wrote an affectionate adieu to Mrs. Berlington, intreating to hear from her at Etherington; and, while she was sealing it, Mrs. Arlbery came to embrace her, as the carriage was at the door.

Camilla, in making her acknowledgments for the kindness she had received, intermingled a petition, that at least, she would not augment, if she refused to clear the mistake of Sir Sedley.

"I believe he may safely," she answered, "be left to himself; though it is plain that, at this moment, he is in a difficulty as great as your own; for marriage he still resists, though he finds you resistless. I wish you mutually to be parted till—pardon me, my fair friend—your understandings are mutually cleared, and he is divested of what is too factitious, and you of what is too artless. Your situation is, indeed rather whimsical; for the two mortals with whom you have to deal require treatment diametrically opposite; yet humour them a little adroitly, and you presently gain them both. He that is proud, must be distanced; he that is vain, must be flattered. This is paying them with their own coin; but they hold no other to be current. Pride, if not humbled, degenerates into contempt; vanity, if not indulged, dissolves into indifference."

Camilla disclaimed taking any measures with respect to either; but Mrs. Arlbery insisted the field would be won by Sir Sedley, "who is already," she cried, "persuaded you have for some time encouraged him, and that now you are fully propitious—"

Camilla hastily interrupted her: "O, Mrs. Arlbery!" she cried, "I cannot endure this! add not to my disturbance by making it my own work!"

She

She then embraced her ; took leave of the Dennels, and with the house keeper of Sir Hugh set out from Tunbridge for Cleves.

C H A P. XXVII.

The right Style of Arguing.

CAMILLA was received with the most tender joy by all her family, again re-assembled at Cleves to welcome the return of young Lynmere, who was expected every hour. Sir Hugh, perfectly recovered from his late illness, and busy, notwithstanding all remonstrance, in preparation for the approaching nuptials, was in spirits that exhilarated whoever saw him. Eugenia awaited that event with gentleness, though with varying sensations ; from fears, lest her personal misfortunes should prove repulsive to Clermont, and from wishes to find him resembling Melmond in talents, and Bellamy in passion and constancy.

Dr. Orkborne gave now his lessons with redoubled assiduity, from an ambition to produce to the scholastic traveller, a phenomenon of his own workmanship in a learned young female : nor were his toils less ready, nor less pleasant, for a secret surmise they would shortly end ; though not till honour should be united with independence, for his recompence. But Miss Margland fretted, that this wedding would advance no London journey ; and Indiana could not for a moment recover from her indignation, that the deformed and ugly Eugenia, though two years younger than herself, should be married before her. Lavinia had no thought but for the happiness of her sister ; and Mr. Tygold lamented the absence of his wife, who, alike from understanding
and

and affection, was the only person to properly superintend this affair, but from whom Dr. Marchmont, just arrived, brought very faint hopes of a speedy return.

Eugenia, however, was not the sole care of her father, at this period. The countenance of Camilla soon betrayed, to his inquiring eyes, the inefficacy of the Tunbridge journey. But he forbore all question; and left to time or her choice to unravel, if new incidents kept alive her inquietude, or, if no incident at all had been equally prejudicial to her repose.

* * * *

Two days after, while Camilla, still astonished by no news, nor sight of Edgar, was sitting with her sisters, and recounting to them her late adventures, and present difficulties, with Sir Sedley Clarendel, Jacob brought her, in its own superb bird-cage, the learned little bullfinch; telling her, it had been delivered to him without any message, by a man who said she had left it, by mistake, at Tunbridge, whence he had had orders to follow her with it to Cleves park.

She was much provoked thus to receive it. Mrs. Arlbery had pressed her to take it in her uncle's chaise, which she had firmly refused; and she now concluded this method was adopted, that Sir Sedley might imagine she detained it as his gift.

In drawing out, soon after, the receptacle for the bird's nourishment, she perceived, written with a pencil upon the wood, these words: "Thou art gone then, fair fugitive! Ah! at least, fly only where thou mayst be pursued!"

This writing had not been visible till the machine was taken out to be replenished. She recollected the hand of Sir Sedley, and was now sure it was sent by himself, and could no longer, therefore, doubt his intentions being serious.

With infinite perplexity she consulted with her sisters; but, when candidly she had related, that once, to her never-ending regret, she had apparently welcomed his civilities, Eugenia pronounced her rectitude to be engaged by that error, as strongly as her gratitude by the
the

the preservation of her life, and the extraordinary service done to Lionel, not to reject the young baronet, should he make his proposals.

She heard this opinion with horror. Timid shame, and the counsel of her father, united to impede her naming the internal obstacles which she felt to be insurmountable; and, while casting up, in silence, her appealing eyes to Heaven, for relief, from the intricacy in which she found herself involved, she saw Lionel galloping into the park.

She flew to meet him, and he dismounted, and led his horse, to walk with her.

She flattered herself, she might now represent the mischief he was doing, and obtain from him some redress. But he was more wild and impracticable than ever. "Well, my dear girl," he cried, "when are all these betterings and worsings to take place? Numps has sent for me to see poor little Greek and Latin hobble to the altar; but 'tis a million to one, if our noble baronet does not wish you there before her. He's a charming fellow, faith. I had a good long confab with him this morning."

"This morning? I hope, then, you were so good, so just, as to tell him when you mean to pay the money you have borrowed?"

"My dear child, I often think you were born but yesterday, only, by some accident, you came into the world, like Minerva, grown up and ready dressed. What makes you think I mean to pay him? Have I given him any bond?"

"A bond? Is that necessary to justice and honour?"

"If I had asked the money, you are right, my dear; I ought, then, certainly, to refund. But, as it now stands, 'tis his own affair. I have nothing to do with it: except, indeed, receiving the dear little golden boys, and making merry with them."

"O fie, Lionel, fie!"

"Why, what had I to do with it? Do you think he would care one fig if he saw me sunk to the bottom of the Red Sea? No, my dear, no; you are the little debtor;

tor ; so balance your accounts for yourself, and don't cast them upon your poor neighbours, who have full enough to settle of their own."

Camilla was thunderstruck ; " And have you been so cruel," she cried, " seeing the matter in such a light, to place me in such a predicament ?"

" Cruel, my dear girl ? why, what will it cost you, except a dimple or two the more ? And don't you know you always look best when you smile ? I assure you, it's a mercy he don't see you when you are giving me one of my lectures. It disfigures you so horribly, that he'd take fright and never speak to you again."

" What can I ever say, to make you hear me, or feel for me ? Tell me, at least, what has passed this morning ; and assure me that nothing new, nothing yet worse, has occurred."

" O no, nothing at all. All is in the fairest train possible. I dare say, he'll come hither, upon the grand question, before sun-set."

Camilla gasped for breath, and was some time before she could ask whence he drew such a conclusion.

" O, because I see he's in for it. I have a pretty good eye, my dear ! He said, too, he had such a prodigious---friendship, I think he called it, for you, that he was immeasurably happy, and all that, to be of the least service to your brother. A fine fellow, upon my word ! a fine generous spark as ever I saw. He charged me to call upon him freely when I had any little embarrassment, or difficulty, or was hard run, or things of that sort. He's a fine buck, I tell you, and knows the world perfectly, that I promise you. He's none of your drivellers, none of your ignoramuses. He has the true notion of things. He's just a right friend for me. You could not have made a better match."

Camilla, in the most solemn manner, protested herself disengaged in thought, word, and deed ; and declared her fixed intention so to continue. But he only laughed at her declarations, calling them maidenly fibs ; and, assuring her, the young baronet was so much in earnest, she might as well be sincere as not, " Besides," he added, " 'tis not fair to trifle where a man

behaves so handsomely and honourably. Consider the £.200!"

"I shall quite lose my senses, Lionel!" cried she, in an agony; "I shall quite lose my senses if you speak in this manner!"

Lionel shouted aloud; "Why, my dear girl, what is £.200 to Sir Sedley Clarendel? You talk as if he had twenty pounds a-year for pin-money, like you and Lavinia, that might go with half a gown a-year, if good old Numps did not help you. Why, he's as rich as Cræsus, child. Besides, he would have been quite affronted if I had talked of paying him such a trifle, for he offered me any thing I pleased. O, he knows the world, I promise you! He's none of your starched prigs. He knows life, my dear! He said, he could perfectly conceive how hard it must be to a lad of spirit, like me, to be always exact. I don't know that I ever made a more agreeable acquaintance in my life."

Camilla was in an agitation that made him regard her, for a moment, with a serious surprise; but his natural levity soon resumed its post, and, laughing at himself for being nearly, he said, taken in, by her childish freaks, he protested he would bite no more: "For, after all, you must not think to make a fool of me, my dear. It won't do. I'm too knowing. Do you suppose, if he had not already made up his mind to the noose, and was not sure you had made up yours to letting it be tied, he would have cared for poor me, and my scrapes? No, no; whatever he does for me, before you are married, you may set down in your own memorandum book: whatever he may please to do afterwards, I am content should be charged to poor Pillgarlic."

He then bid her good-morrow, by the name of Lady Clarendel; and said, he would go and see if little Greek and Latin were as preposterous a prude about young Lynmere.

Camilla remained almost petrified with amazement at her own situation; and only was deterred from immediately opening her whole heart and affairs to her father, with the confidence to which his indulgence entitled him

him, by the impossibility of explaining her full distress without betraying her brother.

C H A P. XXVIII.

A Council.

THE next morning, Camilla, eager to try once more her influence with her brother, accompanied him into the park, and renewed her remonstrances, but with no better success; and while they were passing by a private gate, that opened to the high road, they saw Sir Sedley Clarendel driving by in his phaeton.

Lionel, bursting from his sister, opened the gate, called to Sir Sedley to give his reins to one of his servants, and brought him, not unwilling, though much surprised, into the park.

Camilla, in dismay unspeakable at this conduct, and the idea of such a meeting, had run forward instantly to hide herself in the summer house, to avoid re-passing the gate in her way to the mansion; but her scheme was more precipitate than wise; Lionel caught a glimpse of her gown as she went into the little building, and shouted aloud: "Look! look! Sir Sedley! there's Camilla making believe to run away from you!"

"Ah, fair fugitive!" cried the Baronet springing forward and entering the summer-house almost as soon as herself, "fly only thus, where you may be pursued!"

Camilla utterly confounded, knew not where to cast her eyes, where to hide her face; and her quick-changing colour, and short-heaved breath, manifested an excess of confusion, that touched, flattered, and penetrated the baronet so deeply and so suddenly, as to put him off from all guard of consequences, and all recollection

lection of matrimonial distaste: "Beautiful, resistless Camilla!" he cried; "how vain is it to struggle against your witchery! Assure me but of your clemency, and I will adore the chains that shackle me!"

Camilla, wholly overcome, by sorrow, gratitude, repentance, and shame, sunk upon a chair, and shed a torrent of tears that she even sought not to restrain. The shock of refusing one to whose error in believing himself acceptable she had largely contributed, or the horror of yielding to him her hand, while her heart was in the possession of another, made her almost wish, at this moment, he should divine her distress, that his own pride might conclude it.

But far different from what would produce such an effect, were the feelings of pride now working in his bosom. He imagined her emotion had its source in causes the softest and most flattering. Every personal obstacle sunk before this idea, and with a seriousness in his manner he had not yet used: "This evening, lovely Camilla," he cried, "let me beg for this evening, the audience accorded me upon that which I lost at Tunbridge."

He was then going; but Camilla, hastily rising, cried, "Sir Sedley, I beseech—" when Lionel capering into the little apartment, danced round it in mad ecstasy, chanting, "Lady Clarendel, Lady Clarendel, my dear Lady Clarendel!"

Camilla now was not confused alone. Sir Sedley himself could gladly have pushed him out of the building; but neither the looks of surprise and provocation of the Baronet, nor the prayers nor reprimands of Camilla, could tame his wild transport. He shook hands, whether he would or not, with the one; he bowed most obsequiously, whether she would regard him or not, to the other; and still chanting the same burden, made a clamour that shook the little edifice to its foundation.

The strong taste for ridicule, that was a prominent part of the character of Sir Sedley, was soon conquered by this ludicrous behaviour, and both his amazement and displeasure ended in a hearty fit of laughter. But Camilla suffered too severely to join in the mirth; she blushed

blushed for her brother, she blushed for herself, she hung her head in speechless shame, and covered her eyes with her hand.

The noisy merriment of Lionel preventing any explanation, though rendering it every moment more necessary, Sir Sedley, repeating his request for the evening, took leave.

Camilla looked upon his departing in this manner as her sentence to misery, and was pursuing him, to decline the visit; but Lionel, seizing her two hands, swung her round the room, in defiance of her even angry expostulations and sufferings, which he neither credited nor conceived, and then skipt after the baronet himself, who was already out of the park.

She became now nearly frantic. She thought herself irretrievably in the power of Sir Sedley, and by means so forced and indelicate, that she was scarcely more afflicted at the event, than shocked by its circumstances; and though incapable to really harbour rancour against a brother she sincerely loved, she yet believed at this moment she never should forgive, nor willingly see him more.

In this state she was found by Lavinia. The history was inarticulately told, but Lavinia could give only her pity; she saw not any avenue to an honourable retreat, and thought, like Eugenia, she could now only free herself by the breach of what should be dearer to her even than happiness, her probity and honour.

Utterly inconsolable she remained, till again she heard the voice of Lionel, loudly singing in the park.

"Go to him! go to him! my dearest Lavinia," she cried, "and, if my peace is dear to you, prevail with him to clear up the mistakes of Sir Sedley, and to prevent his dreaded, killing visit this evening!"

Lavinia only answered by compliance; but, after an half hour's useless contest with her riotous brother, returned to her weeping sister, not merely unsuccessful with regard to her petition, but loaded with fresh ill tidings that she knew not how to impart. Lionel had only laughed at the repugnance of Camilla, which he regarded as something between childishness and affectation,

festation, and begged Lavinia to be wiser than to heed to it: "Brother Sedley has desired me, however," he added, "not to speak of the matter to Numps nor my father, till he has had a little more conversation with his charmer; and he intends to call to-night as if only upon a visit to me."

When Camilla learnt, at length, this painful end of her embassy, she gave herself up so completely to despair, that Lavinia affrighted, ran to the house for Eugenia, whose extreme youth was no impediment in the minds of her liberal sisters, to their belief nor reverence of her superior wisdom. Her species of education had early prepossessed them with respect for her knowledge, and her unaffected fondness for study, had fixed their opinion of her extraordinary understanding. The goodness of her heart, the evenness of her temper, and her natural turn to contemplation, had established her character alike for sanctity and for philosophy throughout the family.

She listened with the sincerest commiseration to the present state of the case: "Certainly," she cried, "you cannot in honour, now refuse him; but deal with him sincerely, and he may generously himself relinquish his claims. Write to him, my dear Camilla; tell him you grieve to afflict, yet disdain to deceive him; assure him of your perfect esteem and eternal gratitude; but confess, at once, your heart refuses to return his tenderness. Entreat him to forgive whatever he may have mistaken, and nobly to restore to you the liberty of which your obligations, without his consent must rob you."

To Lavinia this advice appeared infallible; but Camilla, though she felt an entanglement which fettered herself, thought it by no means sufficiently direct or clear to authorise a rejection of Sir Sedley; since, strangely as she seemed in his power, circumstances had placed her there, and not his own sollicitation.

Yet to prevent a visit of which her knowledge seemed consent, and which her consent must be most seriously to authorise, she deemed as indispensable to her character, as to her fears. She hesitated therefore not a moment

ment in preferring writing to a meeting ; and after various conversations, and various essays, the following billet was dispatched to Clarendel Place, through the means of Molly Mill, and by her friend Tommy Hodd.

To Sir Sedley Clarendel.

I SHOULD ill return what I owe to Sir Sedley Clarendel by causing him any useless trouble I can spare him. He spoke of a visit hither this evening, when I was too much hurried to represent that it could not be received, as my brother's residence is at Ethrington, and my father and my uncle have not the honour to be known to Sir Sedley. For me, my gratitude must ever be unalterable ; and where accident occasions a meeting, I shall be most happy to express it ; but I have nothing to say, nothing to offer, that could recompense one moment of Sir Sedley's time given voluntarily to such a visit.

CAMILLA TYROLD.

Ill as this letter satisfied her, she could devise nothing better ; but though her sisters had both thought it too rigorous, she would not risk any thing gentler.

During the dinner, they all appeared absent and dejected ; but Sir Hugh attributed it to the non-arrival of Clermont in watching for whom his own time was completely occupied, by examining two weather-cocks, and walking from one to the other, to see if they agreed, or how they changed ; Indiana was wholly engrossed in consultations with Miss Margland, upon the most becoming dress for a bride's maid ; and Mr. Tyrold having observed that his three girls had spent the morning together, concluded Camilla had divulged to them her unhappy perplexity, and felt soothed himself in considering she had soothers so affectionate and faithful.

Early in the evening Tommy Hodd arrived, and Molly Mill brought Camilla the following answer of Sir Sedley.

Mis

Miss Camilla Tyrold.

AH! what in this lower sphere can be unchequered, when even a correspondence with the most lovely of her sex, brings alarm with its felicity? Must I come, then, to Cleves, fair Insensible, but as a visitor to Mr. Lionel? Have you taken a captive only to see him in fetters? Allured a victim merely to behold him bleed? Ah! to-morrow, at least, permit the audience that to-day is denied, and at your feet, let your slave receive his doom.

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

Camilla turned cold. She shrunk from a remonstrance she conceived she had merited, and regarded herself to be henceforth either culpable or unhappy. Unacquainted with the feminine indulgence which the world by long prescription, grants to coquetry, its name was scarcely known to her; and she saw in its own native egotism the ungenerous desire to please, where she herself was indifferent, and anticipated from Sir Sedley reproach, if not contempt. No sophistications of custom had warped the first innocence of her innate sense of right, and to trifle with the feelings of another for any gratification of her own, made success bring a blush to her integrity, not exultation to her vanity.

The words *victim* and *bleeding*, much affected the tender Lavinia, while those of *fetters*, *captive*, and *insensible*, satisfied the heroic Eugenia that Sir Sedley deserved the hand of her sister; but neither of them spoke.

"You say nothing?" cried Camilla turning paler and paler, and sitting down lest she should fall.

They both wept and embraced her, and Eugenia said, if, indeed, she could not conquer her aversion, she saw no way to elude the baronet, but by openly confessing her repugnance, in the conversation he demanded.

Camilla saw not less strongly the necessity of being both prompt and explicit; but how receive Sir Sedley
at

at Cleves? and upon what pretence converse with him privately? Even Lionel the next day was to return to the university, though his presence if he staid, would, in all probability, but add to every difficulty.

At length, they decided, that the conference should take place at the Grove; and to prevent the threatened visit of the next day, Camilla wrote the following answer:

To Sir Sedley Clarendel.

I SHOULD be grieved, indeed, to return my obligations to Sir Sedley Clarendel by meriting his serious reproach; yet I cannot have the honour of seeing him at Cleves, since my brother is immediately quitting it for Oxford. As soon as I hear Mrs. Arlbery is again at the Grove, I shall wait upon her, and always be most happy to assure Sir Sedley of my gratitude, which will be as lasting as it is sincere.

CAMILLA TYROLD.

Though wretched in this strange state of things, she knew not how to word her letter more positively, since his own, notwithstanding its inferences, had so much more the style of florid gallantry than plain truth. Molly Mill undertook that Tommy Hodd should carry it early the next morning.

* * * *

Lionel was so enraged at the non-appearance of the young baronet at night, that Camilla was compelled to confess she had promised to see him, and to give him his answer at Mrs. Arlbery's. He was out of humour, nevertheless, lest Sir Sedley should be affronted by the delay, and feared that the best match in the whole county would prove abortive, from his sister's foolish trimmings, and silly ignorance of life.

C H A P. XXIX.

A Proposal of Marriage.

THE increasing depression of Camilla, and the melancholy of her sympathising sisters, though still attributed to the adverse wind by the compass-watching baronet, escaped not the notice of Mr. Tyrold; who, alarmed for the peace of his daughter, determined to watch for the first quiet opportunity of investigating her actual situation.

Lionel, after breakfast, the next morning, was obliged to relinquish waiting for Clermont, and to set off for Oxford. He contrived to whisper to Camilla, that he hoped she would be a good girl at last, and not play the fool; but, finding she only sighed, he laughed at her calamitous state, in becoming mistress of fifteen thousand per annum, only by the small trouble of running over a short ceremony; and, assuring her he would assist her off with part of the charge, if it were too heavy for her, bid her inform him in time of the propitious day.

Camilla, shortly after, saw from her window, galloping full speed across the park to the house, Major Cerwood. She suspected her tormenting brother to have been again at work; nor was she mistaken. He had met with the Major at the hotel at Tunbridge, while his spirits, always violent, were in a state of almost intoxication of delight, at the first idea of such an accession to his powers of amusement, as a new brother rolling in immense wealth, which he already considered as nearly at his own disposal. High wrought, therefore, for what he deemed good sport, he confirmed what he had asserted at the ball at Northwick, of the expectations of Camilla from Sir Hugh, by relating the public fact, of her having been announced, to the

the family and neighbourhood, for his uncle's heiress, at ten years of age; and only sinking, in his account, the revocation made so soon after in favour of Eugenia. To this, he added his advice, that no time was to be lost, as numberless new suitors were likely to pursue her from Tunbridge.

The Major, upon alighting, inquired for Sir Hugh, deeming Mr. Tyrold of little consequence, since it was not from him Camilla was to inherit her fortune.

The baronet, as usual, was watching the winds and the clouds; but, concluding whoever came would bring some news from Clermont, received the Major with the utmost cordiality, saying: "I see, sir, you are a stranger; by which I suppose you to be just come from abroad; where, I hope you left all well?"

"I am just come, sir," answered the Major, "from Tunbridge, where I had the honour, through my acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery, of meeting daily with your charming niece; an honour, sir, which must cause all the future happiness or misery of my life."

He then made a declaration, in form, of the most ardent passion for Camilla; mentioned his family, which was an honourable one; talked of his expectations with confidence, though vaguely; and desired to leave the disposition of the settlement wholly to the Baronet; who he hoped, would not refuse to see his elder brother, a gentleman of fortune in Lincolnshire, who would have the honour to wait upon him at any time he would be so good as to appoint, upon this momentous affair.

Sir Hugh heard this harangue with consternation. The Major was in the prime of life, his person was good, his speech was florid, his air was assured, and his regimentals were gay. Not a doubt of his success occurred to the Baronet; who saw, in one blow, the darling scheme of his old age demolished in the deprivation of Camilla.

The Major impatiently waited for an answer; but Sir Hugh was too much disordered to frame one; he walked up and down the room, muttering, in a desponding

sponding manner, to himself, "Lord, help us! what a set of poor weak mortals we are, we poor men! The best schemes and plans in the world always coming to nothing before we can bring them about! I'll never form another while I live, for the sake of this one warning. Nobody knows, next, but what Clermont will be carrying off Eugenia to see foreign parts! and then comes some other of these red-coats to take away Indiana; and, after doing all for the best so long, I may be left all alone, except just for Mrs. Margland and the Doctor! that I don't take much pleasure in, Lord help me! except as a Christian, which I hope is no sin."

At length endeavouring to compose himself, he sat down, and said, "So you are come, sir, to take away from me my own particular little niece? which is a hard thing upon an uncle, intending her to live with him. However, I don't mean to find fault; but I can tell you this one thing, sir, which I beg you to remember; which is, if you don't make her happy, you'll break my heart! For she's what I love the best in the world, little as I've made it appear, by not leaving her a shilling. For which sake, however, I can't but respect you the more for coming after her, instead of Eugenia."

"Sir?" cried the Major, amazed.

"The other two chaps," continued he, "that came about us not long ago, wanted to make their court to Eugenia and Indiana; as well as another that came to the house when I was ill, in the same coat as yourself, by what I can gather from the description; but never a one has come to Camilla yet, except yourself, because my brother can spare her but a trifle, having another young girl to provide for, besides Lionel; which is the most expensive of them all, poor boy! never having enough, by the reason Oxford is so dear, as suppose."

The Major now wore an air of surprise and uneasiness that Sir Hugh began to observe, but attributed to his unpleasant reception of his proposals. He begged his pardon, therefore, and again assured him of his respect for
a choice

a choice so little mercenary, which he looked upon as a mark of a good heart.

The Major, completely staggered, and suspecting the information of Lionel to be ill grounded, if not purposely deluding, entreated his permission to wait upon him again; and offered for the present to take leave.

Sir Hugh, in a melancholy voice, said, he would first summon his niece! as he could not answer it to his conscience preventing the meeting, unless she gave him leave.

He then rang the bell, and told Jacob to call Camilla.

Major Cerwood was excessively distressed. To retreat seemed impossible; yet to connect himself without fortune, when he thought he was addressing a rich heiress, was a turn of fate he scarcely knew how either to support or to parry. All that, in this haste, he could resolve, was, to let the matter pass for the moment, and then insist upon satisfaction from Lionel, either in clearing up the mistake, or taking upon himself its blame.

When Camilla appeared, the disturbance of Sir Hugh still augmented; and he could hardly articulate, "My dear, in the case you are willing to leave your family, here's a gentleman come to make his addresses to you; which I think it right you should know, though how I shall struggle through it, if I lose you, is more than my poor weak head can tell; for what shall I do without my dear little girl, that I thought to make the best comfort of my old age? which, however, I beg you not to think of in case this young captain's more agreeable."

"Ah! my dear uncle!" cried she, "your Camilla can never return half the comfort she receives from you! keep me with you still, and ever! I am much obliged to Major Cerwood. I beg him to accept my sincerest thanks; but to pardon me when I assure him, they are all I have to offer him."

Repulse was not new to the Major; who, in various country towns had sought to retrieve his affairs by
some

some prudent connection; his pride, however, had never so little suffered as on the present occasion, for his apprehension of error or imposition had removed from him all thought of even the possibility of a refusal; which, now, therefore, unexpectedly and joyfully obviated his embarrassment, and enabled him to quit the field by an honourable retreat. He bowed profoundly, called himself, without knowing what he said, the most unhappy of men; and, without risking one solicitation, or a moment for repentance, hastily took leave, with intention, immediately, to demand an explanation of Lionel.

But he had not escaped a mile from the house, ere he gave up that design, from anticipating the ridicule that might follow it. To require satisfaction for a young lady's want of fortune, however reasonable, would always be derided as ludicrous. He resolved therefore, quietly to put up with the rejection; and to gather his next documents concerning the portion of a fair damsel, from authority better to be relied upon than that of a brother.

Sir Hugh for some time, discovered not that he had retired. Enchanted by so unexpected a dimission, his favourite scheme of life seemed accorded to him, and he pressed Camilla to his bosom, in a transport of joy. "We shall live together, now, I hope," he cried, "without any of these young chaps coming in again to part us. Not that I would object to your marrying, my dear girl, if it was with a relation, like Eugenia, or, with a neighbour, like Indiana, if it had not been for its going off; but to see you taken away from me by a mere stranger, coming from distant parts, and knowing nothing of any of us, is a thing that makes my heart ache but to think of; so I hope it will happen no more; for these trials do no good to my recovery."

Turning round, then, with a view to say something consolatory to the Major, he was seriously concerned to find him departed. "I can't say," he cried, "I had any intention to send him off so short, his meaning not being bad, considering him in the light of a person in love; which

which is a time when a man has not much thought, except for himself, by what I can gather."

He then proposed a walk, to watch if Clermont were coming. The wind, he acknowledged, was indeed contrary; but, he did not doubt, upon such a particular occasion, his good lad would not mind such difficulties.

C H A P. XXX.

A Bull-Dog.

SIR HUGH called upon his other nieces to join him; purposing to stroll to the end of a lane which led to the London road.

Camilla accompanied the party in the most mournful silence. The assuming letter she had received; the interview she should have to sustain; and her apparent dependance upon Sir Sedley, sinking her into complete despondence.

When they came to the high road, Sir Hugh made a stop, and bid every body look sharp.

A horseman was seen advancing full gallop. By his figure he appeared to be young; by his pace, in uncommon speed.

"That's him," cried Sir Hugh, striking his stick upon the ground, and smiling most complacently; "I said he would not mind the wind, my dear Eugenia! what's the wind, or the waves either, to a lover? which is a thing, however, that I won't talk about; so don't be ashamed, my dear girl, nobody knowing what we mean."

Eugenia

Eugenia looked down; deeply colouring, and much regretting the lameness that prevented her running back, to avoid so public and discountenancing a meeting.

The horseman now came up to them, and was preparing to turn down the lane; when all at once, they perceived him to be Edgar Mandlebert.

He had left Tunbridge in a manner not more abrupt than comfortless. His disappointment in the failure of Camilla at the rooms had been as bitter, as his expectations from the promised conference had been animated. When Lionel appeared, he inquired if his sister were absent from illness.—No; she was only writing a letter. To take this moment for such a purpose, be the letter what it might, seemed sporting with his curiosity and warm interest in her affairs; and he went back, mortified and dejected, to his lodgings; where, just arrived by the stage, he found a letter from Dr. Marchmont, acquainting him with his return to his rectory. In this suspensive state of mind, to cast himself upon his sagacious friend seemed a relief the most desirable: but, while considering whether first to claim from Camilla her promised communication, the voice of Lionel issuing from the room of Major Cerwood, struck his ears. He darted forth, and accompanied the youth to his horse, who was setting out upon some expedition, in the dark; and then received information, under the pretence of great secrecy, that Major Cerwood was going immediately to ask leave of absence, and proceed straight to Hampshire, with his final proposals of marriage with Camilla. He now concluded this was the subject upon which she had meant to consult with him; but delicacy, pride, and hope all combated his interference. He determined even to avoid her, till the answer should be given. “I must owe her hand,” cried he, “to her heart, not to a contest such as this; and, if impartially and unbiassed, the Major is refused, no farther cruel doubt, no torturing hesitation, shall keep me another minute from her feet!” With the dawn, therefore, he sat out for Hampshire; but, fixed to avoid Cleves, till he could learn that the Major’s

Major's visit were over, he devoted his mornings to rides, and his evenings to Dr. Marchmont, till now, a mile or two from the Park, he had met the Major himself, and concluded the acceptance or the rejection decided. They merely touched their hats as they passed each other; and he instantly took the route which the Major was quitting.

In the excess of his tribulation, he was galloping past the whole group, without discerning one of its figures; when Sir Hugh called out, "Why it's young Mr. Edgar! So now we've walked all this way for nothing! and Clermont may be still at Jericho, or at Rome, for any thing we know to the contrary!"

Edgar stopt short. He felt himself shiver at sight of Camilla, but dismounted, gave his horse to his groom, and joined the party.

Eugenia recovering, now fearlessly looked up; but Camilla, struck and affected, shook in every limb, and was forced to hold by Lavinia.

Edgar called upon his utmost presence of mind to carry him through what he conceived to be a final trial. He spoke to Sir Hugh, and compelled himself to speak separately to every one else; but, when he addressed Camilla, to whom he said something not very distinctly, about Tunbridge, she curtsied to him slightly, and turned away, without making any answer. Her mind, taking suddenly a quick retrospection of all that had passed between them, presented him to her view as uncertain and delusive; and, casting upon him, internally, the whole odium of her present distress, and her feelings were so indignant, that, in her present desperate state, she deemed it beneath her to disguise them, either from himself or the world.

Edgar, to whose troubled imagination every thing painted his rival, concluded the Major had been heard with favour; and his own adverse counsel was now recollected with resentment.

Sir Hugh, far more fatigued by his disappointment than by his walk, said he should go no further, as he found it in vain to expect Clermont; and accepted the arm of Edgar to aid his stick in helping him home.

Camilla, still leaning upon Lavinia, mounted a little bank, which she knew Sir Hugh could not ascend, that she might walk on where Edgar could not join her; involuntarily ejaculating, "Lavinia! if you would avoid deceit and treachery, look at a man as at a picture, which tells you only the present moment! Rely upon nothing of time to come! They are not like us, Lavinia. They think themselves free, if they have made no verbal profession; though they may have pledged themselves by looks, by actions, by attentions, and by manners, a thousand, and a thousand times!"

Edgar observed her avoidance with the keenest apprehension; and, connecting it with her failure at the rooms, imagined the Major had now influenced her to an utter aversion of him.

Sir Hugh meanwhile, though wholly unheard, related, in a low voice, to Edgar, the history of his preparations for Clermont; begging him, however, to take no notice of them to Eugenia: and, then, adding, "Very likely, Mr. Edgar, you are just come from Tunbridge! and, if so, you may have met with that young Captain that has been with us this morning; who, I understand to be a Major?"

Edgar was thrown into the utmost trepidation; the artless openness of Sir Hugh gave him every reason to suppose he should immediately gather full intelligence, and all his peace and all his hopes might hang upon another word. He could only bow to the question; but before Sir Hugh could go on, a butcher's boy, who was riding by, from a wanton love of mischief, gave a signal to his attending bull-dog, to attack the old spaniel that accompanied Sir Hugh.

Sustained by his master many a year, the proud old favourite, though unequal to the combat, disdained to fly; and the fierce bull-dog would presently have demolished him, had not Edgar, recovering all his vigour from his earnest desire to rescue an animal so dear to Sir Hugh, armed himself with the baronet's stick, and thrust it dexterously across the jaws of his intended antagonist.

Nothing,

Nothing, however, could withstand the fangs of the bull-dog; they soon severed it, and, again, he made at the spaniel; but Edgar rushed between them, with no other weapons than the broken fragments of the stick: and, while the baronet and Eugenia screamed out to old Rover to return to them, and Lavinia, with more readiness of common sense, exerted the fullest powers of which her gentle voice was capable, to conjure the wicked boy to call off his dog, Camilla, who was the last to look round at this scene, only turned about as the incensed and disappointed bull-dog, missing his object, aimed at Edgar himself. Roused at once from her sullen calm to the most agonising sensibility, every thing and every body, herself most of all, were forgotten in the sight of his danger; and, with a piercing shriek, she darted down the bank, and arrived at the tremendous spot, at the same instant that the more useful exhortations of Lavinia, had induced the boy to withdraw the fierce animal; who, with all his might, and all his fury, obeyed the weak whistle of a little urchin he had been bred to love and respect, for bringing him his daily food.

Camilla perceived not if the danger were impending, or over; gasping, pale, and agitated, she caught Mandlebert by the arm, and, in broken accents, half pronounced, "O Edgar!----are you hurt?"

The revulsion that had operated in her mind took now its ample turn in that of Mandlebert; he could hardly trust his senses, hardly believe he existed; yet he felt the pressure of her hand upon his arm, and saw in her countenance terror the most undisguised, and tenderness that went straight to his soul. "Is it Camilla," he cried, "who thus speaks to me?----Is not my safety or my destruction alike indifferent to Camilla?"

"O no! O no!" cried she, scarce conscious she answered at all, till called to recollection by his own changed looks; changed from incredulity and amazement to animation that lightened up every feature, to eyes that shot fire. Abashed, astonished, ashamed, she precipitately drew away her hand, and sought quietly to retire.

But Edgar was no longer master of himself; he conceived he was on a pinnacle, whence he could only, and without any gradation, turn to happiness or despair. He followed her, trembling and uncertain, his joy fading into alarm at her retreat, his hope transforming into apprehension at her resumed coldness of demeanor. "Do you repent," he cried, "that you have shewn me a little humanity?---will the Major---the happy Major!---be offended you do less than detest me?"

"The Major!" repeated she, looking back, surprised, "can you think the Major has any influence with me?"

"Ah, Heaven!" he cried, "what do you say!"---

Enchanted, affrighted, bewildered, yet silent, she hurried on; Edgar could not forget himself more than a moment; he forbore, therefore, to follow, and, though with a self-denial next to torture, returned to Sir Hugh, to whom his arm was doubly necessary, from the scene he had just witnessed, and the loss of his stick.

The butcher's boy and his bull-doy were decamped; and the baronet and Eugenia were rivalling each other in fondling the rescued spaniel, and in pouring thanks and praises unlimited upon Edgar.

They then walked back as before; and, as soon as they re-entered the mansion, the female party went up stairs, and Sir Hugh, warmly shaking Edgar by the hand, said: "My dear Mr. Edgar, this is one of the happiest days of my life, except just that of my nephew's coming over, which it is but right to put before it. But here, first, my dear Camilla's refused that young Captain, who would have carried her the Lord knows where, immediately, as I make no doubt: and next, I've saved the life of my poor old Rover, by the means of your good-nature."

"Refused?" cried Edgar; "my dear Sir Hugh!—did you say refused?"

Sir Hugh innocently gratified him with the repetition of the word, but begged him not to mention it, "For fear," he said, "it should hurt the young man when he falls in love somewhere else; which I heartily hope

he will do soon, poor gentleman! for the sake of its not fretting him."

"Miss Camilla, then, has refused him?" again repeated Edgar, with a countenance that, to any man but the baronet, must have betrayed his whole soul.

"Yes, poor gentleman! this very morning; for which I am thankful enough: for what do we know of those young officers, who may all be sent to the East Indies, or Jamaica, every day of their lives? Not but what I have the proper pity for him, which, I hope, is all that can be expected."

Edgar walked about the room, in a perturbation of hope, fear, and joy, that disabled him from all further appearance of attention. He wished to relate this transaction to Dr. Marchmont, yet dreaded any retarding advice; he languished to make Camilla herself the sole mistress of his destiny: the interest she had shewn for his safety seemed to admit but one interpretation; and, finally, he resolved to stay at Cleves till he could meet with her alone.

Camilla had not uttered a word after the adventure of the bull-dog. The smallest idea that she could excite the least emotion in Edgar, brought a secret rapture to her heart, that, at any former period, would alone have sufficed to render her happy: but, at this instant of entanglement with another, she revolted from the indulgence of such pleasure; and instead of dwelling, as she would have done before, on the look, the accent, the manner, that were susceptible, by any construction, of partiality, she checked every idea that did not represent Edgar as unstable and inconsistent; and sought, with all her power, to regard him as Mrs. Arlbery had painted him, and to believe him, except in a few casual moments of caprice, insensible and hard of heart.

Yet this entanglement, in which, scarce knowing how, she now seemed to be entwined with Sir Sedley, grew more and more terrific; and when she considered that her sisters themselves thought her independence gone, and her honour engaged, she was seized with so much wonderment, how it had all been brought about, that

that her understanding seemed to play her false, and she believed the whole a dream.

C H A P. XXXI.

An Oak Tree.

WHEN the sisters were summoned down stairs to dinner, planted at the door, ready to receive them at their entrance, stood Edgar. Lavinia and Eugenia addressed him as usual; but Camilla could not speak, could not return his salutation, could not look at him. She sat hastily down in her accustomed place by her uncle, and even the presence of her father scarcely restrained her tears, as she contrasted the hopeless uncertainties of Edgar, with the perilous pursuit of Sir Sedley.

Edgar, for the first time, saw her avoidance without suspecting that it flowed from repugnance. The interest she had shewn for his safety was still bounding in his breast, and as, from time to time, he stole a glance at her, and observed her emotion, his heart whispered him the softest hopes, that soon the most perfect confidence would make every feeling reciprocal.

But these hopes were not long without alloy; he soon discerned something that far exceeded what could give him pleasure in her perturbation; he read in it not merely hurry and alarm, but suffering and distress.

He now ventured to look at her no more; his confidence gave place to pity; he saw she was unhappy, and breathed no present wish but to relieve and console her.

When the dessert was served, she was preparing to retire; but she caught the eye of her father, and saw she

she should not long be alone ; she re-seated herself, therefore, in haste, to postpone, at least, his scrutiny.

Every body, at length, arose, and Sir Hugh proposed that they should all walk in the park, during his nap, but keep close to the pales, that they might listen for all passengers, in case of Clermont's coming.

To this, also, Camilla could make no objection, and they set out. She took an arm of each sister, and indulged the heaviness of her heart in not uttering a word.

They had not gone far when a servant ran after Mr. Tyrold with a packet, just arrived, by a private hand, from Lisbon. He returned to read it in his own room ; Lavinia and Eugenia accompanied him to hear its contents, and Camilla, for the first time, seemed the least affectionate of his daughters ; she durst not encounter him but in the mixt company of all the house ; she told Lavinia to make haste back with the news, and took the arm of Indiana.

The compulsion of uninteresting discourse soon became intolerable ; and no longer chained to the party by the awe of her father, she presently left Indiana to Miss Margland, and perceiving that Edgar was conversing with Dr. Orkborne, said she would wait for her sisters ; and, turning a little aside, sat down upon a bench under a large oak.

Here her painful struggle and unwilling forbearance ended ; she gave free vent to her tears, and thought herself the most wretched of human beings ; she found her heart, her aching heart, more than ever devoted to Mandlebert, filled with his image, revering his virtues, honouring even his coldness, from a persuasion she deserved not his affection, and sighing solely for the privilege to consign herself to his remembrance for life, though unknown to himself, and unsuspected by the world. The very idea of Sir Sedley was horror to her ; she felt guilty to have involved herself in an intercourse so fertile of danger ; she thought over, with severest repentance, her short, but unjustifiable deviation from that transparent openness, and undesigned plainness of conduct, which her disposition as much

as her education ought to have rendered unchangeable. To that, alone, was owing all her actual difficulty, for to that alone was owing her own opinion of any claim upon her justice. How dearly, she cried, do I now pay for the unthinking plan with which I risked the peace of another, for the re-establishment of my own! She languished to throw herself into the arms of her father, to unbosom to him all her errors and distresses, and owe their extrication to his wisdom and kindness. She was sure he would be unmoved by the glare of a brilliant establishment, and that far from desiring her to sacrifice her feelings to wealth and shew, he would himself plead against the alliance when he knew the state of her mind, and recommend to her, so circumstanced, the single life, in the true spirit of christian philosophy and moderation: but all was so closely interwoven in the affairs and ill conduct of her brother, that she believed herself engaged in honour to guard the fatal secret, though hazarding by its concealment impropriety and misery.

These afflicting ruminations were at length interrupted by the sound of feet; she took her handkerchief from her eyes, expecting to see her sisters; she was mistaken, and beheld Mandlebert.

She started and rose: she strove to chase the tears from her eyes without wiping them, and asked what he had done with Dr. Orkborne?

"You are in grief!" cried he in a tone of sympathy; "some evil has befallen you!---let me ask--"

"No; I am only waiting for my sisters. They have just received letters from Lisbon."

"You have been weeping! you are weeping now! why do you turn away from me? I will not obtrusively demand your confidence—yet, could I give you the most distant idea what a weight it might remove from my mind,—you would find it difficult to deny yourself the pleasure of doing so much good!"

The tears of Camilla now streamed afresh. Words so kind from Edgar, the cold, the hard-hearted Edgar, surprised and overset her; yet she endeavoured to hide her face, and made an effort to pass him.

"Is not this a little unkind?" cried he, gravely; "however, I have no claim to oppose you."

"Unkind" she repeated, and involuntarily turning to him, shewed a countenance so disconsolate, that he lost his self-control, and taking her reluctant hand, said: "O Camilla! torture me no longer!"

Almost transfixed with astonishment, she looked at him for a moment in a speechless wonder; but the interval of doubt was short; the character of Edgar, for unalienable steadiness, unalterable honour, was fixed in her mind, like "truths from holy writ," and she knew, with certainty incontrovertible, that his fate was at her disposal, from the instant he acknowledged openly her power over his feelings.

Every opposite sensation, that with violence the most ungovernable could encounter but to combat, now met in her bosom, elevating her to rapture, harrowing her with terror, menacing even her understanding. The most exquisite wish of her heart seemed accorded at a period so nearly too late for its acceptance, that her faculties, bewildered, confused, deranged, lost the capacity of clearly conceiving if still she were a free agent or not.

He saw her excess of disorder with alarm; he sought to draw her again to her seat; but she put her hand upon her forehead, and leant it against the bark of the tree.

"You will not speak to me!" cried he; you will not trust me! shall I call you cruel? No! for you are not aware of the pain you inflict, the anguish you make me suffer! the generosity of your Nature would else, unbidden, impulsively interfere."

"*You suffer! you!*" cried she, again distressfully, almost incredulously, looking at him, while her hands were uplifted with amazement: "I thought you above any suffering! superior to all calamity!----almost to all feeling!—"

"Ah, Camilla! what thus estranges you from candor? from justice? what is it can prompt you to goad thus a heart which almost from its first beating—"

He stopt, desirous to check himself; while penetrated by his softness, and ashamed of what, in the bitterness of her spirit, she had pronounced, she again melted into tears, and sunk down upon the bench; yet holding out to him one hand, while with the other she covered her face: "Forgive me," she cried, "I entreat—for I scarce know what I say."

Such a speech, and so accompanied, might have demolished the stoicism of an older philosopher than Edgar; he fervently kissed her proffered hand, exclaiming: "Forgive you! can Camilla use such a word? has she the slightest care for my opinion? the most remote concern for me, or for my happiness?"

"Farewell! farewell!" cried she, hastily drawing away her hand, "go now, I beseech you!"

"What a moment to expect me to depart! O Camilla! my soul sickens of this suspense! End it generous Camilla! beloved as lovely! my heart is all your own! use it gently, and accept it nobly!"

Every other emotion, now, in the vanquished Camilla, every retrospective fear, every actual regret, yielded to the conquering charm of grateful tenderness; and restoring the hand she had withdrawn: "O Edgar," she cried, "how little can I merit such a gift! yet I prize it—far, far, beyond all worlds!"

The agitation of Edgar was, at first, too mighty and too delicious for speech; but his eyes, now cast up to heaven, now fixed upon her own, spoke the most ardent, yet purest felicity; while her hand, now held to his heart, now pressed to his lips, strove vainly to recover its liberty. "Blest moment" he at length uttered, "that finishes for ever such misery of uncertainty! that gives my life to happiness—my existence to Camilla!"

Again speech seemed too poor for him. Perfect satisfaction is seldom loquacious; its character is rather tender than gay; and where happiness succeeds abruptly to long solicitude and sorrow, its enjoyment is fearful; it softens rather than exhilarates. Sudden joy is sportive, but sudden happiness is awful.

The

The pause, however, that on his side was ecstatic thankfulness, soon became mixt, on that of Camilla, with confusion and remorse: Sir Sedley returned to her memory, and with him every reflection, and every apprehension, that most cruelly could fully each trembling, though nearly gratified hope.

The cloud that so soon dimmed the transient radiance of her countenance, was instantly perceived by Edgar; but as he was beginning the most anxious inquiries, the two sisters approached, and Camilla, whose hand he then relinquished, rushed forward, and throwing her arms around their necks, wept upon their bosoms.

"Sweet sisters!" cried Edgar, embracing them all three in one; "long may ye thus endearingly entwine each other, in the sacred links of affectionate affinity! Where shall I find our common father?—where is Mr. Tyrold?"

The amazed sisters could with difficulty answer that he was with their uncle, to whom he was communicating news from their mother.

Edgar looked tenderly at Camilla, but, perceiving her emotion, forbore to speak to her, though he could not deny himself the pleasure of snatching one kiss of the hand which hung down upon the shoulder of Eugenia; he then whispered to both the sisters: "You will not, I trust, be my enemies?" and hurried to the house.

"What can this mean?" cried Eugenia and Lavinia in a breath.

"It means, said Camilla, "that I am the most distressed—yet the happiest of human beings!"

This little speech, began with the deepest sigh, but finished with the most refulgent smile, only added to their wonder.

"I hope you have been consulting with Edgar," said the innocent Eugenia; "nobody can more ably advise you, since, in generosity to Lionel, you are prohibited from counselling with my father."

Again the most expressive smiles played in every feature through the tears of Camilla, as she turned, with involun-

involuntary archness, to Eugenia, and answered :
“ And shall I follow his counsel, my dear sister, if he gives me any ? ”

“ Why not ? he is wise, prudent, and much attached to us all. How he can have supposed it possible we could be his enemies, is past all divination ! ”

Gaiety was so truly the native growth of the mind of Camilla, that neither care nor affliction could chase it long from its home. The speeches of the unsuspecting Eugenia, that a moment before would have passed unheeded, now regaled her renovated fancy with a thousand amusing images, which so vigorously struggled against her sadness and her terrors, that they were soon nearly driven from the field by their sportive assailants ; and, by the time she reached her chamber, whither, lost in amaze, her sisters followed her, the surprise she had in store for them, the pleasure with which she knew they would sympathise in her happiness, and the security of Edgar's decided regard, had liberated her mind from the shackles of reminiscence, and restored her vivacity to its original spirit.

Fastening, then, her door, she turned to them with a countenance of the brightest animation ; alternately and almost wildly embraced them, and related the explicit declaration of Edgar ; now hiding in their bosoms the blushes of her modest joy, now offering up to Heaven the thanksgiving of her artless rapture, now dissolving in the soft tears of the tenderest sensibility, according to the quick changing impulses of her natural and lively, yet feeling and susceptible character. Nor once did she look at the reverse of this darling portrait of chosen felicity, till Eugenia, with a gentle sigh, uttered : “ Unhappy Sir Sedley Clarendel ! how may this stroke be softened to him ? ”

“ Ah Eugenia ! ” she cried ; “ that alone is my impediment to the most perfect, the most unmixt content ! why have you made me think of him ? ”

“ My dear Camilla,” said Eugenia, with a look of curious earnestness, and taking both her hands, while she seemed examining her face, “ you are then, it seems, in love ? and with Edgar Mandlebert ? ”

Camilla,

Camilla, blushing, yet laughing, broke away from her, denying the charge.

A consultation succeeded upon the method of proceeding with the young Baronet. Tommy Hodd was not yet returned with the answer; it was five miles to Clarendel Place, which made going and returning his day's work. She resolved to wait but this one reply, and then to acknowledge to Edgar the whole of her situation. The delicacy of Lavinia, and the high honour of Eugenia, concurred in the propriety of this confession; and they all saw the urgent necessity of an immediate explanation with Sir Sedley, whose disappointment might every hour receive added weight from delay. Painful, therefore, confusing and distasteful, as was the task, Camilla determined upon the avowal, and as completely to be guided by Edgar in this difficult conjuncture, as if his advice were already sanctioned by conjugal authority.

C H A P. XXXII.

A Call of the House.

EDGAR returned to the parlour with a countenance so much brightened, a joy so open, a confidence so manly, and an air so strongly announcing some interesting intelligence, that his history required no prelude. "Edgar," said Mr Tyrold, "you have a look to disarm care of its corrosion. You could not take a better time to wear so cheering an aspect; I have just learnt that my wife can fix no sort of date for her return; I must borrow, therefore, some reflected happiness; and none, after my children, can bring its sunshine so home to my bosom as yourself."

"What

“What a fortunate moment have you chosen,” cried Edgar, affectionately taking him by the hand, to express this generous pleasure in seeing me happy! will you repent, will you retract, when you hear in what it may involve you?—Dearest sir! my honoured, my parental friend! to what a test shall I put your kindness!—Will you give me in charge one of the dearest ties of your existence? will you repose in my care so large a portion of your peace? will you trust to me your Camilla?”—

With all the ardour of her character, all the keen and quick feelings of her sensitive mind, scarce had Camilla herself been more struck, more penetrated with sudden joy, sudden wonder, sudden gratification of every kind, than Mr. Tyrold felt at this moment. He more than returned the pressure with which Edgar held his hand, and instantly answered, “Yes, my excellent young friend, without hesitation, without a shadow of apprehension for her happiness! though she is all the fondest father can wish;—and though she only who gave her to me is dearer!”

Felicity and tenderness were now the sole guests in the breast of Edgar. He kissed with reverence the hand of Mr. Tyrold, called him by the honoured and endearing title of father; acknowledged that, from the earliest period of observation, Camilla had seemed to him the most amiable of human creatures; spoke with the warm devotion he sincerely felt for her of Mrs. Tyrold; and was breathing forth his very soul in tender rapture upon his happy prospects, when something between a sigh and a groan from the baronet, made him hastily turn round, apologise for not sooner addressing him, and respectfully solicit his consent.

Sir Hugh was in an agitation of delight and surprise almost too potent for his strength. “The Lord be good unto me,” he cried; “have I lived to see such a day as this!” Then, throwing his arms about Edgar’s neck, while his eyes were fast filling with tears, which soon ran plentifully down his cheeks, “Good young Mr. Edgar!” he cried; “good young man! and do you really love my poor Camilla, for all her not being

being worth a penny? And will my dear little darling come to so good an end at last, after being disinherited for doing nothing? And will you never vex her, nor speak an unkind word to her? Indeed, young Mr. Edgar, you are a noble boy! you are indeed; and I love you to the bottom of my old heart for this true good naturedness!"

Then, again and again embracing him, "This is all of a piece," he continued, "with your saving my poor old Rover, which is a thing I shall never forget to my longest day, being a remarkable sign of a good heart; the poor dog having done nothing to offend, as we can all testify. So that it's a surprising thing what that mastiff owed him such a grudge for."

Then quitting him abruptly to embrace Mr. Tyrold, "My dear brother," he cried, "I hope your judgment approves this thing, as well as my sister's, when she comes to hear it, which I shall send off express, before I sleep another wink, for fear of accidents."

"Approved," answered Mr. Tyrold, with a look of the most expressive kindness at Edgar, "is too cold a word; I rejoice, even thankfully rejoice, to place my dear child in such worthy and beloved hands."

"Well, then," cried the enchanted baronet, "if that's the case, that we are all of one mind, we had better settle the business at once, all of us being subject to die by delay."

He then rang the bell, and ordered Jacob to summon Camilla to the parlour, adding, "And all the rest too, Jacob, for I have something to tell them every one, which, I make no doubt, they will be very glad to hear, yourself included, as well as your fellow-servants, who have no right to be left out; only let my niece come first, being her own affair."

Camilla obeyed not the call without many secret sensations of distress and difficulty, but which, mingled with the more obvious ones of modesty and embarrassment, all passed for a flutter of spirits that appeared natural to the occasion.

Mr. Tyrold could only silently embrace her: knowing what she had suffered, and judging thence the excess

of her present satisfaction, he would not add to her confusion by any information of his consciousness; but the softness with which he held her to his bosom spoke, beyond all words, his heartfelt sympathy in her happiness.

Camilla had no power to draw herself from his arms; but Edgar hovered round her, and Sir Hugh repeatedly and impatiently demanded to have his turn. Mr. Tyrold, gently disengaging himself from her embraces, gave one of her hands to Edgar, who, with grateful joy, pressed it to his lips. "My children!" he then said, laying a hand upon the shoulder of each, "what a sight is this to me! how precious a union! what will it be to your excellent mother! So long and so decidedly it has been our favourite earthly wish, that, were she but restored to me---to her country and to her family---I might, perhaps, require some new evil to prevent my forgetting where---and what I am!"

"My dear brother, I say! my dear niece! My dear Mr. young Edgar!" cried Sir Hugh, in the highest good humour, though with nearly exhausted patience, "won't you let me put in a word? nor so much as give you my blessing? though I can hardly hold life and soul together for the sake of my joy!"

Camilla cast herself into his arms, he kissed her most fondly, saying: "Don't forget your poor old uncle, my dear little girl, for the account of this young Mr. Edgar, because, good as he is, he has taken to you but a short time in comparison with me."

"No," said Edgar, still tenaciously retaining the hand parentally bestowed upon him; "no, dear Sir Hugh, I wish not to rob you of your darling. I wish but to be admitted myself into this dear and respected family, and to have Etherington, Cleves, and Beech Park, considered as our alternate and common habitations."

"You are the very best young man in the whole wide world!" cried Sir Hugh, almost sobbing with ecstasy; "for you have hit upon just the very thing I was thinking of in my own private mind! What a mercy it is our not accepting that young Captain, who would have

run away with her to I don't know where, instead of being married to the very nearest estate in the county, that will always be living with us!"

The rest of the family now, obedient to the direction of Jacob, who had intimated that something extraordinary was going forward, entered the room.

"Come in, come in," cried Sir Hugh, "and hear the good news; for we have just been upon the very point of losing the best opportunity that ever we had in our lives of all living together; which, I hope, we shall now do, without any more strangers coming upon us with their company, being a thing we don't desire."

"But what's the good news, uncle?" said Indiana; "is it only about our living together?"

"Why, yes, my dear, that's the first principal, and the other is, that young Mr. Edgar's going to marry Camilla; which I hope you won't take ill, liking being all fancy."

"Me?" cried she, with a disdainful toss of the head, though severely mortified; "it's nothing to me, I'm sure!"

Camilla ashamed, and Edgar embarrassed, strove now mutually to shew Sir Hugh they wished no more might be said: but he only embraced them again, and declared he had never been so full of joy before in his whole life, and would not be cut short.

Miss Margland, extremely piqued, vented her spleen in oblique sarcasms, and sought to heal her offended pride by appeals for justice to her sagacity and foresight in the whole business.

Jacob, now, opening the door, said all the servants were come.

Camilla tried to escape; but Sir Hugh would not permit her, and the house-keeper and butler led the way, followed by every other domestic of the house.

"Well, my friends," he cried, with her joy, which I am sure you will do of your own accord, for she's going to be mistress of Beech-Park; which I thought would have been the case with my other niece, till I found out my mistake; which is of no consequence
now,

now, all having ended for the best ; though unknown to us poor mortals."

The servants obeyed with alacrity, and offered their hearty congratulations to the blushing Camilla and happy Edgar, Molly Mill excepted ; who, having concluded Sir Sedley Clarendel the man, doubted her own senses, and, instead of open felicitations, whispered Camilla, " Dear Miss, I've got another letter for you ! It's here in my bosom."

Camilla, frightened, said : " Hush ! hush !" while Edgar, imagining the girl, whose simplicity and talkativeness were familiar to him, had said something ridiculous, intreated to be indulged with hearing her remark : but seeing Camilla look grave, forbore to press his request.

The baronet now began an harangue upon the happiness that would accrue from these double unions, for which he assured them they should have double remembrances, though the same preparations would do for both, as he meant they should take place at the same time, provided Mr. Edgar would have the obligingness to wait for a fair wind, which he was expecting every hour.

Camilla could now stay no longer : nor could Edgar, though adoring the hearty joy of Sir Hugh, refuse to aid her in absconding.

He begged her permission to follow, as soon as it might be possible, which she tacitly accorded. She was impatient herself for the important conference she was planning, and felt, with increasing solicitude, that all her life's happiness hung upon her power to extricate herself honourably from the terrible embarrassment in which she was involved.

She fauntered about the hall till the servants came out, anxious to receive the letter which Molly Mill had announced. They all sought to surround her with fresh good wishes ; but she singled out Molly, and begged the rest to leave her for the present. The letter, however, was not unpinned from the inside of Molly's neck handkerchief, before Edgar, eager and gay, joined her.

Trembling

Trembling then, she intreated her to make haste.

"La, Miss," answered the girl, "if you hurry me so, I shall tear it as sure as can be; and what will you say then, Miss?"

"Well---then---another time will do---take it to my room."

"No, no, Miss; the gentleman told Tommy Hodd he wanted an answer as quick as can be; he said, if Tommy'd come a-horseback, he'd pay for the horse, to make him quicker; and Tommy says he always behaves very handsome."

She then gave her the squeezed billet. Camilla, in great confusion, put it into her pocket. Edgar, who even unavoidably heard what passed, held back till Molly retired; and then, with an air of undisguised surprise and curiosity, though in a laughing tone, said, "Must not the letter be read till I make my bow?"

"O yes,"---cried she, stammering, "it may be read---at any time." And she put her hand in her pocket to re-produce it. But the idea of making known the strange and unexpected history she had to relate, by shewing so strange a correspondence, without one leading and softening previous circumstance, required a force and confidence of which she was not mistress. She twisted it, therefore, hastily round, to hide the handwriting of the direction, and, then, with the same care, rolled it up, and encircled it with her fingers.

"Shall I be jealous?" said he, gently, though disappointed.

"You have much reason!" she answered, with a smile so soft, it dispersed every fear, yet with an attention so careful to conceal the address, that it kept alive every wonder. He took her other hand, and, kissing it cried: "No, sweetest Camilla, such unworthy distrust shall make no part of our compact. Yet I own myself a little interested to know what gentleman has obtained a privilege I should myself prize above almost any other. I will leave you, however, to read the letter, and, perhaps, before you answer it---but no---I will ask nothing; I shall lose all pleasure in your confidence,

fidence, if it is not spontaneous. I will go and find your sisters."

The first impulse of Camilla was, to commit to him immediately the unopened letter: but the fear of its contents, its stile, its requisitions, made her terror overpower her generosity; and, though she looked after him with regret, she stood still to break the seal of her letter.

Miss Camilla Tyrold.

Is it thus, O far too fair tormenter! thou delightest to torture? Dost thou give wings but to clip them? raise expectation but to bid it linger? fan bright the flame of hope, but to see it consume in its own ashes? Another delay!—Ah! tell me how I may exist till it terminates! Name to me, O fair tyrant! some period,—or build not upon longer forbearance, but expect me at your feet. You talk of the Grove: its fair owner is just returned, and calls herself impatient to see you. To-morrow, then,—you will not, I trust, kill me again to-morrow? With the sun, the renovating sun, I will visit those precincts, nor quit them till warned away by the pale light of Diana: tell me, then, to what century of that period your ingenious cruelty condemns me to this expiring state, ere a vivifying smile recalls me back to life?

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

The immediate presence of Edgar himself could not have made this letter die the cheeks of Camilla of a deeper red. She saw that Sir Sedley thought her only coquetishly trifling, and she looked forward with nearly equal horror to clearing up a mistake that might embitter his future life, and to acknowledging to Edgar—the scrupulous, the scrutinising, the delicate Edgar—that such a mistake could have been formed.

She was ruminating upon this formidable, this terrible task, when Edgar again appeared, accompanied by her sisters. She hurried the letter into her pocket. Edgar saw the action with a concern that dampst his
spirits

spirits ; he wished to obtain from her immediately the unlimited trust, which immediately, and for ever, he meant to repose in her. They all strolled together for a short time in the park ; but she was anxious to retreat to her room, and her sisters were dying with impatience to read Sir Sedley's letter. Edgar, disturbed to see how little any of their countenances accorded with the happy feelings he had so recently experienced, proposed not to lengthen the walk, but flattered himself, upon re-entering the house, Camilla would afford him a few minutes of explanation. But she only, with a faint smile, said she should soon return to the parlour ; and he saw Molly Mill eagerly waiting for her upon the stairs, and heard her, in reply to some question concerning Tommy Hodd, desire the girl to be quiet till she got to her room.

Edgar could form no idea of what all this meant, yet, that some secret disturbance preyed upon Camilla, that some gentleman wrote to her, and expected impatiently an answer ; and that the correspondence passed neither through her friends, nor by the post, but by the medium of Molly Mill, were circumstances not less unaccountable than unpleasant.

Camilla, meanwhile, produced the letter to her sisters, beseeching their ablest counsel. " See but," she cried, " how dreadfully unprepared is Sir Sedley for the event of the day ! And oh !——how yet more unprepared must be Edgar for seeing that such a letter could ever be addressed to me ! How shall I shew it him, my dear sisters ? how help his believing I must have given every possible encouragement, ere Sir Sedley could have written to me in so assured a style.

Much deliberation ensued ; but they were all so perplexed, that they were summoned to tea before they had come to any resolution.

The counsel of Eugenia, then, prevailed ; and it was settled, that Camilla should avoid, for the present, any communication to Edgar, lest it should lead to mischief between him and the young Baronet, who could not but be mutually displeased with each other ; and that

that the next morning, before she saw Edgar again, she should set out for the Grove, and there cast herself wholly upon the generosity of Sir Sedley ; and, when freed from all engagement, return, and relate, without reserve, the whole history to Edgar ; who would soon be brother of her brother, that he would pardon the faults of Lionel, and who would then be in no danger himself from personal contest or discussion with Sir Sedley. She wrote, therefore, one line, to say she would see Mrs. Arlbery early the next day, and delivered it to Molly Mill ; who promised to borrow a horse of the under-groom, that Tommy Hodd might be back before bed-time, without any obligation to Sir Sedley.

She, then, went down stairs ; when Edgar disappointed by her long absence, sought vainly to recompense it by conversing with her. She was gentle, but seated herself aloof, and avoided his eyes.

His desire to unravel so much mystery he thought now so legitimated by his peculiar situation, that he was frequently upon the point of soliciting for information : but, to know himself privileged, upon further reflection, was sufficient to insure his forbearance. Even when that knot was tied which would give to him all power, he sincerely meant to owe all her trust to willing communication. Should he now, then, make her deem him exacting, and tenacious of prerogative ? no ; it might shackle the freedom of her mind in their future intercourse. He would quietly, therefore, wait her own time, and submit to her own inclination. She could not doubt his impatience ; he would not compel her generosity.

C H A P. XXXIII.

The Triumph of Pride.

THE three sisters were retired, at night, to another council in the room of Camilla, when Molly Mill, with a look of dismay, burst in upon them, bringing, with the answer of Sir Sedley, news that Tommy Hodd, by an accident he could not help, had rode the horse she had borrowed for him of the under-groom to death.

The dismay, now, spread equally to them all. What a tale would this misfortune unfold to Sir Hugh, to Edgar, to the whole house! the debt of Lionel, the correspondence with Sir Sedley, the expectations of the young Baronet—Camilla could not support it, she sent for Jacob to own to him the affair, and beg his assistance.

Jacob, though getting into bed, obeyed the call. He was, however, so much irritated at the loss of the horse, and the boldness of the under-groom, in lending him without leave, that, at first, he would listen to no intreaties, and protested that both the boy and Molly Mill should be complained of to his master. The eloquence, however, of his three young mistresses, for so all the nieces of Sir Hugh were called by the servants at Cleves, soon softened his ire; he almost adored his master, and was affectionately attached to the young family. They begged him, therefore, to buy another horse as like it as possible, and to contrive not to employ it when Sir Hugh was in sight, till they were able to clear up the history to their uncle themselves: this would not be difficult, as the Baronet rarely visited his stables, since his fall, from the melancholy

lancholy with which he was filled by the sight of his horses.

There was to be a fair of cattle in the neighbourhood the next day, and Jacob promised to ride over to see what bargain he could make for them.

They then inquired about what money would be necessary for the purchase.

The cost, he said, of poor Tom Jones was 40l.

Camilla held up her hands, almost screaming. Eugenia, with more presence of mind, said they would see him again in the morning before he went, and then told Molly Mill to wait for her in her own room.

"What can I now do?" cried Camilla; "I would not add the history of this dreadful expence to the sad tale I have already to relate to Edgar for the universe! To begin my career by such a string of humiliations would be insupportable. Already I owe five guineas to Mrs Arlbery, which the tumult of my mind since my return has prevented me from naming to my uncle; and I have left debts at Tunbridge that will probably take up all my next quarter's allowance!"

"As far as these three guineas will go," said Lavinia, taking out her purse, "here, my dearest Camilla, they are;—but how little that is? I never before thought my pittance too small! yet how well we all know my dear father cannot augment it."

Eugenia, who, in haste, had slept to her own room, now came back, and putting twenty guineas into the hand of Camilla, said: "This, my beloved sister, is all I now have by me; but Jacob is rich and good, and will rejoice to pay the rest for us at present; and I shall very soon reimburse him, for my uncle has insisted upon making me a very considerable present, which I shall now, no longer refuse."

Camilla burst into tears, and, hanging about their necks: "O my sisters," she cried, "what goodness is yours! but how can I avail myself of it with any justice? Your three guineas, my Lavinia, your little all—how can I bear to take?"

"Do

"Do not teach me to repine, my dear Camilla, that I have no more! I am sure of being remembered by my uncle on the approaching occasions, and I can never, therefore, better spare my little store."

"You are all kindness! and you, my dear Eugenia, though you have more, have claims upon that more, and are both expected and used to answer them—"

"Yes, I have indeed more!" interrupted Eugenia, "which only sisters good as mine could pardon; but because my uncle has made me his heiress, has he made me a brute? No! whatever I have, must be amongst us all in common, not only now, but—" She stopt, affrighted at the idea she was presenting to herself, and fervently clasping her hands, exclaimed: "O long—long may it be ere I can shew my sisters all I feel for them! they will believe it, I am sure—and that is far happier!"

The idea this raised struck them all, at the same moment, to the heart. Not one of them had dry eyes, and with a sadness overpowering every other consideration, they sighed as heavily, and with looks as disconsolate, as if the uncle so dear to them were already no more.

The influence of parts, the predominance of knowledge, the honour of learning, the captivation of talents, and even the charm of fame itself, all shrink in their effects before the superior force of goodness, even where most simple and uncultivated, for power over the social affections.

* * * *

At an early hour, the next morning, the commission, with the twenty guineas in hand, and the promise of the rest in a short time, were given to Jacob; and Camilla, then, begged permission of her father, and the carriage of her uncle, to visit Mrs. Arlbery, who, she had heard, was just returned to the Grove.

Concluding she wished to be the messenger of her own affairs to that lady, they made no opposition, and she set off before eight o'clock, without entering the

parlour, where Edgar, she was informed, was already arrived for breakfast.

The little journey was terrible to her ; scenes of disappointment and despair on the part of Sir Sedley, were anticipated by her alarmed imagination, and she reproached herself for every word she had ever spoken, every look she had ever given, that could have raised any presumption of her regard.

The last note was written in the style of all the others, and not one ever expressed the smallest doubt of success ; how dreadful then to break to him such news, at the very moment he might imagine she came to meet him with partial pleasure !

Mrs. Arlbery was not yet risen. Camilla inquired, stammering, if any company were at the house. None, was the answer. She then begged leave to walk in the garden till Mrs. Arlbery came down stairs.

She was not sorry to miss her ; she dreaded her yet more than Sir Sedley himself, and hoped to see him a one.

Nevertheless, she remained a full hour in waiting, ruminating upon the wonder her disappearance would give to Edgar, and nearly persuaded some chance had anticipated her account to Sir Sedley, whose rage and grief were too violent to suffer him to keep his appointment.

This idea served but to add to her perturbation, when, at last, she saw him enter the garden.

All presence of mind then forsook her ; she looked around to see if she could escape, but his approach was too quick for avoidance. Her eyes, unable to encounter his, were bent upon the ground, and she stood still, and even trembling, till he reached her.

To the prepossessed notions and vain character of Sir Sedley, these were symptoms by no means discouraging ; with a confidence almost amounting to arrogance he advanced, pitying her distress, yet pitying himself still more for the snare in which it was involving him. He permitted his eyes for a moment to fasten upon her, to admire her, and to enjoy triumphantly her confusion in silence : " Ah, beauteous tyrant !" he then cried ;

" if

"if this instant were less inappreciable, in what language could I upbraid thy unexampled abuse of power? thy lacerating barbarity?"

He then, almost by force, took her hand; she struggled eagerly to recover it, but "No," he cried, "fair torturer! it is now my prisoner, and must be punished for its inhuman sins, in the congealing and unmerciful lines it has portrayed for me."

And then, regardless of her resistance, which he attributed to mere bashfulness, he obstinately and incessantly devoured it with kisses, in defiance of opposition, supplication, or anger, till, suddenly and piercingly, she startled him with a scream, and snatched it away with a force irresistible.

Amazed, he stared at her. Her face was almost convulsed with emotion; but her eyes, which appeared to be fixed, directed him to the cause. At the bottom of the walk, which was only a few yards distant, stood Mandlebert.

Pale and motionless, he looked as if bereft of strength and faculties. Camilla had seen him the moment she raised her eyes, and her horror was uncontrollable. Sir Sedley, astonished at what he beheld, astonished what to think, drew back, with a supercilious kind of bow. Edgar, recalled by what he thought insolence to his recollection, advanced a few steps, and addressing himself to Camilla, said: "I had the commands of Sir Hugh to pursue you, Miss Tyrold, to give you immediate notice that Mr. Lynmere is arrived." He added no more, deigned not a look at Sir Sedley, but rapidly retreated, remounted his horse and galloped off.

Camilla looked after him till he was out of sight, with uplifted hands and eyes, deploring his departure, his mistake, and his resentment, without courage to attempt stopping him.

Sir Sedley stood suspended, how to act, what to judge. If Edgar's was the displeasure of a discarded lover, why should it so affect Camilla? if of a successful one, why came she to meet him? why had she received and answered his notes?

Finding she attempted neither to speak nor move, he again approached her, and saying, "Fair Incomprehensible!" would again have taken her hand; but rousing to a sense of her situation, she drew back, and with some dignity, but more agitation, cried: "Sir Sedley, I blush if I am culpable of any part of your mistake: but suffer me now to be explicit, and let me be fully, finally, and not too late understood. You must write to me no more; I cannot answer nor read your letters. You must speak to me no more, except in public society; you must go further, Sir Sedley—you must think of me no more."

"Horrible!" cried he, starting back; "you distress me past measure!"

"No, no, you will soon—easily—readily forget me."

"Inhuman! you make me unhappy past thought!"

"Indeed I am inexpressibly concerned; but the whole affair—"

"You shock, you annihilate me, you injure me in the tenderest point!"

Camilla now, amazed, cried, "what is it you mean, sir?"

"By investing me, fair barbarian, with the temerity of forming any claim that can call for repulse!"

Utterly confounded by so unexpected a disclaiming of all design, she again, though from far different sensations, cast up her eyes and hands. And is it, she thought, for a trifler such as this, so unmeaning, so unfeeling, I have risked my whole of hope and happiness?

She said, however, no more; for what more could be said? She coloured, past him, and hastily quitting the garden, told the footman to apologise to Mrs. Arlbery for her sudden departure, by informing her that a near relation was just arrived from abroad; and then got into the carriage and drove back to Cleves.

Sir Sedley followed carelessly, yet without aiming at overtaking her, and intreated, negligently, to be heard, yet said nothing which required the smallest answer.

Piqued

Piqued completely, and mortified to the quick, by the conviction which now broke in upon him of the superior ascendance of Mandlebert, he could not brook to have been thought in earnest when he saw he should not have been accepted, nor pardon his own vanity the affront it had brought upon his pride. He sung aloud an opera air till the carriage of Sir Hugh was out of sight, and then drove his phaeton to Clarendel-place, where he instantly ordered his post-chaise, and in less than an hour, set off on a tour to the Hebrides.

CHAP. XXXIV.

A Summons to Happiness.

CAMILLA had but just set out from Cleves, where Sir Hugh, consulting his weather-cocks, which a new chain of ideas had made him forget to examine, saw that the wind was fair for the voyage of his nephew; and heard, upon inquiry, that the favourable change had taken place the preceding day, though the general confusion of the house had prevented it from being heeded by any of the family.

With eagerness the most excessive, he went to the room of Eugenia, and bid her put on a smart hat to walk out with him, as there was no knowing how soon a certain person might arrive.

Eugenia, colouring, said she would rather stay within.

“ Well,”

"Well," cried he, "you'll be neater, to be sure, for not blowing about in the wind; so I'll go take t'other girls."

Eugenia, left alone, became exceedingly fluttered. She could not bear to remain in the house under the notion of so degrading a consideration as owing any advantage to outward appearance; and fearing her uncle, in his extreme openness, should give that reason for her not walking, she determined to take a stroll by herself in the park.

She bent her steps towards a small wood at some distance from the house, where she meant to rest herself and read; for she had learnt of Dr. Orkborne never to be unprovided with a book: But she had not yet reached her place of intended repose, when the sound of feet made her turn round, and, to her utter consternation, she saw a young man, whose boots, whip, and foreign air, announced instantly to be Clement Lynmere.

She doubted not but he was sent in pursuit of her; and though youthful timidity prompted her to shun him, she retained sufficient command over herself to check it, and to stop till he came up to her; while he, neither quickening nor slackening his pace as he approached, passed her with so little attention, that she was presently convinced he had scarce even perceived her.

Disconcerted by a meeting so strange, and so ill timed, she involuntarily stood still, without any other power than that of looking after him.

In a few minutes Molly Mill, running up to her, cried: "Dear Miss, have not you seen young Mr. Lynmere? He come by t'other way just as master, and Miss Margland, and Miss Lynmere, and Miss Tyfold, was gone to meet him by the great gate; and so he said he'd come and look who he could find himself."

Eugenia had merely voice to order her back. The notion of having a figure so insignificant as to be passed, without even exciting a doubt whom she might be, was cruelly mortifying. She knew not how to return to the house, and relate such an incident. She sat down under a tree to recollect herself.

Presently,

Presently, however, she saw the stranger turn quick about, and before she could rise, slightly touching his hat, without looking at her: "Pray, ma'am," he said, "do you belong to that house?" pointing to the mansion of Sir Hugh.

Faintly she answered, "Yes, sir;" and he then added: "I am just arrived, and in search of Sir Hugh and the young ladies; one of them they told me, was this way; but I can trace nobody. Have you seen any of them?"

More and more confounded, she could make no reply. Inattentive to her embarrassment, and still looking every way around, he repeated his question. She then pointed towards the great gate, stammering she believed they went that way. "Thank you;" he answered, with a nod, and then hurried off.

She now thought no more of moving nor of rising; she felt a kind of stupor, in which, fixed, and without reflection, she remained, till, startled by the sound of her uncle's voice, she got up, made what haste she was able to the house by a private path, and ascended to her own room by a back stair-case.

That an interview to which she had so long looked forward, for which, with unwearied assiduity, she had so many years laboured to prepare herself, and which was the declared precursor of the most important æra of her life, should pass over so abruptly, and be circumstanced so awkwardly, equally dispirited and confused her.

In a few minutes, Molly Mill, entering, said: "They're all come back, and Sir Hugh's fit to eat the young squire up; and no wonder, for he's a sweet proper gentleman, as ever I see. Come, miss, I hope you'll put on something else, for that hat makes you look worse than any thing. I would not have the young squire see you such a figure for never so much."

The artlessness of unadorned truth, however sure in theory of extorting admiration, rarely, in practice, fails inflicting pain or mortification. The simple honesty of Molly redoubled the chagrin of her young mistress, who, sending her away, went anxiously to the

the looking-glass, whence, in a few moments, she perceived her uncle, from the window, laughing, and making significant signs to some one out of her sight. Extremely ashamed to be so surprised, she retreated to the other end of the room, though not till she had heard Sir Hugh say: "Ay, ay, she's getting ready for you; I told you why she would not walk out with us, so don't let's hurry her, though I can't but commend your being a little impatient, which I dare say so is she, only young girls can't so well talk about it."

Eugenia now found that Clermont had no suspicion he had seen her. Sir Hugh concluded she had left not her room, and asked no questions that could lead to the discovery.

Presently the baronet came up stairs himself, and tapping at the door, said: "Come, my dear, don't be too curious, the breakfast having been spoilt this hour already; besides your cousin's having nothing on himself but his riding dress."

Happy she could at least clear herself from so derogatory a design, she opened her door. Sir Hugh, surveying her with a look of surprise and vexation, exclaimed: "What my dear! an't you dizen'd yet? why I thought to have seen you in all your best things!"

"No, sir," answered she calmly; "I shall not dress till dinner-time."

"My dear girl," cried he, kindly, though a little distressed how to explain himself; there's no need you should look worse than you can help; though you can do better things, I know, than looking well at any time; only what I mean is, you should let him see you to the best advantage at the first, for fear of his taking any dislike before he knows about Dr. Orkborne, and that."

"Dislike, sir!" repeated she, extremely hurt; "if you think he will take any dislike—I had better not see him at all!"

"My dear girl, you quite mistake me, owing to my poor head's always using the wrong word; which is a remarkable

remarkable thing that I can't help. But I don't mean in the least to doubt his being pleased with you, except only at the beginning, from not being used to you; for as to all your studies, there's no more Greek and Latin in one body's face, than in another's; but, however, if you won't dress, there's no need to keep the poor boy in hot water for nothing."

He then took her hand, and rather dragged than drew her down stairs, saying as they went: I must wish you joy, though, for I assure you he's a very fine lad, and hardly a bit of a coxcomb."

The family was all assembled in the parlour, except Camilla, for whom the baronet had instantly dispatched Edgar, and Mr. Tyrold, who was not yet returned from a morning ride, but from whom Sir Hugh had ordered the great dinner bell to be rung, as a signal of something extraordinary.

Young Lynmere was waiting the arrival of Eugenia with avowed and unbridled impatience. Far from surmising it was her he had met in the park, he had concluded it was one of the maids, and thought of her no more. He asked a thousand questions in a breath when his uncle was gone. Was she tall? was she short? was she plump? was she lean? was she fair? was she brown? was she florid? was she pale? But as she asked them of every body, nobody answered; yet all were in some dismay at a curiosity implying such entire ignorance, except Indiana, who could not, without simpering, foresee the amazement of her brother at her cousin's person and appearance.

"Here's a noble girl for you!" cried Sir Hugh, opening the door with a flourish; "for all she's got so many best things, she's come down in her worst, for the sake of looking ill at the beginning, to the end that there may be no fault to be found afterwards; which is a wisdom that does honour to her education."

This was, perhaps, the first time an harangue from the baronet had been thought too short; but the sur-

prise of young Lynmere, at the view of his destined bride, made him wish he would speak on, merely to annul any necessity for speaking himself. Eugenia aimed in vain to recover the calmness of her nature, or to borrow what might resemble it from her notions of female dignity. The injudicious speech of Sir Hugh, by publicly forcing upon the whole party the settled purpose of the interview, covered her with blushes, and gave a tremor to her frame that obliged her precipitately to seat herself, while her joined hands supplicated his silence.

"Well, my dear, well!" said he, kissing her, "don't let me vex you; what I said having no meaning, except for the best; though your cousin might as well have saluted you before you sat down, I think; which, however, I suppose may be out of fashion now, every thing changing since my time; which, Lord help me! it will take me long enough to learn."

Lynmere noticed not this hint, and they all seated themselves round the breakfast table; Sir Hugh scarce able to refrain from crying for joy, and continually exclaiming: "This is the happiest day of all my life, for all I've lived so long! To see us all together, at last, and my dear boy come home to his native old England!"

Miss Margland made the tea, and young Lynmere instantly and almost voraciously began eating of every thing that was upon the table. Indiana, when she saw her brother as handsome as her cousin was deformed, thought the contrast so droll, she could look at neither without tittering; Lavina observed, with extreme concern, the visible distress of her sister; Dr. Orkborne forbore to ruminate upon his work, in expectation, every moment, of being called upon to converse with the learned young traveller; but Sir Hugh alone spoke, though his delight and his loquacity joined to his pleasure in remarking the good old English appetite which his nephew had brought with him

him from foreign parts, prevented his being struck with the general taciturnity.

The entrance of Mr. Tyrold proved a relief to all the party, though a pain to himself. He suffered in seeing the distressed confusion of Eugenia, and felt something little short of indignation at the supercilious air with which Clermont seemed to examine her; holding his head high and back, as if measuring his superior height, while every line round his mouth marked that ridicule was but suppressed by contempt.

When Sir Hugh, at length, observed, that the young traveller uttered not a syllable, he exclaimed: "Lord help us! what fools it makes of us, being overjoyed! here am I talking all the talk to myself, while my young scholar says nothing! which I take to be owing to my speaking only English; which, however, I should not do, if it was not for the misfortune of knowing no other, which I can't properly call a fault, being out of no idleness, as that gentleman can witness for me; for I'll warrant nobody's taken more pains; but our heads won't always do what we want."

He then gave a long and melancholy detail of his studies and their failure.

When the carriage arrived with Camilla, young Lynmere loitered to a window, to look at it; Eugenia arose meaning to seize the opportunity to escape to her room; but seeing him turn round upon her moving, she again sat down, experiencing, for the first time, a sensation of shame for her lameness, which, hitherto, she had regularly borne with fortitude, when she had not forgotten from indifference; neither did she feel spirits to exhibit again, before his tall and strikingly elegant figure, her diminutive little person.

Camilla entered with traces of a disordered mind too strongly marked in her countenance to have escaped observation, had she been looked at with any attention. But Eugenia and Lynmere ingrossed all eyes and all thoughts. Even herself, at first sight of the husband elect of her sister, lost, for a moment, all personal consideration, and looked at him only with the interesting idea of the future fate of Eugenia. But it was only for a moment; when she turned round, and saw nothing of Edgar,
when

when her uncle's inquiry what had become of him convinced her he was gone elsewhere, her heart sunk, she felt sick, and would have glided out of the room, had not Sir Hugh, thinking her faint for want of her breakfast, begged Miss Margland to make her some fresh tea; adding, "As this is a day in which I intend us all to be happy alike, I beg nobody will go out of the room, for the sake of our enjoying it all together."

This summons to happiness produced the usual effect of such calls; a general silence, succeeded by a general yawning, and a universal secret wish of separation, to the single exception of Sir Hugh, who, after a pause, said, "Why nobody speaks but me! which I really think odd enough. However, my dear nephew, if you don't care for our plain English conversation, which, indeed, after all your studies, one can't much wonder at, nobody can be against you and the Doctor jabbering together a little of your Greek and Latin."

"Lynmere, letting fall his bread upon the table, leaned back in his chair, and, sticking his hands in his side, looked at his uncle with an air of astonishment.

"Nay" continued the baronet, "I don't pretend I should be much the wiser for it; however, it's what I've no objection to hear; so come, Doctor! you're the oldest; break the ice!"

A verse of Horace with which Dr. Orkborne was opening his answer, was stopped short, by the eager manner in which Lynmere re-seized his bread with one hand, while with the other, to the great discomposure of the exact Miss Margland, he stretched forth for the tea-pot, to pour out a basin of tea; not ceasing the libation till the saucer itself, overcharged, sent his beverage in trickling rills from the table-cloth to the floor.

The ladies all moved some paces from the table, to save their clothes; and Miss Margland reproachfully inquired if she had not made his tea to his liking.

"Don't mind it, I beg, my dear boy," cried Sir Hugh; "a little slop's soon wiped up; and we're all friends: so don't let that stop your Latin."

Lynmere, noticing neither the Latin, the mischief,
nor

nor the consolation, finished his tea in one draught, and then said : " Pray, sir, where do you keep all your newspapers ? "

" Newspapers, my dear nephew ? I've got no newspapers : what would you have us do with a mere set of politics, that not one of us understand, in point of what may be their true drift ; now we're all met together o'purpose to be comfortable ? "

" No newspapers, sir ? " cried Lynmere, rising, and vehemently ringing the bell ; and, with a scornful laugh, adding, half between his teeth, " Ha ! ha ! live in the country without newspapers ! a good joke, faith ? "

A servant appearing, he gave orders for all the morning papers that could be procured.

Sir Hugh looked much amazed ; but presently starting up, said, " My dear nephew, I believe I've caught your meaning, at last ; for if you mean, as I take for granted, that we're all rather dull company, why I'll take your hint, and leave you and a certain person together, to make a better acquaintance ; which you can't do so well while we're all by, on account of modesty. "

Eugenia, frightened almost to sickness, caught by her two sisters ; and Mr. Tyrold, tenderly compassionating her apprehensions, whispered to Sir Hugh to dispense with a *tête-à-tête* so early : and, taking her hand, accompanied her himself to her room, composing, and re-assuring her by the way.

Sir Hugh, though vexed, then followed, to issue some particular orders, the rest of the party dispersed, and young Lynmere remained with his sister.

Walking on tiptoe to the door, he shut it, and put his ear to the key-hole, till he no longer heard any footstep. Turning then hastily round, he flung himself, full length, upon a sofa, and burst into so violent a fit of laughter, he was forced to hold his sides.

Indiana, tittering, said, " Well, brother, how do you like her ? "

" Like her ! " he repeated, when able to speak ;
" why

"why the old gentleman doats! He can never, else, seriously suppose I'll marry her."

"He! he! he! yes, but he does, indeed, brother. He's got every thing ready."

"Has he, faith?" cried Lynmere, again rolling on the sofa, almost suffocated with violent laughter: from which suddenly recovering, he started up to stoam to a large looking-glass, and, standing before it, in an easy and most assured attitude, "Much obliged to him, 'pon honour!" he exclaimed: "Don't you think," turning carelessly, yet in an elegant position, round to his sister, "don't you think I am, Indiana?"

"Me, brother? la! I'm sure I think she's the ugliest little fright, poor thing! I ever saw in the world, poor thing! such a little, short, dumpty, hump backed, crooked, limping figure of a fright—poor thing!"

"Yes, yes," cried he, changing his posture, but still undauntedly examining himself before the glass, "he has taken amazing care of me, I confess; matched me most exactly!"

Then sitting down, as if to consider the matter more seriously, he took Indiana by the arm, and, with some displeasure, said, "Why, what does the old quoz mean? Does he want me to toss him in a blanket?"

Indiana tittered more than ever at this idea, till her brother angrily demanded of her, why she had not written herself some description of this young Hecate, to prepare him for her sight? Sir Hugh having merely given him to understand that she was not quite beautiful.

Indiana had no excuse to plead, but that she did not think of it. She had, indeed, grown up with an aversion to writing, in common with whatever else gave trouble, or required attention; and her correspondence with her brother rarely produced more than two letters in a year, which were briefly upon general topics, and read by the whole family.

She now related to him the history of the will, and the vow which only in an imperfect, and but half-credited manner had reached him.

His laughter then gave place to a storm of rage. He called

called himself ruined, blasted, undone ; and abused Sir Hugh as a good-for-nothing dotard, defrauding him of his just rights and expectations.

"Why, that's the reason," said Indiana, "he wants to marry you to cousin Eugenia ; because, he says, it's to make you amends."

This led him to a rather more serious consideration of the affair ; for, he protested the money was what he could not do without. Yet, again parading to the glass, "What a shame, Indiana," he cried, "what a shame would it be to make such a sacrifice ? If he'll only pay a trifle of money for me, and give me a few odd hundreds to begin with, I'll hold him quit of all else, so he'll but quit me of that wizen little stump."

A newspaper, procured from the nearest public house, being now brought, he pinched Indiana by the chin, said she was the finest girl he had seen in England, and whistled off to his appointed chamber.

Clermont Lynmere so entirely resembled his sister in person, that now in his first youth, he might almost have been taken for her, even without change of dress : but the effect produced upon the beholders bore not the same parallel : what in her was beauty in its highest delicacy, in him seemed effeminacy in its lowest degradation. The brilliant fairness of his fore-head, the transparent pink of his cheeks, the pouting vermilion of his lips, the liquid lustre of his languishing blue eyes, the minute form of his almost infantine mouth, and the snowy whiteness of his small hands and taper fingers, far from bearing the attraction which, in his sister, rendered them so lovely, made him considered by his own sex as an unmanly fop, and by the women, as too conceited to admire any thing but himself.

With respect to his understanding, his superiority over his sister was rather in education than in parts, and in practical intercourse with the world, than in any higher reasoning faculties. His character, like his person, wanted maturing, the one being as distinct from intellectual decision, as the other from masculine dignity. He had youth without diffidence, sprightliness without wit, opinion without judgment, and learning without knowledge.

knowledge. Yet, as he contemplated his fine person in the glass, he thought himself without one external fault ; and, early cast upon his own responsibility, was not conscious of one mental deficiency.

C H A P. XXXV.

Offs and Ons.

MR. TYROLD left Eugenia to her sisters, unwilling to speak of Lynmere till he had seen something more of him. Sir Hugh, also, was going, for he had no time, he said, to lose in his preparations ; but Eugenia, taking his arm, besought that nothing of that kind might, at present, be mentioned.

“ Don’t trouble yourself about that, my dear,” he answered ; “ for it’s what I take all into my own hands ; your cousin being a person that don’t talk much ; by which, how can any thing be brought forward, if nobody interferes ? A girl, you know, my dear, can’t speak for herself, let her wish it never so much.”

“ Alas !” said Eugenia, when he was gone, “ how painfully am I situated ! Clermont will surely suppose this precipitance all mine ; and already, possibly, concludes it is upon my suggestion he has thus prematurely been called from his travels, and impeded in his praiseworthy ambition of studying the laws, manners, and customs of the different nations of Europe !”

The wan countenance of Camilla, soon, however, drew all observation upon herself, and obliged her to narrate the cruel adventure of the morning.

The sisters were both petrified by the account of Sir Sedley ; and their compassion for his expected despair was changed into disgust at his insulting impertinence.

They

They were of opinion that his bird and his letters should immediately be returned; and their horror of any debt with a character mingling such presumption with such levity, made Eugenia promise that, as soon as she was mistress of so much money, she would send him, in the name of Lionel, his two hundred pounds.

The bird, therefore, by Tom Hodd, was instantly conveyed to Clarendel-Place; but the letters Camilla retained, till she could first shew them to Edgar,—if this event had not lost him to her for ever, and if he manifested any desire of an explanation.

* * * *

Edgar himself, meanwhile, in a paroxysm of sudden misery, and torturing jealousy, had galloped furiously to the rectory of Cleves.

“O, Doctor Marchmont!” he cried “what a tale have I now to unfold! Within these last twenty-four hours I have been the most wretched—the happiest—and again the most agonized of human beings! I have thought Camilla bestowed upon another,—I have believed her,—oh, Doctor!—my own!—I have conceived myself at the summit of all earthly felicity!—I find myself, at this moment deluded and undone!”

He then detailed the account, calling upon the Doctor to unravel to him the insupportable ænigma of his destiny; to tell him for what purpose Camilla had shewn him a tenderness so bewitching, at the very time she was carrying on a clandestine intercourse with another? with a man, who, though destitute neither of wit nor good qualities, it was impossible she should love, since she was as incapable of admiring as of participating in his defects? To what incomprehensible motives attribute such incongruities? Why accept and suffer her friends to accept him, if engaged to Sir Sedley? why, if seriously meaning to be his, this secret correspondence? Why so early, so private, so strange a meeting? “Whence, Doctor Marchmont, the daring boldness of his seizing her hand? whence the never-to-be-forgotten licence with which he presumed to lift it to his lips,—and there hardily to detain it, so

as never man durst do, whose hopes were not all alive, from his own belief in their encouragement ! explain, expound to me this work of darkness and amazement ; tell me why, with every appearance of the most artless openness, I find her thus eternally disingenuous and unintelligible ? why, though I have cast myself wholly into her power, she retains all her mystery—she heightens it into deceit next perjury ?”

“ Ask me, my dear young friend, why the sun does not give night, and the moon day ; then why women practise coquetry. Alas ! my season for surprise has long been passed ! They will rather trifle, even with those they despise, than be candid even with those they respect. The young baronet, probably has been making his court to her, or she has believed such was his design ; but as you first came to the point, she would not hazard rejecting you, while uncertain if he were serious. She was, possibly, putting him to the test, by the account of your declaration, at the moment of your unseasonable intrusion.”

“ If this, Doctor, is your statement, and if your statement is just, in how despicable a lottery have I risked the peace of my life ! You suppose then—that, if sure of Sir Sedley—I am discarded ?”

“ You know what I think of your situation : can I, when to yet more riches I add a title, suppose that of Sir Sedley less secure ?”

The shuddering start, the distracted look of Edgar, with his hand clapped to his burning forehead, now alarmed the Doctor ; who endeavoured to somewhat soften his sentence, dissuading him against any immediate measures, and advising him to pass over these first moments of emotion, and then coolly to suffer inquiry to take place of decision. But Edgar could not hear him ; he shook hands with him, faintly smiled, as an apology for not speaking ; and hurrying off, without waiting for his servant, galloped toward the New Forest : leaving his absence from Cleves to declare his defection, and bent only to fly from Camilla, and all that belonged to her.

All, however, that belonged to Camilla was precisely

ly what followed him; pursued him in every possible form, clung to his heart-strings, almost maddened his senses. He could not bear to reflect; retrospection was torture, anticipation was horror. To lose thus, without necessity, without calamity, the object of his dearest wishes, —to lose her from mere declension of esteem—

“Any inevitable evil,” he cried, “I could have sustained; any blow of fortune, however severe; any stroke of adversity, however terrible;—but this—this error of all my senses—this deception of all my hopes ——this extinction of every feeling I have cherished”—

He rode on yet harder, leaping over every thing, thoughtless rather than fearless of every danger he could encounter, and galloping with the speed and violence of some pursuit, though wholly without view, and almost without consciousness; as if, hoping by flight, to escape from the degenerate portrait of Camilla: but its painter was his own imagination, and mocked the attempt.

From the other side of a five-barred gate, which, with almost frantic speed, he was approaching with a view to clear, a voice halloo'd to stop him; and, at the same time, a man who was leading one horse, and riding another, dismounted, and called out, “Why, as sure as I'm alive, it's Squire Mandlebert!”

Edgar now, perceiving Jacob, was going to turn back to avoid him; but, restraining this first movement, faintly desired him to stand by, as he had not a moment to lose.

“Good lack!” cried Jacob, with the freedom of an old servant, who had known him from a boy; “why, I would not but have happened to come this way for never so much! why you might have broke your neck, else! Leap such a gate as this here? why I can't let you do no such a thing! Miss Camilla's like a child of my own, as one may say; and she'll never hold up her head again, I'll be bound for it, if you should come to any harm; and, as to poor old master! 'twould go nigh to break his heart.”

Struck with words which, from so faithful an old servant,

vant, could not but be touching, Edgar, was brought suddenly to himself, and felt the claim of the Tyrold family for a conduct more guarded. He endeavoured to put his own feelings apart, and consider how best he might spare those of the friends of Camilla; those of Camilla herself he concluded to be out of his reach, except as they might simply relate to the female pride and vanity of refusing rather than being given up.

He paused, now, to weigh how he might obviate any offence; and, after first resolving to write a sort of general leave-taking, and next, seeing the almost insuperable objections to whatever he could state, determined upon gaining time for deliberation, by merely commissioning Jacob to carry a message to Cleves, that some sudden affairs called him, for the present, to a distant part of the country. This, at such a period, would create a surprise that might lead the way to what would follow; and Camilla, who could not, he thought be much astonished, might then take her own measures for the defection she would see reason to expect.

But Jacob resisted bearing the intelligence: "Good lack, sir," he cried, what have you got in your head! something that will do you no good, I'll be bound, by the look of your eyes, which look as big as if they was both going to drop out; you'd better come yourself and tell'em what's the matter, and speak a word to poor Miss Camilla, or she'll never believe but what some ill has betided you. Why we all knew about it, fast enough, before our master told us; servants have eyes as well as their masters; only Mary will have it she found it out at the first, which an't true, for I saw it by the time you'd been a week in the house; and if you'll take my word, squire, I don't think there's such another heart in the world as Miss Camilla's except just my own old master's."

Edgar leant against his horse, neither speaking nor moving, yet involuntarily listening, while deeply sighing.

"What a power of good she'll do," continued Jacob, "when she's mistress of Beech Park! I warrant she'll go about, visiting the poor, and making them clothes,
and

and broths, and wine possets, and baby-linen, all day long. She has done it at Etherington quite from a child; and when she had nothing to give 'em, she used to take her thread papers and needle books, and sit down and work for them, and carry them bits and scraps of things to help 'em to patch their gowns. Why when she's got your fine fortunes, she'll bring a blessing upon the whole country."

Edgar felt touched; his wrath was softened into tenderness, and he ejaculated to himself: "Such, indeed, I thought Camilla! active in charity, gentle in good works—I thought that in putting my fortune into her hands, I was serving the unhappy,—feeding the indigent,—reviving the sick!"

"Master," continued Jacob, "took a fancy to her from the very first, as well as I; and when master said she was coming to live with us, I asked to make it a holiday for all our folks, and master was as pleased as I. But nobody'd think what a tender heart she's got of her own, without knowing her, because of her singing, and laughing, and dancing so, except when old Miss Margland's in the way, who's what Mr. Lionel calls a Kill-joy at any time. Howbeit, I'll take special care she shan't be by when I tell her of my stopping you from breaking your neck here; but I wish you could be in a corner yourself, to peep at her, without her knowing it; I'll warrant you she'll give me such a smile, you'd be fit to eat her!"

Shaken once more in every resolution, because uncertain in every opinion, Edgar found the indignant desperation which had seized him begin to subside, and his mind again become assailable by something resembling hope. Almost instinctively he remounted his horse, and almost involuntarily—drawn on by hearkening to the praise of Camilla, and fascinated by the details made by Jacob of her regard, accompanied him back to Cleves.

As they rode into the park, and while he was earnestly endeavouring to form some palliation, by which he might exculpate what seemed to him so guilty in the strange meeting and its strange circumstances, he perceived

ceived Camilla herself, walking upon the lawn. He saw she had observed him, and saw, from her air, she seemed irresolute if to re-enter the house, or await him.

Jacob, significantly pointing her out, offered to shew the effect he could produce by what he could relate; but Edgar, giving him the charge of his house, earnestly besought him to retire in quiet, and to keep his opinions and experiments to himself.

Each now, separately, and with nearly equal difficulty, strove to attain fortitude to seek an explanation. They approached each other; Camilla with her eyes fixed upon the ground, her air embarrassed, and her cheeks covered with blushes; Edgar with quick, but almost tottering steps, his eyes wildly avoiding hers, and his complexion pale even to indisposition.

When they were met within a few yards, they stopt; Camilla still without courage to look up, and Edgar striving to speak, but finding no passage for his voice. Camilla, then, ashamed of her situation, raised her eyes, and forced herself to say, "Have you been into the house? Have you seen my cousin Lynmere?"

"No—madam."

Struck with a cold formality that never before, from Edgar, had reached her ears, and shocked by the sight of his estranged and altered countenance, with the cruel consciousness that appearances authorised the most depreciating suspicions, she advanced, and holding out her hand, "Edgar," she gently cried, "are you ill? or only angry?"

"O Camilla!" he answered, "can you deign to use to me such a word? can you distort my dearest affections, convulse my fairest hopes, eradicate every power of happiness—yet speak with so much sweetness—yet look at me with such mildness? such softness—I had almost said—such kindness?"

Deeply affected, she could hardly stand. He had taken her offered hand, but in a manner so changed from the same action the preceding day, that she scarce knew if he touched while he held it, scarce felt that he relinquished, as almost immediately she withdrew it.

But

But her condescension at this moment was rather a new torment than any solace to him. The hand which she proffered, and which the day before he had received as the token of permanent felicity, he had now seen in the possession of another, with every licence, every apparent mark of permitted rapture in which he had been indulged himself. He knew not to whom it of right belonged; and the doubt not merely banished happiness, but mingled resentment with misery.

"I see," cried she, after a mortified pause; "you have lost your good opinion of me—I can only, therefore—" She stooped, but his melancholy silence was a confirmation of her suggestion that offended her into more exertion, and, with sensibility raised into dignity, she added, "only hope your intended tour to the Continent may take place without delay!"

She would then have walked on to the house; but following her, "Is all over?" he cried, "and is it thus, Camilla, we part?"

"Why not?" said she, suppressing a sigh, yet turning back.

"What a question! cruel Camilla! Is this all the explanation you allow me?"

"What other do you wish?"

"All!—every other!—that meeting—those letters—"

"If you have any curiosity yet remaining—only name what you desire."

"Are you indeed so good?" cried he, in a voice that shewed his soul again melting; "those letters, then—"

"You shall have them—every one!" she cried, with alacrity; and instantly taking out her pocket-book, presented him with the prepared packet.

"Penetrated by this unexpected openness and compliance, he snatched her hand, with intent to press it to his lips; but again the recollection he had seen that liberty accorded to Sir Sedley, joined to the sight of his writing, checked him; he let it go; bowed his thanks with a look of grateful respect, and attempting no more to stop her, walked towards the summer-house, to peruse the letters.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Resolutions.

THE sound of the dinner-bell, which rang in the ears of Edgar before he reached his intended retreat, would have been unnoticed, if not seconded by a message from Sir Hugh, who had seen him from his window.

Compelled to obey, though in a state of suspense almost intolerable, he put up the important little packet, and repaired to the dining parlour; where, though none were equally disturbed with himself, no one was at ease. Young Lynmere, under an appearance of mingled assurance and apathy, the effect of acquired conceit, playing upon natural insipidity, was secretly tormented with the rueful necessity of sacrificing either a noble fortune, or his own fine person; Sir Hugh felt a strange disappointment from the whole behaviour of his nephew, though it was what he would not acknowledge, and could not define; Mr. Tyrold saw with much uneasiness the glaringly apparent unsuitableness of the intended alliance; Eugenia had never yet thought herself so plain and insignificant, and felt as if, even since the morning, the small-pox had renewed its ravages, and she had sunk into being shorter; Indiana and Miss Margland were both acutely incensed with Mandlebert; Dr. Orkborne saw but small reason to expect gratitude for his labours from the supercilious negligence of the boasted young student; Lavinia was disturbed for both her sisters; and Camilla felt that all she valued in life depended upon the next critical hour or two.

In this state of general discomfort, Sir Hugh, who could

could never be silent; alone talked. Having long prepared himself to look upon this meeting as a day of happiness, he strove to believe, for a while, the whole family were peculiarly enjoying themselves; but, upon a dead silence, which ensued upon his taking a copious draught of Madeira and water, "Why, my dear nephew," he cried, putting down his goblet, "you don't tell us any thing? which I've no doubt but you know why yourself. However, as we're all met o' purpose to see you, I can't say I should be sorry to hear the sound of your voice, provided it won't be disagreeable."

"We are not much—conversant, sir, in each other's connexions, I believe," answered Lynmere, without ceasing a moment to eat, and to help himself, and ordering a fresh plate at every second mouthful; "I have seen nothing, yet, of your folks hereabouts; and, I fancy, sir, you don't know a great deal of the people I have been used to."

Sir Hugh, having good humouredly acknowledged this to be truth, was at a loss what further to purpose; and, imagining the taciturnity of the rest of the party to proceed from an awe of the knowledge and abilities of his nephew, soon became himself so infected with fear and reverence, that, though he could not be silent, he spoke only to those who were next him, and in a whisper.

When the dessert was served, something like a general relief was effected by the unexpected entrance of Dr. Marchmont. Alarmed by the ungoverned, and, in him, unprecedented, emotions of Edgar, he had been to Beech Park; and, finding he had not returned there, had ridden on, in the most uneasy uncertainty, to inquire for him at Cleves.

Happy to see him safe, though almost smiling to see with whom, he was beginning some excuse for his intrusion, when the baronet saved his proceeding, by calling out, "Well, this is as good a piece of good luck as any we've met with yet! Here's Dr. Marchmont come to wish us joy; and he's as good a scholar as yourself, nephew, for any thing I know to the

contrary, why you need not be so afraid of speaking, for the sake of our not understanding you ; which here's five of us can do now, as well as yourself."

Lynmere, readily concluding Mr. Tyrold and Edgar, with the two Doctors, made four, glanced round the table to see who might be the fifth ; when, supposing it Miss Margland, he withdrew his eyes with a look of derision, and, turning to the butler, asked what wines he might call for.

Sir Hugh then proposed that they should all pair off ; the ignorant ones going one way, and the learned ones staying another.

It would be difficult to say which looked most averse to this proposition, Eugenia, or the young traveller ; who hastily said, " I always ride after dinner, sir. Is your groom at hand ? Can he shew me your horses ?"

" My nephew little suspects," cried Sir Hugh, winking, " Eugenia belongs to the scholars ! Ten to one but he thinks he's got Homer and Horace to himself ! But here, my dear boy, as you're so fond of the classics"—

Clermont, nimbly rising, and knocking down a decanter of water in his haste, but not turning back to look at it, nor staying to offer any apology, affected not to hear his uncle, and flung hastily out of the room, calling upon Indiana to follow him.

" In the name of all the *Diavoli*," cried he, pulling her into the park with him, " what does all this mean ? Is the old gentleman *non compos* ? what's all this stuff he descants upon so freely, of scholars, and classics, and Homer, and Horace ?"

" O you must ask Eugenia, not me !" answered Indiana, scornfully.

" Why, what does Eugenia know of the matter ?"

" Know ? why every thing. She's a great scholar, and has been brought up by Dr. Orborne ; and she talks Greek and Latin."

" Does she so ? then, by the Lord ! she's no wife of mine ! I'd as soon marry the old Doctor himself !

self! and I'm sure he'd make me as pretty a wife. Greek and Latin! why, I'd as soon tie myself to a rod. Pretty sort of dinners she'll give!"

"O dear, yes, brother; she don't care what she eats; she cares for nothing but books, and such kind of things."

"Books! ha! ha! Books, and Latin and Greek! upon my faith, a pretty wife the old gentleman has been so good as to find me! why he must be a down-right driveller!"

"Ah, brother, if we had all that fortune, what a different figure we should cut with it!"

"Why, yes, I rather flatter myself we should. No great need of five thousand a year to pore over books! Ha! ha! faith, this is a good hum enough! So he thinks to take me in, does he?"

"Why, you know, she is so rich, brother."—

"Rich? well, and what am I? do you see such a figure as this," (suddenly skipping before her,) "every day? Am I reduced to my last legs, think you? Do you suppose I can't meet with some kind old dowager any time these twenty years?"

"La, brother, won't you have her then?"

"No, faith, won't I! It's not come to that, neither. This learning is worse than her ugliness; 'twould make me look like a dunce in my own house."

He then protested he had rather lose forty estates, than so be sacrificed, and vowed, without venturing a direct refusal, he would soon sicken the old gentleman of his scheme.

* * * *

Eugenia, in retreating to her room, was again accompanied by her father and her uncle, whom she conjured now, to name her to Clermont no more.

"I can't say I admire these puttings off, my dear," said the baronet, "in this our mortal state, which is always liable to end in our dying. Not that I pretend to tell you I think him over much alert; but there's

no knowing but what he may have some meaning in it that we can't understand ; a person having studied all his life, has a right to a little particularity."

Mr. Tyrold himself now seriously interfered, and desired that, henceforth, Clermont might be treated as if his visit to Cleves was merely to congratulate his uncle upon his recovery ; and that all schemes, preparations, and allusions, might be put aside, unless the youth himself, and with a good grace, brought them forward ; mean while, he and Lavinia would return without delay to Etherington, to obviate all appearance of waiting the decision of any plan.

Sir Hugh was much discomfited by the exaction of such forbearance, yet could the less oppose it, from his own internal discontent with his nephew, which he inadvertently betrayed, by murmuring, in his way to his chamber, " There's no denying but what they've got some odd-fangled new ways of their own, in those foreign parts ; meeting a set of old relations for the first time, and saying nothing to them, but asking for the newspapers ! Lord help us ! caring about the wide world, so, when we know nothing of it, instead of one's own uncles and nephews, and kinspeople !"

* * * *

During this time, Edgar, almost agonised by suspense and doubt, had escaped to the summer-house, whither he was followed by Dr. Marchmont, greatly to the wonder, almost with the contempt of Dr. Orkborne ; whom he quitted, in anxiety for his young friend, just as he had intimated a design to consult him upon a difficult passage in an ancient author, which had a place in his work, that was now nearly ready for the press.

" I know well, Doctor," said Edgar, " that to find me here, after all that has passed, will make you conclude me the weakest of men—but I cannot now explain how it has been brought about—these letters must first tell me if Camilla and I meet more than once again."

He

He then hastily ran over the letters; but by no means hastily could he digest, nor even comprehend their contents. He thought them florid, affected, and presuming; yet vague, studied, with little appearance of sincerity, and less of explicit decision. What related to Lionel, and to aiding him in the disposal of his wealth, seemed least intelligible, yet most like serious meaning; but when he found that the interview at the Grove was by positive appointment, and granted to a request made with a forwardness and assurance so wide from all delicacy and propriety, the blood mounted high into his cheeks, and precipitately putting up the packet, he exclaimed: "Here, then, it ends! the last little ray of hesitation is extinct—extinct to be kindled never more!"

The sound of these last words caused him an emotion of sorrow he was unable to resist, though unwilling to betray, and he hurried out of the summer-house to the wood, where he strove to compose his mind to the last leave-taking upon which he was now determined; but so dreadful was the resolution which exacted from his own mouth the resignation of all that, till now, had been dearest to his views and hopes, that the afternoon was far advanced, before he could assume sufficient courage to direct his steps to the spot where the sacrifice was to be made.

Accusing, himself, then, of weakness unpardonable, he returned to the summer-house, to apologise to Dr. Marchmont for his abrupt retreat; but the Doctor had already re-entered the mansion. Thither, therefore, he proceeded, purposing to seek Camilla, to return her the letters of Sir Sedley, and to desire her commands in what manner to conduct himself with her father and her uncle, in acknowledging his fears that the projected union would fail of affording, to either party, the happiness which, at first, it seemed to promise.

The carriage of Sir Hugh was in waiting at the door, and Mr. Tyrold and Lavinia were in the hall. Edgar, in no condition for such an encounter, would have avoided them; but Mr. Tyrold, little suspecting

ing his desire, rejoiced at the meeting, saying he had had the house searched for him in vain, that he might shake hands with him before his return to Etherington.

Then, taking him apart, "My dear Edgar," he cried, "I have long loved you as tenderly, and I may now confide in you as completely, as if you were my son. I go hence in some inquietude; I fear my brother has been too hasty in making known his view with regard to Clermont; who does not seem equal to appreciating the worth of Eugenia, though it is evident he has not been slack in noticing her misfortunes. I entreat you, during my absence, to examine him as if you were already the brother of that dear child, who merits, you well know, the best and tenderest of husbands."

He then followed Lavinia into the carriage, prevented by his own occupied mind from observing the fallen countenance of Edgar, who, more wretched than ever, bemoaned now the kindness of which he had hitherto been proud, and lamented the paternal trust which he would have purchased the day before almost with life.

* * * *

Camilla, during this period, had gone through conflicts no less severe.

Jacob, who had bought a horse, for which he had cheerfully advanced 20*l.* had informed her of the gate adventure of Edgar, and told her that, but for his stopping him, he was riding like mad from Cleves, and only sending them all a message that he could not come back.

Grieved, surprised, and offended, she instantly determined she would not risk such another mark of his cold superiority, but restore to him his liberty, and leave him master of himself. "If the severity of his judgment," cried she, "is so much more potent than the warmth of his affection, it shall not be his delicacy, nor his compassion, that shall make me his. I will neither be the wife of his repentance nor of his pity.
I must

I must be convinced of his unaltered love, his esteem, his trust—or I shall descend to humiliation, not rise to happiness, in becoming his. Softness here would be meanness ; submission degrading—if he hesitates—let him go !”

She then, without weighing, or even seeing one objection, precipitately resolved to beg permission of her friends, to accept an invitation she had received, without as yet answering, to meet Mrs. Berlington at Southampton, where that lady was going to pass some weeks. She could there, she thought, give the rejection which here its inviolable circumstances made her, for Lionel's sake, afraid to risk ; or she could there, if a full explanation should appease him, find opportunity to make it with equal safety ; his dislike to that acquaintance rather urged than impeded her plan, for her wounded spirit panted to prove its independence and dignity.

Eugenia approved this elevation of sentiment, and doubted not it would shew her again in her true light to Edgar, and bring him, with added esteem, to her feet.

Camilla wept with joy at the idea : “ Ah !” she cried, “ if such should be my happy fate ; if, after hearing all my imprudence, my precipitance, and want of judgment, he should voluntarily, when wholly set free, return to me—I will confess to him every feeling—and every failing of my heart ! I will open to him my whole soul, and cast myself ever after upon his generosity and his goodness—O, my Eugenia ! almost on my knees could I receive—a second time—the vows of Edgar Mandlebert !”

C H A P. XXXVII.

Ease and Freedom.

LYNMERE, at tea-time, returned from his ride, with a fixed plan of frightening or disgusting the baronet from the alliance ; with Eugenia, herself, he imagined the attempt would be vain, for he did not conceive it possible any woman who had eyes could be induced to reject him.

Determined, therefore, to indulge, in full, both the natural presumption and acquired luxuriance of his character, he conducted himself in a manner that, to any thing short of the partiality of Sir Hugh, would have rendered him insupportably offensive : but Sir Hugh had so long cherished a reverence for what he had himself ordered with regard to his studies, and what he implicitly credited of his attainments, that it was more easy to him to doubt his senses, than to suppose so accomplished a scholar could do any thing but what was right.

"Your horses are worth nothing, sir," cried he, in entering ; "I never rode so unpleasant a beast. "I don't know who has the care of your stud ; but whoever it is, he deserves to be hanged."

Sir Hugh could not refuse, either to his justice or his kindness, to vindicate his faithful Jacob ; and for his horses he made as many excuses, as if every one had been a human creature, whom he was recommending to his mercy, with a fear they were unworthy of his favour.

Not a word was said more, except what Miss Margland, from time to time, extorted, by begging questions, in praise of her tea, till Lynmere, violently ringing the bell, called out to order a fire.

Every body was surprised at this liberty, without any previous demand of permission from the baronet,

or

or any inquiry into the feelings of the rest of the company ; and Sir Hugh, in a low voice, said to Eugenia, " I am a little afraid poor Mary will be rather out of humour to have the grate to polish again to-morrow morning, in the case my nephew should not like to have another fire then ; which, I suppose, if the weather continues so hot, may very likely not be agreeable to him."

Another pause now ensued ; Dr. Marchmont, who, of the whole party, was alone, at this time, capable of leading to a general conversation, was separately occupied by watching Camilla ; while himself, as usual, was curiously and unremittingly examined by Dr. Orkborne, in whom so much attention to a young lady raised many private doubts of the justice of his scholastic fame ; which soon, by what he observed of his civility even to Miss Margland, were confirmed nearly to scepticism.

Mary, now, entering with a coal scuttle and a candle, Lynmere, with much displeasure, called out, " Bring wood ; I hate coals."

Mary, as much displeased, and nearly as much humoured as himself, answered that nothing but coals were ever burnt in that grate.

" Take it all away, then, and bid my man send me my pelisse. That I made to cross the Alps in."

" I am very sorry, indeed, nephew," said Sir Hugh, " that we were not better prepared for your being so chilly, owing to the weather being set in so sultry, that we none of us much thought of having a fire ; and, indeed, in my young time, we were never allowed thinking of such things before Michaelmas-day ; which I suppose is quite behind-hand now. Pray, nephew, if it is not too much trouble to you, what's the day for lighting fires in foreign parts ?"

" There's no rule of that sort, now, sir, in modern philosophy ; that kind of thing's completely out ; entirely exploded, I give you my word."

" Well, every thing's new, Lord help me, since I was born ! But pray, nephew, if I may ask, without tiring you too much, on account of my ignorance,

norance, have they fires in summer as well as winter there?"

"Do you imagine there are grates and fires on the Continent, sir, the same as in England? ha! ha!"

Sir Hugh was discountenanced from any further inquiry.

Another silence ensued, broken again by a vehement ringing of the bell.

When the servant appeared, "What have you got," cried Lynmere, "that you can bring me to eat?"

"Eat, nephew! why you would not eat before supper, when here's nobody done tea? not that I'd have you baulk your appetite, which, to be sure, ought to be the best judge."

The youth ordered some oysters.

There were none in the house.

He desired a barrel might immediately be procured; he could eat nothing else.

Still Edgar, though frequent opportunities occurred, had no fortitude to address Camilla, and no spirits to speak. To her, however, his dejection was a revival; she read in it her power, and hoped her present plan would finally confirm it.

A servant now came in, announcing a person who had brought two letters, one for Sir Hugh, the other for Miss Camilla, but who said he would deliver them himself. The baronet desired he might be admitted.

Several minutes passed, and he did not appear. The wonder of Sir Hugh was awakened for his letter; but Camilla, dreading a billet from Sir Sedley, was in no haste.

Lynmere, however, glad of an opportunity to issue orders, or make disturbance, furiously rang the bell, saying: "Where are these letters?"

"Jacob," said the baronet, "my nephew don't mean the slowness to be any fault of yours, it being what you can't help; only tell the person than brought us our letters, we should be glad to look at them, not knowing who they may be from."

"Why

"Why he seems but an odd sort of fish, sir; I can't much make him out; he's been begging some flour to put in his hair; he'll make himself so spruce, he says, we sha'n't know him again; I can't much think he's a gentleman."

He then, however, added he had made a mistake, as there was no letter for his master, but one for Miss Camilla, and the other for Miss Margland.

"For me?" exclaimed Miss Margland, breaking from a scornful silence, during which her under lip had been busy to express her contempt of the curiosity excited upon this subject. "Why how dare they not tell me it was for me? it may be from somebody of consequence, about something of importance, and here's half a day lost before I can see it!"

She then rose to go in search of it herself, but opened the door upon Mr. Dubster.

A ghost, could she have persuaded herself she had seen one, could not more have astonished, though it would more have disinayed her. She drew haughtily back, saying: "Is there nobody else to come?"

The servant answered in the negative, and she retreated to her chair.

Camilla alone was not perplexed by this sight; she had already, from the description, suggested whom she might expect, according to the intimation given by the ever mischievous Lionel.

Miss Margland, concluding he would turn out to be some broken tradesman, prepared herself to expect that the letter was a petition, and watched for an opportunity to steal out of the room.

Mr. Dubster made two or three low bows, while he had his hand upon the door, and two or three more when he had shut it. He then cast his eyes round the room, and espying Camilla, with a leering sort of smile, said: "O, you're there, ma'am! I should find you out in a hundred. I've got a letter for you, ma'am, and another for the gentlewoman I took for your mamma; and I was not much out in my guess, for there's no great difference, as one may say, between a mamma and a governess; only the mother's the more natural, like."

He

He then presented her a letter, which she hastily put up, not daring to venture at a public perusal, lest it might contain not merely something ludicrous concerning Mr. Dubster, to which she was wholly indifferent, but allusions to Sir Sedley Clarendel, which, in the actual situation of things, might be fatally unseasonable.

"And now," said Mr. Dubster, "I must give up my other letter, asking the gentlewoman's pardon for not giving it before; only I was willing to give the young lady her's first, young ladies being apt to be more in a hurry than people a little in years."

This address did not much add to the benevolent eagerness of Miss Margland to read the epistle, and endeavouring to decline accepting it: "Really," she said, "unless I know what it's about, I'm not much used to receiving letters in that manner."

"As to what it's about," cried he, with a half-suppressed smiler, and nodding his head on one side; "that's a bit of a secret, as you'll see when you've read it."

"Indeed, good man, I wish you very well; but as to reading all the letters that every body brings one, it requires more time than I can pretend to have to spare, upon every trifling occasion."

She would then have retired; but Mr. Dubster, stopping her, said: "Why, if you don't read it, ma'am, nobody'll be never the wiser for what I come about, for it's ungain-like to speak for one's self; and the young gentleman said he'd write to you, because, he said, you'd like it the best."

"The young gentleman? what young gentleman?"

"Young squire Tyrold; he said you'd be as pleased as any thing to tell it to the old gentleman yourself; for you was vast fond, he said, of matrimony."

"Matrimony? what have I to do with matrimony?" cried Miss Margland, reddening and bridling; "if it's any vulgar trick of that kind, that Mr. Lionel is amusing himself with, I'm not quite the right

fort of person to be so played upon ; and I desire, mister, you'll take care how you come to me any more upon such errands, lest you meet with your proper deserts."

"Dear heart ! I'm not going to offer any thing uncivil. As to matrimony, it's no great joke to a man, when once he's made his way in the world ; it's more an affair of you ladies by half."

"Of us ? upon my word ! this is a compliment rather higher than I expected. Mr. Lionel may find, however, I have friends who will resent such impertinence, if he imagines he may send who he will to me with proposals of this sort."

"Lauk, ma'am, you need not be in such a fright for nothing ! however, there's your letter, ma'am," putting it upon the table ; "and when you are in better cue, I suppose you'll read it."

Then, advancing to Camilla : "Now, ma'am, let's you and I have a little talk together ; but first, by good rights, I ought to speak to your uncle only I don't know which he is ; 'twill be mortal kind if you'll help a body out."

Sir Hugh was going to answer for himself, when Lynmere, fatigued with so long a scene in which he had no share, had recourse to his friend the bell, calling out, at the same time, in a voice of impatience, "No oysters yet !"

Sir Hugh now began to grow unhappy for his servants ; for himself he not only could bear any thing, but still concluded he had nothing to bear ; but his domestics began all to wear long faces, and, accustomed to see them happy, he was hurt to observe the change. No partiality to his nephew could disguise to him, that, long used to every possible indulgence, it was vain to hope they would submit, without murmuring, to so new a bondage of continual and peremptory commands. Instead of attending, therefore, to Mr Dubster, he considered what apology to offer to Jacob ; who suspecting by whom he was summoned, did not make his appearance till Lynmere had rung again.

"Where

"Where are these oysters?" he then demanded; "have you been eating them?"

"No, sir," answered he surlily; "we're not so sharp set; we live in Old England; we don't come from outlandish countries."

This true John Bullism, Lynmere had neither sense to despise, nor humour to laugh at; and, seriously in a rage, called out, "Sirrah, I'll break your bones!" and lifted up his riding switch, with which, as well as his boots, he had re-entered the parlour.

"The Lord be good unto me!" cried Sir Hugh, "what new ways are got into the world! but don't take it to heart, Jacob, for as to breaking your bones, after all your long services, it's a thing I sha'n't consent to; which I hope my nephew won't take ill."

Affronted with the master, and enraged with the man, Lynmere stroamed petulantly up and down the room, with loud and marked steps, that called, or at least disturbed the attention of every one, exclaiming, at every turning, "A confounded country this! a villainous country! nothing to be had in it! I don't know what in the world to think of that there's any chance I can get!"

Sir Hugh, recovering, said he was sorry he was so badly off; and desired Jacob not to fail procuring oysters if they were to be had within a mile.

"A mile?—ten miles! say ten miles round," cried Lynmere, "or you do nothing; what's ten miles for a thing of that sort?"

"Ten miles, nephew? what? at this time of night! why you don't think, with all your travelling, that when they've got ten miles there, they'll have ten miles to come back, and that makes count twenty."

"Well, Sir, and suppose it was forty; what have such fellows to do better?"

Sir Hugh blessed himself, and Mr. Dubster said to Camilla: "So, ma'am, why you don't read your letter, neither, no more than the gentlewoman; however, I think you may as well see a little what's in it; though I suppose no great matters, being from a lady."

"A lady!

"A lady! what lady?" cried she, and eagerly taking it from her pocket, saw the hand-writing of Mrs. Berlington, and inquired how it came into his possession.

He answered, that happening to meet the lady's footman, whom he had known something of while in business, as he was going to put it to the post, he told him he was coming to the very house, and so took it to bring himself, the man being rather in a hurry to go another way; "so I thought 'twas as well, ma'am," he added, "to save you the postage; for as to a day or so sooner or later, I suppose it can break no great squares, in you ladies letter-writing."

Camilla, hastily running it over; found it contained a most pressing repetition of invitation from Mrs. Berlington for the Southampton plan, and information that she should make a little circuit, to call and take her up at Cleves, if not immediately forbidden; the time she named for her arrival, though four days distant from the date of her letter, would be now the following morning.

This seemed, to the agitated spirits of Camilla, an inviting opening to her scheme. She gave the letter to her uncle, saying, in a fluttered manner, she should be happy to accompany Mrs. Berlington, for a few days, if her father should not disapprove the excursion, and if he could himself have the goodness to spare one of the carriages to fetch her home, as Southampton was but sixteen miles off.

While Sir Hugh, amazed at this request, yet always unable to pronounce a negative to what she desired, stammered, Edgar abruptly took leave.

Thunderstruck by his departure, she looked affrighted, after him, with a sigh impossible to repress; she now first weighed the hazard of what she was doing, the deep game she was inconsiderately playing. Would it sunder—would it unite them?—Tears started into her eyes at the doubt; she did not hear her uncle's answer; she rose to hurry out of the room; but before she could escape, the big drops rolled fast down her cheeks; and, when arrived at her chamber,

"I have

"I have lost him!" she cried, by my own unreflecting precipitance; "I have lost him, perhaps, for ever!"

Dr. Marchmont now also took leave; Mr. Dubster desired he might speak with the baronet the next morning; and the family remained alone.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Dilemmas.

WHILE the Baronet was pondering, in the most melancholy manner, upon this sudden and unexpected demand of absence in Camilla, the grim goddess of Envy took possession of the fine features of Indiana; who declared she was immured alive, while her cousin was every where. The curiosity of Lynmere being excited, to inquire what was to be had or done at Southampton, he heard it abounded in good company, and good fish, and protested he must undoubtedly set out for it the next morning.

Indiana then wept with vexation and anger, and Miss Margland affirmed, she was the only young lady in Hampshire, who had never been at Southampton. Sir Hugh, concluding Edgar would attend Camilla, feared it might hurt the other match to part Eugenia from Clermont; and, after a little pause, though deeply sighing at such a dispersion from Cleves, contented that they should all go together. Camilla, therefore, was commissioned to ask leave of Mr. Tyrold for Eugenia, as well as for herself, and to add a petition from Sir Hugh, that he and Lavinia would spend the time of their absence at Cleves. The baronet then, of his own accord, asked Dr. Orkborne
to

to be of the party, that Eugenia, he said, might run over her lessons with him in a morning, for fear of forgetting them.

A breach, however, such as this, of plans so long formed, and a desertion so voluntary of his house, at the very epoch he had settled for rendering its residence the most desirable, sent him in complete discomfiture to his bed. But there, in a few hours, his sanguine temper, and the kindness of his heart new modelled and new coloured the circumstances of his chagrin. He considered he should have full time to prepare for the double marriages; and that, with the aid of Lavinia, he might delight and amaze them all, with new dresses and new trinkets, which he could now choose without the torment of continual opposition from the documentising Miss Margland. Thus he restored his plastic mind to its usual satisfaction, and arose the next morning without a cloud upon his brow. The pure design of benevolence is to bestow happiness upon others, but its intrinsic reward is bringing happiness home!

But this sweetness of nature, so aptly supplying the first calls, and the first virtues of philosophy, was yet more severely again tried the next morning: for when, forgetting the caution he had solemnly promised, but vainly endeavoured to observe, he intimated to Lynmere these purposes, the youth, blushing at the idea of being taken for the destined husband of Eugenia in public, preferred all risks to being followed by such a rumour to Southampton; and, when he found she was to be of the party, positively declared the match to be out of all question.

Sir Hugh now stood aghast. Many had been his disappointments; his rage for forming schemes, and his credulity in persuading himself they would be successful, were sources not more fertile of amusement in their projection, than of mortification in their event: but here, the length of time since his plan had been arranged, joined to the very superficial view he had taken of any chance of its failure, had made him, by degrees, regard it as so fixed and settled, that it rather

rather demanded congratulation than concurrence, rather waited to be enjoyed than executed.

Lynmere took not the smallest interest in the dismay of his uncle, but, turning upon his heel, said he would go to the stables, to see if he could find something that would carry him any better than the miserable jade he had mounted the preceding evening.

Sir Hugh remained in a kind of stupefaction. He seemed to himself to be bereft of every purpose of life; and robbed at once, of all view for his actions, all subject for his thoughts. The wide world, he believed, had never, hitherto, given birth to a plan so sagaciously conceived, so rationally combined, so infallibly secure: yet it was fallen, crushed, rejected!

A gleam of sunshine, however, ere long, emitted upon his despondence; it occurred to him, that the learned education of Eugenia was still a secret to her cousin; his whole scheme, therefore, might perhaps yet be retrieved, when Lynmere should be informed of the peculiar preparations made for his conjugal happiness.

Fetching now a long breath, to aid the revival of his faculties and his spirits, he considered how to open his discourse so as to render it most impressive, and then sent for Clermont to attend him in his chamber.

"Nephew," cried he, upon his entrance, "I am now going to talk to you a little in your own way, having something to tell you of, that, I believe, you won't know how to hold cheap, being a thing that belongs to your studies; that is to say, to your cousin's; which, I hope, is pretty much the same thing, at least as to the end. Now the case of what I have to say is this; you must know, nephew, I had always set my heart upon having a rich heir; but it's what did not turn out, which I am sorry enough for; but where's the man that's so wise as to know his own doom? that is, the doom of his fortune. However, that's what I should not talk of to you, having so little; which, I hope, you won't take to heart. And, indeed, it isn't much worth a wise man's

man's thinking of, when he han't got it, for what's a fortune, at bottom, but mere metal? And so having, as I said before, no heir, I'm forced, in default of it, to take up with an heiress. But, to the end of making all parties happy, I've had her brought up in the style of a boy, for the sake of your marrying her. For which reason, I believe, in point of the classics"—

"Me, sir!" cried Lynmere, recovering from a long yawning fit, "and what have I to do with marrying a girl like a boy? That's not my taste, my dear sir, I assure you. Besides, what has a wife to do with the classics? will they show her how to order her table? I suppose when I want to eat, I may go to a cook's shop!"

Here subsided, at once, every particle of that reverence Sir Hugh had so long nourished for Clermont Lynmere. To hear the classics spoken of with disrespect, after all the pains he had taken, all the orders he had given for their exclusive study and veneration, and to find the common calls of life, which he had believed every scholar regarded but as means of existence, not auxiliaries of happiness, named with preference, distanced, at a stroke, all high opinion of his nephew, and made way, in its stead, for a displeasure not wholly free from disdain.

"Well, Clermont," said he, after a pause, "I won't keep you any longer, now I know your mind, which I wish I had known before, for the account of your cousin, who has had plague enough about it in her bringing up; which, however, I shall put an end to now, not seeing that any good has come from it."

Lynmere joyfully accepted the permission to retire, enchanted that the rejection was thus completely off his mind, and had incurred only so slight a reproof, unaccompanied with one menace, or even remonstrance.

The first consternation of Sir Hugh, at the fall of this favourite project, was, indeed, somewhat lessened, at this moment, by the fall of his respectful opinion of its principal object. He sent therefore, hastily, for Eugenia, to whom he abruptly exclaimed, "My
dear

dear girl, who'd have thought it? here's your cousin Clermont, with all his Greek and Latin, which I begin to bless God I don't know a word of, turning out a mere common nothing, thinking about his dinners and suppers! for which reason I beg you'll think of him no more, it not being worth your while; in particular, as he don't desire it."

Eugenia, at this intimation, felt nearly as much relieved as disturbed. To be refused was, indeed, shocking; not to her pride, she was a stranger to that passion; but to her delicacy, which pointed out to her, in strong colours, the impropriety of having been exposed to such a decision: nevertheless, to find herself unshackled from an alliance to which she looked forward with dread, without offending her uncle, to whom so many reasons made it dear, or militating against her own heroic sentiments of generosity, which revolted against wilfully depriving her cousin of an inheritance already offered to him, removed a weight from her mind, which his every word, look, and gesture, had contributed to increase since their first meeting.

* * * *

Dr. Marchmont had ridden to Beech Park, where he had spent the night, though uninvited by its agitated owner, whom the very name of Mrs Berlington, annexed to an accepted party of pleasure, had driven, in speechless agony, from Cleves.

"I wonder not," cried he. "at your disturbance; I feel for it, on the contrary, more than ever, from my observations of this evening; for I now see the charm, the potent charm, as well as the difficulties of your situation. This strange affair with Sir Sedley Clarendel cannot, in common foresight of what may ensue from it, be passed over without the most rigid scrutiny, and severest deliberation; yet, I sincerely hope, inquiry may produce some palliation: this young lady, I see, will not easily, for sweetness, for countenance, for every apparent attraction, be replaced: and, the first of all requisites is certainly in your favour;

vour ; it is evident she loves you."

" Loves me ?" cried Edgar, his arms involuntarily encircling him as he repeated the magnetising words : " Ah ! Dr. Marchmont, could she then thus grieve and defy me ?—And yet, so too said Jacob,—that good, faithful, excellent old servant"—

" Yes ; I watched her unremittingly ; and saw her so much hurt by your abrupt retreat, that her eyes filled with tears the moment you left the room."

" O, Dr. Marchmont !—and for me were they shed ?—my dear—dear friend !—withhold from me such a picture—or reconcile me completely to viewing no other !"

" Once more, let me warn you to circumspection. The stake for which you are playing is life in its best part, 'tis peace of mind. That her manners are engaging, that her looks are captivating, and even that her heart is yours, admit no doubt : but the solidity or the lightness of that heart are yet to be proved."

" Still, Doctor, though nearly in defiance of all my senses, still I can doubt any thing rather than the heart of Camilla ! Precipitate, I know, she has always been reckoned ; but her precipitance is of kin to her noblest virtues ; it springs but from the unsuspicious frankness of an unguarded, because innocent nature. And this, in a short time, her understanding will correct."

" Are you sure it is adequate to the task ? There is often, in early youth, a quickness of parts which raises expectations that are never realised. Their origin is but in the animal spirits, which, instead of ripening into judgment and sense by added years, dwindle into nothingness, or harden into slippancy. The character, at this period, is often so unstable, as to be completely new moulded by every new accident, or new associate. How innumerable are the lurking ill qualities that may lie dormant beneath the smiles of youth and beauty, in the season of their untried serenity ! The contemporaries of half our fiercest viragos of fifty, may assure you that, at fifteen, they were all softness and sweetness. The present

present æra, however, my dear young friend, is highly favourable to all you can judiciously wish; namely, the entire re-establishment, or total destruction of all confidence.—To a man of your nice feelings, there is no medium. Your love demands respect, or your tranquillity exacts flight from its object. Set apart your offence at the cultivation of an acquaintance you disapprove; be yourself of the party to Southampton, and there, a very little observation will enable you to dive into the most secret recesses of her character.”

“ Steadiness, Doctor, I do not want, nor yet, however I suffer from its exertion, fortitude: but a plan such as this, requires something more; it calls for an equivocal conduct, which, to me, would be impracticable, and to her, might prove delusive. No!—the openness I so much pine to meet with, I must, at least, not forfeit myself.”

“ The fervour of your integrity, my dear Mandlebert, mistakes caution for deceit. If, indeed, this plan had any other view than your union, it would not merely be cruel, but infamous: the truth, however, is, you must either pursue her upon proof, or abandon her at once, with every chance of repenting such a measure.”

“ Alas! how torturing is hesitation! to believe myself the object of her regard—to think that first of all human felicities mine, yet to find it so pliant—so precarious—to see her, with such thoughtless readiness, upon the point of falling into the hands of another!—receiving—answering—his letters!—letters too so confident, so daring! made up of insolent demands and imperious reproaches—to meet him by his own appointment—O, Dr. Marchmont! all delicious as is the idea of her preference—all entwined as she is around my soul, how, now, how ever again, can I be happy, either to quit—or to claim her?—”

“ This division of sentiment is what gives rise to my plan. At Southampton, you will see if Sir Sedley pursues her; and, as she will be uncertain of your intentions,

intentions, you will be enabled to judge the singleness of her mind, and the stability of her affection by the reception she gives him."

"But if—as I think I can gather from her delivering me his letters, the affair, whatever it has been, with Sir Sedley, is over.—What then?"

"You will have leisure to discuss it; and opportunity, also, to see her with other Sir Sedleys. Public places abound with those flutterers after youth and beauty; unmeaning admirers, who sigh at every new face; or black traitors to society, who seek but to try, and try but to publish their own power of conquest."

"Will you, then, my dear Doctor, be also of the party? for my sake, will you, once more, quit your studies and repose, to give me, upon the spot, your counsel, according to the varying exigence of varying circumstances? to aid me to prepare and compose my mind for whatever may be the event, and to guide even, if possible, my wavering and distracted thoughts."

To the importance of the period, and to a plea so serious, every obstacle yielded, and Dr. Marchmont agreed to accompany him to Southampton.

C H A P. XXXIX.

Live and Learn.

BEFORE the Cleves party assembled to breakfast, after the various arrangements made for Southampton, Mr. Dubster arrived, and demanded an interview with Sir Hugh, who, attending him to the drawing-room, asked his pleasure.

"Why, have you not read the young gentleman's letter,

letter, sir?" cried he, surpris'd, "because he said, he'd put it all down, clear as a pike staff, to save time."

Sir Hugh had not heard of it."

"Why, then, if you please, sir, we'll go and ask that elderly gentlewoman, what she's done with it. She might as well have shewed it, after the young gentleman's taking the trouble to write it to her. But she is none of the good natureddest I take it."

Repairing, then, to Miss Margland, after his usual bows to all the company, "I ask pardon, ma'am," he cried; "but pray, what's the reason of your keeping the young gentleman's letter to yourself, which was writ o'purpose to let the old gentleman know what I come for?"

"Because I never trouble myself with any thing that's impertinent;" she haughtily answered: though, in fact, when the family had retired, she had stolen down stairs, and read the letter; which contained a warm recommendation of Mr. Dubster to her favour, with abundant flippant offers to promote her own interest for so desirable a match, should Camilla prove blind to its advantages. This she had then burnt, with a determination never to acknowledge her condescension in opening it.

The repeated calls of Mr. Dubster procuring no further satisfaction; "Why, then, I don't see," he said, "but what I'm as bad off, as if the young gentleman had not writ the letter, for I've got to speak for myself at last."

Taking Sir Hugh, then, by a button of his coat, he desired he would go back with him to the other parlour: and there, with much circumlocution, and unqualified declarations of his having given over all thoughts of further marrying, till the young gentleman overpersuaded him of his being particular agreeable to the young lady, he solemnly propos'd himself for Miss Camilla Tyrold.

Sir Hugh, who perceived in this address nothing that was ridiculous, was somewhat drawn from reflecting on his own disappointment, by the pity he conceived

ceived for this hopeless suitor, to whom, with equal circumlocution of concern, he communicated, that his niece was on the point of marriage with a neighbour.

"I know that," replied Mr. Dubster, nodding sagaciously, "the young gentleman having told me of the young baronight; but he said, it was all against her will, being only your over teasing, and the like."

"The Lord be good unto me!" exclaimed the baronet, holding up his hands; "if I don't think all the young boys have a mind to drive me out of my wits, one after t'other."

Hurrying, then, back to the breakfast parlour, and to Camilla, "Come hither, my dear," he cried, "for here's a gentleman come to make his addresses to you, that won't take an answer."

Every serious thought, and every melancholy apprehension in Camilla gave place, at this speech, to the ludicrous machinations of Lionel. She took Sir Hugh by the hand, and, drawing him away to the most distant window, said, in a low voice "My dear uncle, this is a mere trick of Lionel; the person you see here is, I believe, a tinker."

"A tinker!" repeated Sir Hugh, quite loud, in defiance of the signs and hints! hints! of Camilla, "good lack! that's a person I should never have thought of!" Then walking up to Mr. Dubster, who was taking into his hands all the ornaments from the chimney-piece, one by one, to examine, "Sir," he said, "you may be a very good sort of man, and I don't doubt but you are, for I've a proper respect for every trade in its way; but in point of marrying my niece, it's a thing I must beg you to put out of your head; it not being a proper subject to talk of to a young lady, from a person in that line."

"Very well, sir," answered Mr. Dubster, stiffly, and pouting, "it's not of much consequence; don't make yourself uneasy. There's nothing in what I was going to propose but what was quite genteel. I'd scorn to address a lady else. She'd have a good five hundred a-year, in case of outliving me."

"Good lack! five hundred a year! who'd have thought of such a thing by the tinkering business?"

"The what business, did you say, sir?" cried Mr. Dubster, strutting up to the baronet, with a solemn frown.

"The tinkering business, my good friend. An't you a tinker?"

"Sir!" cried Mr. Dubster, swelling, "I did not think, when I was coming to make such a handsome offer, of being affronted at such a rate as this. Not that I mind it. It's not worth fretting about. However, as to a tinker, I'm no more a tinker than yourself, whatever put it in your head."

"Good lack, my dear," cried the baronet, to Camilla, "the gentleman quite denies it."

Camilla, though unable to refrain from laughing, confessed she had received the information from Mrs. Arlbery at the Northwick breakfast, who, she now supposed, had said it in random sport.

Sir Hugh cordially begged his pardon, and asked him to take a seat at the breakfast table, to soften the undesigned offence.

A note now arrived from Mr. Tyrold to the baronet. It contained his consent to return, with Lavinia, to Cleves, and his ready acquiescence in the little excursion to Southampton, since Miss Margland would be superintendant of the party; "and since," he added, "they will have another guardian, to whom already I consign my Camilla, and, upon her account, my dear Eugenia also, with the same fearless confidence I should feel in seeing them again under the maternal wing."

Sir Hugh, who always read his letters aloud, said, when he had done: "See what it is to be a good boy! my brother looks upon young Mr. Edgar as these young girls' husband already; that is, of one of them; by which means the other becomes his sister; which, I'm sure, is a trouble he won't mind, except as a pleasure."

Camilla's distress at this speech passed unnoticed, from the abrupt entrance of Lynmere, giving orders aloud to his servant to get ready for Southampton.

Inflamed

Inflamed with triumph in his recent success in baffling his uncle, that youth was in the most turbulent spirits, and fixed a resolution either to lord it over the whole house, or regain at once his liberty for returning to the Continent.

Forcing a chair between Sir Hugh and Camilla, he seized rapidly whatever looked most inviting from every plate on the table, to place upon his own, murmuring the whole time against the horses, declaring the stud the most wretched he had ever seen, and protesting the old groom must be turned away without loss of time.

"What, Jacob?" cried the baronet; "why, nephew, he has lived with me from a boy: and now he's grown old, I'd sooner rub down every horse with my own hand, than part with him."

"He must certainly go, sir. There's no keeping him. I may be tempted else to knock his brains out some day. Besides, I have a very good fellow I can recommend to you of my own."

"Clermont, I've no doubt of his being a good fellow, which I'm very glad of; but as to your always knocking out the brains of my servants, it's a thing I must beg you not to talk of any more, being against the law. Besides which, it don't sound very kind of you, considering their having done you no harm; never having seen your face, as one may say, except just to wait upon you; which can hardly be reckoned a bad office; besides a servant's being a man, as well as you; whether Homer and Horace tell you so or no."

To see Sir Hugh displeased, was a sight new to the whole house. Camilla and Eugenia, mutually pained for him, endeavoured, by various little kind offices, to divert his attention; but Indiana thought his displeasure proved her brother to be a wit; and Clermont rose in spirits and in insolence upon the same idea: too shallow to know, that of all the qualities with which the perversity of human nature is gifted, the power which is the most common to attain, and the most easy to practise, is the art of provoking.

Jacob now appearing, Lynmere ordered some shrimps.

There were none,

"No shrimps? There's nothing to be had! 'Tis a wretched county this!"

"You'll get nice shrimps at Southampton, sir, by what I can hear," said Mr. Dubster. "Tom Hicks says he has been sick with 'em many a day, he's eat such a heap. They gets 'em by hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds at a time."

"Pray, nephew how long shall you stay? because of my nieces coming back at the same time."

"A fortnight's enough to tire me any where, sir. Pray what do you all do with yourselves here after breakfast? What's your mode?"

"Mode, nephew? we've got no particular mode that ever I heard of. However, among so many of us, I think it's a little hard, if you can find nothing to say to us; all in a manner, your relations too."

"We take no notice of relations now, sir; that's out."

"I'm sorry for it, nephew, for a relation's a relation, whether you take notice of him or not. And there's ne'er an ode in Virgil will tell you to the contrary, as I believe."

A short silence now ensued, which was broken by a sigh from Sir Hugh, who ejaculated to himself, though aloud, "I can't but think what my poor friend Westwyn will do, if his son's came home in this manner! caring for nobody, but an oyster, or a shrimp;—unless it's a newspaper!"

"And what should a man care for else, my good old friend, in a desert place such as this?"

"Good old friend!" repeated the baronet; "to be sure, I'm not very young.—However, as to that—but you mean no harm, I know, for which reason I can't be so ill-natured as to take it ill. However, if poor Westwyn is served in this way—He's my dearest friend that I've got, out of us all here, of my own kin, and he's got only one son, and he sent him to foreign parts only for cheapness; and if he should
happen

Happen to like nothing he can get at home, it won't answer much in saving, to send out for things all day long."

"O don't be troubled, sir; Westwyn's but a poor creature, He'll take up with any thing. He lived within his allowance the whole time. A mighty poor creature."

"I'm glad of it! glad of it indeed!" cried Sir Hugh, with involuntary eagerness; "I should have been sorry if my poor good old friend had had such disappointment."

"Upon my honour," cried Lynmere, piqued, "the quoz of the present season are beyond what a man could have hoped to see!"

"Quoz! what's quoz, nephew?"

"Why, it's a thing there's no explaining to you sort of gentlemen; and sometimes we say quiz, my good old sir."

Sir Hugh, now, for almost the first time in his life, felt seriously affronted. His utmost lenity could not palliate the wilful disrespect of this language; and, with a look of grave displeasure, he answered, "Really, nephew, I can't but say, I think you've got rather a particular odd way of speaking to persons. As to talking so much about people's being old, you'd do well to consider that's no fault in any body; except one's years, which is what we can't be said to help."

"You descant too much upon words, sir; we have left off, now, using them with such prodigious precision. It's quite over, sir."

"O, my dear Clermont!" cried Sir Hugh, losing his short movement of anger in a more tender sensation of concern, "how it goes to my heart to see you turn out such a jackanapes!"

Lynmere, resentfully hanging back, said no more: and Mr. Dubster, having drunk seven dishes of tea, with a long apology between each for the trouble, gladly seized the moment of pause, to ask Camilla when she had heard from *their friend Mrs. Mittin*, adding, "I should have brought you a letter from her, ma'am, myself, but that I was rather out of sorts with

with her ; for happening to meet her, the day as you went, walking on them Pantiles, with some of her quality binding, when I was not dressed out quite in my best becomes, she made as if she did not know me. Not as it signifies. It's pretty much of a muchness to me. I remember her another sort of person to what she looks now, before I was a gentleman myself."

"Why, pray, what was you then, sir?" cried Sir Hugh, with great simplicity.

"As to that, sir, there's no need to say whether I was one thing or another, as I know of ; I'm not in the least ashamed of what I was."

Sir Hugh seeing him offended, was beginning an apology ; but, interrupting him, "No, sir," he said, "there's no need to say nothing about it. It's not a thing to take much to heart. I've been defamed often enough, I hope, to be above minding it. Only just this one thing, sir ; I beg I may have the favour to be introduced to that lady as had the obligingness to call me a tinker, when I never was no such thing."

Breakfast now being done, the ladies retired to prepare for their journey.

"Well," cried Mr. Dubster, looking after Eugénie "that little lady will make no great figure at such a place as Southton. I would not have her look out for a husband there."

"She'd have been just the thing for me!" cried Lynmere, haughtily rising, and conceitedly parading his fine form up and down the room ; his eyes catching it from looking-glass, to looking glass ; by every possible contrivance ; "just the thing matched to perfection!"

"Lord help me ! if I don't find myself in the dark about every thing" cried Sir Hugh ; "who'd have thought of you scholars thinking so much of beauty ; I should be glad to know what your classics say to that point?"

"Faith, my good sir, I never trouble myself to ask. From the time we begin our tours, we wipe away all that stuff as fast as possible from our thoughts."

"Why, pray, nephew, what harm could it do to your tours?"

"We

"We want room, sir, room in the pericranium ! As soon as we being to travel, we give up everything to taste. And then we want clear heads. Clear heads, sir, for pictures, statues, busts, alto relievos, basso relievos, tablets, monuments, mausoleums."—

"If you go on at that rate, nephew," interrupted Sir Hugh, holding his ears, "you'll put my poor head quite into a whirligig. And it's none of the deepest already, Lord help me !"

Lynniere now, without ceremony, made off ; and Mr. Dubiter, left alone with the baronet, said they might as well proceed to business. "So pray, sir, if I may make bold, in the case we come to a right understanding about the young lady, what do you propose to give her down ?"

Sir Hugh, staring, inquired what he meant.

"Why, I mean, sir, what shall you give her at the fist ? I know she's to have it all at your demise ; but that isn't the bird in the hand. Now, when once I know that, I can make my offers, which shall be handsome or not, according. And that's but fair. So how much can you part with, sir ?"

"Not a Guinea !" cried Sir Hugh, with some emotion ; "I can't give her any thing ! Mr. Edgar knows that."

"That's hard, indeed, sir. What nothing for a setting out ? And, pray, sir, what may the sum total be upon your demise ?"

"Not a penny !" cried Sir Hugh, with still more agitation : "Don't you know I've disinherited her ?"

"Disinherited her ? why this is bad news enough ! And pray, sir, what for ?"

"Nothing ! She never offended me in thought, word, nor deed, !"

"Well, that's odd enough. And when did you do it, sir ?"

"The very week she was nine years old, poor thing ! which I shall never forget as long as I live, being my worst action."

"Well, this is particular enough ! And young squire Tyrold's never heard a word of it : which is somewhat of a wonder too."

"Not

"Not heard of it? why the whole family know it! I've settled every thing I was worth in the world upon her younger sister, that you saw sitting by her."

"Well, if Tom Hicks did not as good as tell me so ever so long ago, though the young 'squire said it was all to the contrary: what for, I don't know; unless to take me in. But he won't find that quite so easy, asking his pardon. Matrimony's a good thing enough, when it's to help a man forward: but a person must be a fool indeed, to put himself out of his way for nothing."

He then formally wished the baronet a good day, and hastened from the house, puffed up with vain glory, at his own sagacious precautions, which had thus happily saved him from being tricked into unprofitable wedlock.

Mrs. Berlinton now arrived, and as Camilla was ready, though trembling, doubtful, apprehensive of the step she was taking, declined alighting. A general meeting was to take place at the inn: and the baronet, putting a twenty pound note into her hand, with the most tender blessings parted with his darling niece. And then, surprised at not seeing Edgar to breakfast, sent his butler to tell him the history of the excursion.

Lynmere was already set off on horseback: and the party, consisting of Dr. Oikborne, Miss Margland, Indiana, and Eugenia, followed two hours after, in the coach of the baronet, which drove from the park as the chaise entered it with Mr. Tyrold and Lavinia, to supply their places.

CHAP. XXXIX.

A Way to make friends.

WHEN Camilla appeared at the halldoor, a gentleman descended from the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton, with an air the most melancholy, and eyes bent to the earth, in the mournful bow with which he offered her his hand: though, when he had assisted her into the coach, he raised them, and, turning round, cast upon the mansion a look of desponding fondness, that immediately brought to her recollection young Melmond, the Oxford student, and the brother of her new friend.

Mrs. Berlinton received her with tenderness, folding her to her breast, and declaring life to be now insupportable without her.

The affection of Camilla was nearly reciprocal, but her pleasure had no chance of equal participation; nor was the suspensive state of her mind the only impediment; opposite to her in the carriage, and immediately claiming her attention, was Mrs. Mittin.

The agitative events which had filled up the short interval of her residence at Cleves, had so completely occupied every faculty, that, till the affair of the horse involved her in new difficulties, her debts had entirely flown her remembrance; and the distressing scenes which immediately succeeded to that forced recollection, made its duration as short as it was irksome; but the sight of Mrs. Mittin brought it back with violence to her memory, and flashed it, with shame, upon her conscience.

The twenty pounds, however, just given her by Sir Hugh, occurred at the same moment to her thoughts; and she determined to repair her negligence, by appropriating it into parcels for the payment of all she owed, before she suffered sleep again to close her eyes.

Mrs. Berlinton informed her, that both herself and

her brother had been summoned to Southampton to meet Mrs. Ecton, the aunt by whom she had been educated, who had just arrived there from Wales, upon some secret business, necessary for her to hear, but which could not be revealed by letters.

The journey, though in itself short and pleasant, proved to Camilla long and wearisome ; the beauties of the prospect were acknowledged by her eye, but her mind, dead to pleasure, refused to give them their merited effect. To the charms of nature she could not be blind ; her fervent imagination, and the lessons of her youth, combined to do them justice ; but she thought not of them at this moment ; hill, vale, or plain, were uninteresting, however beautiful ; it was Edgar she looked for ; Edgar, who thus coldly had suffered her to depart, but who still, it was possible, might pursue ; and hope, ever active, painted him, as she proceeded, in every distant object that caught her eye, whether living or inanimate, brightening, from time to time, the roses of her cheeks with the felicity of a speedy reconciliation ; but upon every near approach, the flattering error was detected, and neither hill, vale, nor plain, could dispel the disappointment. A fine country, and diversified views, may soften even the keenest affliction of decided misfortune, and tranquilise the most gloomy sadness into resignation and composure ; but suspense rejects the gentle palliative ; 'tis an absorbent of the faculties that suffers them to see, hear, and feel only its own perplexity ; and the finer the fibres of the sensibility on which it seizes, the more exclusive is its depotism ; doubt, in a fervent mind, from the rapidity of its evolutions between fear in its utmost despondence, and hope in its fullest rapture, is little short of torture.

They drove immediately to an elegant house, situated upon a small eminence, half a mile without the town of Southampton, which had already been secured ; and Mrs. Berlinton, as soon as she had chosen the pleasantest apartment it afforded for Camilla, and suffered Mrs. Mittin to choose the next pleasant for herself, went, accompanied by her brother, to the lodging of Mrs. Ecton.

Left

Left alone, Camilla stationed herself down, at a win-believing she meant to look at the prospect ; but her eye, faithful to her heart, roved up and down the high road, and took in only chaises or horsemen, till Mrs. Mittin, with her customary familiarity, came into the room. " Well my dear miss," she cried, " you're welcome to Southampton, and welcome to Mrs. Berlington, she's a nice lady as ever I knew ; I suppose you're surpris'd to see us so great together ? but I'll tell you how it came about. You must know, just as you was gone, I happened to be in the book shop when she came in, and asked for a book ; the Peruvian Letters she called it ; and it was not at home, and she looked quite vexed, for she said she had looked the catalogue up and down and saw nothing else she'd a mind to ; so I thought it would be a good opportunity to oblige her, and be a way to make a predigious genteel acquaintance besides ; so I took down the name, and I found out the lady that had got the book, and I made her a visit, and I told her it was particular wanted by a lady that had a reason ; so she let me have it, and I took it to my pretty lady, who was so pleased, she did not know how to thank me : So this got me footing in the house ; and there I heard, amongst her people, she was coming to Southampton, and was to call for you, my dear miss ; so when I found she had not her coach full, I ask'd her to give me a cast ; for I told her you'd be particular glad to see me, as we'd some business to settle together, that was a secret between only us two ; so she said she would do any thing to give you pleasure ; so then I made free to ask her to give me a night's lodging, till I could find out some friend to be at ; for I'd a vast mind to come to Southampton, as I could do it so reasonable, for I like to go every where. And I dare say, my dear miss, if you'll tell her 'twill oblige you, she'll make me the compliment to let me stay all the time, for I know nobody here ; though I don't fear making friends, go where I will. And you know, my dear miss, you can do no less by me, considering what I've done for you ; for I've kept all the good people quiet about your debts ; and they say you may
pay

pay them when you will, as I told them you was such a rich heiress ; which Mr. Dubster let me into the secret of, for he had had it from your brother."

Camilla now experienced the extremest repentance and shame, to find herself involved in any obligation with a character so forward, vulgar, and encroaching, and to impose such a person, through the abuse of her name and influence, upon the time and patience of Mrs. Berlington.

The report spread by Lionel she immediately disavowed, and, producing her twenty pound bank note, begged Mrs. Mittin would have the goodness to get it changed for her, and to discharge her accounts without delay.

Surprised by this readiness, and struck by the view, of the note, Mrs. Mittin imputed to mere reserve the denial of her expected wealth, but readily promised to get in the bills, and see her clear.

Camilla would now have been left alone ; but Mrs. Mittin thought of nothing less than quitting her, and she knew not how to bid her depart. It was uncertain when Mrs. Berlington could return ; to obviate, therefore, in some measure, the fatigue of such conversation, Camilla proposed walking.

It was still but two o'clock, and the weather was delicious ; every place that opened to any view, presented some prospect that was alluring ; Camilla, notwithstanding her anxiety, was caught, and at intervals, at least, forgot all within, from admiration of all without.

Mrs. Mittin led immediately to the town, and Camilla was struck with its neatness, and surprised by its populousness. Mrs. Mittin assured her it was nothing to London, and only wished she could walk her from Charing-cross to Temple bar, just to shew her what it was to see a little of the world.

"But now, my dear," she cried, "the thing is to find out what we've got to look at ; so don't let's go on without knowing what we're about ; however, these shops are all so monstrous smart, 'twill be a pleasure to go into them, and ask the good people what there's to see in the town."

This

This pretext proved so fertile to her of entertainment, in the opportunity it afforded of taking a near view of the various commodities exposed to sale, that while she entered almost every shop, with enquiries of what was worth seeing, she attended to no answer nor information, but having examined and admired all the goods within sight or reach, walked off, to obtain, by similar means, a similar privilege further on ; boasting to Camilla that, by this clever device they might see all that was smartest, without the expence of buying any thing.

It is possible that this might safely have been repeated, from one end of the town to the other, had Mrs. Mittin been alone ; and she seemed well disposed to make the experiment ; but Camilla, who absent and absorbed, accompanied without heeding her, was of a figure and appearance not quite so well adapted for indulging with impunity such unbridled curiosity. The shopkeepers, who according to their several tastes or opinions, gave their directions to the churches, the quays, the market-place, the antique gates, the townhall, &c. involuntarily looked at her as they answered the questioner, and not satisfied with the short view, followed to the door, to look again ; this presently produced an effect, that, for the whole length of the High-street, was amply ridiculous ; every one perceiving that, whatsoever had been his recommendation, whether to the right, to the left, or straight forward, the two inquirers went no further than into the next shop, whence they regularly drew forth either the master or the man to make another starer at their singular proceeding.

Some supposed they were only seeking to attract notice ; others thought they were deranged in mind ; and others, again, imagined they were shoplifters, and hastened back to their counters, to examine what was missing of their goods.

Two men of the two last persuasions communicated to one another their opinions, each sustaining his own with a positiveness that would have ended in a quarrel, had it not been accommodated by a wager. To
seule

settle this became now so important, that business gave way to speculation, and the contending parties, accompanied by a young perfumer as arbitrator, leaving their affairs in the hands of their wives, or their domestics, issued forth from their repositories, to pursue and watch the curious travellers ; laying bets by the way at almost every shop as they proceeded, till they reached the quay, where the ladies made a full stand, and their followers opened a consultation how best to decide the contest.

Mr. Firl, a sagacious old linen-draper, who concluded them to be shoplifters, declared he would keep aloof, for he should detect them best when they least suspected they were observed.

Mr. Drm, a genteel and simple haberdasher, who believed their senses disordered, made a circuit to face and examine them, frequently however, looking back to see that no absconding trick was played him by his friends. When he came up to them, the pensive and absorbed look of Camilla struck him as too particular to be natural ; and in Mrs. Mittin he immediately fancied he perceived something wild, if not insane. In truth, an opinion preconceived of her derangement might easily authorise strong suspicions of confirmation, from the contented volubility with which she incessantly ran on, without waiting for answerers, or even listeners ; and his observation had not taught him, that the loquacious desire only to speak. They exact time, not attention.

Mrs. Mittin, soon observing the curiosity with which he examined them, looked at him so hard in return, talking the whole time, in a quick low voice, to Camilla upon his oddity, that, struck with a direful panic, in the persuasion she was marking him for some mischief, he he turned short about to get back to his companions ; leaving Mrs. Mittin with precisely the same opinion of himself which he had imbibed of her.

“ Well, my dear,” cried she, “ this is one of the most miraculous adventures I’ve met with yet ; as sure as you’re alive that man that stares so is not right in the head ! for else what should he run away for, all in such a hurry,

a hurry, after looking at us so particular for nothing? I'll assure you, I think the best thing we can do, is to get off as fast as we can, for fear of the worst."

They then spread their way from the quay; but, in turning down the first passage to get out of sight, they were led into one of the little rooms prepared for the accommodation of bathers.

This seemed so secure, as well as pleasant, that Camilla, soothed by the tranquillity with which she could contemplate the noble Southampton water and its fine bank, sat down at the window, and desired not to walk any further.

The fright with which Mr. Drim had retreated, gained no proselyte to his opinion; Mr. Girt, the pursuer, asserted, significantly, they were only idle travellers, of light character; and Mr. Firl, when in dodging them, he saw they went into a bathing toom, offered to double his wager that it was to make some assortment of their spoil.

This was accepted, and it was agreed that one should saunter in the adjoining passages to see which way they turned upon coming out, while the two others should patrol the beach, to watch their disappearance from the windows.

Mrs. Mittin, meanwhile, was as much amused, though with different objects, as Camilla. A large mixt party of ladies and gentlemen, who had ordered a vessel for sailing down the water, which was not yet ready, now made their appearance; and their dress, their air of enjoyment, their outcries of impatience, the frisky gaiety of some, the noisy merriment of others, seemed to Mrs. Mittin marks of so much grandeur and happiness, that all her thoughts were at work to devise some contrivance for becoming of their acquaintance.

Camilla also surveyed, but almost without seeing them; for the only image of her mind now unexpectedly met her view; Dr. Marchmont and Edgar, just arrived, had patrolled to the beach, where Edgar, whose eye, from his eagerness, appeared to be every where in a moment, immediately perceived her; they
both

both bowed, and Dr. Marchmont, amazed by the air and figure of her companion, inquired if Mrs. Berlinton had any particularly vulgar relation to whom she was likely to commit her fair guest.

Edgar, who had seen only herself, could not now forbear another glance ; but the aspect of Mrs. Mittin, without Mrs. Berlinton, or any other more dignified or fitting protectress, was both unaccountable and unpleasant to him ; he recollected having seen her at Tunbridge, where the careless temper, and negligent manners of Mrs. Arlbery, made all approaches easy, that answered any purpose of amusement or ridicule ; but he could not conceive how Mrs. Berlinton, or Camilla herself, could be joined by such a companion.

Mr. Firl, having remarked these two gentlemen's bows, began to fear for his wager ; yet thinking it authorised him to seek some information, approached them, and taking off his hat, said : " You seem to be noticing those two ladies up there ; pay, gentlemen, if you've no objection, who may they be ? "

" Why do you ask, Sir ? " cried Edgar, sternly.

" Why, we've a wager depending upon them, sir, and I believe there's no gentleman will refuse to help another about a wager. "

" A wager ? " repeated Edgar, wishing, but vainly, to manifest no curiosity ; " what inducement could you have to lay a wager about them ? "

" Why, I believe, sir, there's nobody's a better judge than me what I've laid about ; though I may be out, to be sure, if you know the ladies ; but I've seen so much of their tricks, in my time, that they must be pretty sharp before they'll over-reach me "

" What tricks ? who must be sharp ? who are you taking of ? "

" Shoplifters, sir. "

" Shoplifters ! what do you mean ? "

" No harm, sir ; I may be out, to be sure, as I say ; and if so, I ask pardon ; only, as we've laid the wager, I think I may speak before I pay. "

The curiosity of Edgar would have been converted into ridicule, had he been less uneasy

at seeing with whom Camilla was thus associated; Mrs. Mittin might certainly be a worthy woman, and, if so, must merit every kindness that could be shewn her; but her air and manner so strongly displayed the low bred society to which she had been accustomed, that he foresaw nothing but improper acquaintance, or demeaning adventures, that could ensue from such a connection at a public place.

Dr. Marchmont demanded what had given rise to this suspicion.

Mr. Firl answered, that they had been into every shop in the town, routing over every body's best goods, yet not laying out a penny.

Nothing of this could Edgar comprehend, except that Camilla had suffered herself to be led about by Mrs. Mittin, entirely at her pleasure; but all further inquiry was stopt, by the voluntary and pert junction of Girt, the young perfumer, who, during this period, had by no means been idle; for perceiving, in the group waiting for a vessel, a certain customer by whom he knew such a subject would be well received, he contrived to excite his curiosity to ask some questions, which could only be satisfied by the history of the wager, and his own opinion that both parties were out.

This drew all eyes to the bathing room; and new bets soon were circulated, consisting of every description of conjecture, or even possibility, except that the two objects in question were innocent: and for that, in a set of fourteen, one only was found who defended Camilla, though her face seemed the very index of purity, which still more strongly was painted upon it than beauty, or even than youth. Such is the prevalent disposition to believe in general depravity, that while those who are debased themselves find a consolation in thinking others equally worthless, those even who are of a better sort, nourish a secret vanity in supposing few as good as themselves; and fully, without reflection, the fair candour of their minds, by aiding that insidious degeneracy, which robs the community of all confidence in virtue.

The approach of the perfumer to Edgar had all the hardness of vulgar elation, bestowed, at this moment,
by

by the recent encouragement of having been permitted to propagate his facetious opinions in a society of gentlemen; for though to one only amongst them, a young man of large fortune, by whom he was particularly patronised, he had presumed verbally to address himself, he had yet the pleasure to hear his account repeated from one to another, till not a person of the company escaped hearing it.

"My friend Firl's been telling you, I suppose, sir," said he, to Edgar, "of his foolish wager? but, take my word for it—"

Here Edgar, who again had irresistibly looked up at the room, saw that three gentlemen had entered it; alarmed lest these surmises should be productive of impertinence to Camilla, he darted quick from the beach to her immediate protection.

But the rapidity of his wishes were ill seconded by the uncertainty of his footsteps; and while, with eyes eagerly wandering all around, he hastily pushed forward, he was stopped by Mr. Drim, who told him to take care how he went on, for, in one of those bathing houses, to the best of his belief, there were two crazy women, one melancholy, and one stark wild, that had just, as he supposed, escaped from their keepers.

"How shall I find my way, then, to another of the bathing houses?" cried Edgar.

Mr. Drim undertook to shew him where he might turn, but said he must not lose sight of the door, because he had a bottle of port depending upon it; his neighbour, Mr. Firl, insisting they were only shop-lifters.

Edgar here stopped short and stared.

Drim then assured him it was what he could not believe, as nothing was missing; though Mr. Firl would have it that it was days and days, sometimes, before people found out what was gone; but he was sure, himself, they were touched in the head, by their going about so wild, asking every body the same questions, and minding nobody's answers.

Edgar, convinced now Camilla was here again implicated, broke with disgust from the man, and rushed to the door he charged him to avoid.

C H A P. XL.

A Rage of Obliging.

CAMILLA, from the instant she had perceived Edgar, had been in the utmost emotion, from doubt if his journey were to seek a reconciliation, or only to return her letters, and take a lasting farewell. Her first feeling at his sight urged her to retire : but something of a softer nature speedily interfered, representing, if now he should join her, what suffering might mutually be saved by an immediate conference. She kept, therefore her seat, looking steadily straight down the water, and denying herself one moment's glance at any thing, or person, upon the beach : little imagining she ingrossed, herself, the attention of all who paraded it. But, when the insinuations of the sippant perfumer had once made her looked at, her beauty, her apparently unprotected situation, and the account of the wager, seemed to render her an object to be stared at without scruple.

Mrs. Mittin saw how much they were observed, but Camilla, unheeding her remarks, listened only to hear if any footsteps approached ; but when, at last, some struck her ears, they were accompanied by an unknown voice, so loud and clamorously jovial, that, disturbed, she looked round — and saw the door violently flung open, and three persons, dressed like gentlemen, force their way into the small dwelling place.

Mr. Halder, the leader of this triumvirate, was the particular patron of Girt, the young perfumer ; and, though his superior in birth and riches, was scarcely upon a par with him, from wilful neglect in education ; and undoubtedly beneath him in decency and conduct, notwithstanding young Girt piqued himself far less upon such sentimental qualifications, than upon
his

his skill in cosmetics, and had less respect for unadulterated morals, than unadulterated powder.

The second who entered, was, in every particular, still less defensible: he was a peer of the realm; he had a daughter married, and his age entitled him to be the grandfather of young Halder. In point of fortune, speculatists deemed them equal; for though the estate of Halder was as yet unincumbered with the mortgages that hung upon that of Lord Valhurst, they computed, with great exactness, the term of its superiority, since already he had insisted in the jockey meetings, and belonged to the gaming clubs.

The third, a young man of a serious, but pleasing demeanour, was rather an attendant than a partner in this intrusion. He was the only one of the whole party to whom the countenance of Camilla had announced innocence; and when Halder, instigated by the assertions of the facetious Girt, proposed the present measure, and Lord Valhurst, caught by the youthful beauty of the fair subject of discussion, acceded, this single champion stood forth, and modestly, yet firmly, declaring his opinion they were mistaken, accompanied them with a view to protect her if he himself were right.

Boisterously entering, Halder addressed at once to Camilla, such unceremonious praise of her beauty, that, affrighted and offended, she hastily seized the arm of Mrs. Mittin, and, in a voice of alarm, though with an air of command that admitted no doubt of her seriousness, and no appeal from her resolution, said, "Let us go home, Mrs. Mittin, immediately."

Simple as were these words, their manner had an effect upon Halder to awe and distance him. Beauty, in the garb of virtue, is rather formidable than attractive to those who are natively unenlightened, as well as habitually degenerate: though, over such as have ever known better sentiments, it frequently retains its primeval power, even in their darkest declension of depravity.

But while Halder, repulsed, stood back, and the young champion, with an air the most respectful, made way.

way for her to pass ; Lord Valhurst, shutting the door, planted himself against it.

Seeing terror now take possession of every feature of her face, her determined protector called out : " Make way, my Lord, I beg ! " and offered her his hand. But Camilla, equally frightened at them all, shrunk appalled from his assistance, and turned towards the window, with an intention of demanding help from Edgar, whom she supposed still on the beach ; but the peer, slowly moving from the door, said he was the last to mean to disconcert the young lady, and only wished to stop her till he could call for his carriage, that he might see her safe wherever she wished to go.

Camilla had no doubt of the sincerity of this proposal, but would accept no aid from a stranger, even though an old man, while she hoped to obtain that of Edgar. Edgar, however she saw not, and fear is, generally precipitate : she concluded him gone ; concluded herself deserted, and, from knowing neither, equally fearing both the young men, inclined towards Lord Valhurst ; who, with delighted surprise, was going to take her under his care when Edgar rushed forward.

The pleasure that darted into her eyes announced his welcome. Halder, from his reception, thought the enigma of his own ill success solved ; the other youth, supposing him her brother, no longer sought to interfere ; but Lord Valhurst exhibited signs of such irrepressible mortification, that inexperience itself could not mistake the dishonourable views of his offered services, since, to see her in safety, was so evidently not their purpose. Camilla, looking at him with the horror he so justly excited, gave her hand to Edgar, who had instantly claimed it, and, without one word being uttered by either, hastily walked away with him, nimbly accompanied by Mrs. Mittin.

The young man, whose own mind was sufficiently pure to make him give easy credit to the purity of another, was shocked at his undeserved implication in so gross an attack, and at his failure of manifesting the laudable motive which had made him one of the triumvirate ; and, looking after her with mingled admiration

niration and concern, " Indeed, gentlemen," he cried, " You have been much to blame. You have affronted a young lady who carries in the whole of her appearance the marks of meriting respect."

The sensibility of Lord Valhurst was not of sufficient magnitude to separate into two courses: the little he possessed was already occupied by his disappointment, in losing the beautiful prey he believed just falling into his hands, and he had no emotion, therefore, to bestow upon his young reprover. But Halder, who, to want of feeling, added want of sense, roared out, with rude raillery, a gross, which he thought witty, attack both of the defender and the defended.

The young man, with the proud probity of unhackneyed sentiment, made a vindication of his uncorrupt intentions; which produced but louder mirth, and coarser incredulity. The contest, however, was wholly unequal; one had nerves of the most irritable delicacy; the other had never yet, by any sensation, nor any accident, been admonished that nerves made any part of the human composition: in proportion, therefore, as one became more offended, the other grew more callous, till the chivalry of indignant honour, casting prudence, safety, and forbearance away, dictated a hasty challenge, which was accepted with a horse laugh of brutal senselessness of danger. Courage is of another description. It risks life with heroism; but it is only to preserve or pursue something, without which the charm of life were dissolved: it meets death with steadiness; but it prepares for immortality with reverence and emotion.

* * * *

Edgar and Camilla continued their walk in a silence painful to both, but which neither knew how first to break; each wished with earnestness an opening to communication and confidence but, mutually shocked by the recent adventure, Edgar waited the absence of Mrs. Mittin, to point out the impropriety and

and insufficiency of such a guard ; and Camilla, still aghast with terror, had no power of any sort to begin a discourse.

Their taciturnity, if not well supplied, was, at least, well contrasted by the volubility of Mrs. Mittin, which, as in the bathing house it had been incessant, in declaring to the three intruders, that both she and the other young lady were persons of honour, was now no less unremitting in boasting how well she had checked and kept them in order.

The horror of the attack she had just escaped became soon but a secondary suffering to Camilla, though, at the moment, it had impressed her more terribly than any actual event of her life, or any scene her creative imagination had ever painted ; yet, however dreadful, it was now past ; but who could tell the end of what remained ? the mute distance of Edgar, her uncertainty of his intentions, her suspicions of his wished secession, the severe task she thought necessary to perform of giving him his liberty, with the anguish of a total inability to judge whether such a step would recall his tenderness, or precipitate his retreat, were suggestions which quick succeeded, and, in a very short time, wholly domineered over every other.

When they arrived at the house, Edgar demanded if he might hope for the honour of being presented, as a friend of the family, to Mrs. Berlington.

Reviving, though embarrassed, she looked assent, and went forward to inquire if Mrs. Berlington were come home.

The servant answered no ; but delivered her a letter from that lady ; she took it with a look of distress whether or not to invite Edgar to enter, which she, at this period, welcome officiousness of Mrs. Mittin relieved, by saying, " Come, let us all come in, and make the parlour a little comfortable against Mrs. Berlington comes home ; for, I dare say, there's nothing as it should be. These lodging-houses always want a heap of things one never thinks of before, hand."

They

They then all three entered, and Mrs. Mittin, who saw she said, a thousand ways by which she might serve and oblige Mrs. Berlington, by various suggestions, and even directions, which she hazarded against her return, busied herself to arrange the two parlours to her satisfaction; and then, went up stairs, to settle, also, all there; making abundant apologies for leaving them, and assuring them she would be back again as soon as she possibly could get all in order.

Her departure was a moment of extreme confusion to Camilla, who considered it as an invitation to her great scheme of rejection, but who stammered something upon every other subject, to keep that off. She looked at her letter, wondered what it could contain, could not imagine why Mrs. Berlington should write when they must so soon meet; and spent in conjectures upon its contents the time which Edgar besought her to bestow upon their perusal.

Nothing gives so much strength to an adversary as the view of timidity in his opponent. Edgar grew presently composed, and felt equal to his purposed expostulation.

"You decline reading your letter till I am gone?"
"I must therefore, hasten away. Yet, before I go, I earnestly wish once more to take upon me the office formerly allowed me, and to represent, with simple sincerity, my apprehensions upon what I have observed this morning."

The beginning of this speech had made Camilla break the seal of her letter; but its conclusion agitated her too much for reading it.

"Is this silence," said he, trying to smile, "to repress me as arrogant,—or to disregard me as impertinent?"

"Neither!" she answered, forcing herself to look towards him with cheerfulness; it is merely—"attention."

"You are very good, and I will try to be brief, that I may put your patience to no longer proof than I can avoid. You know, already, all I can urge concerning

cerning Mrs. Berlington; how little I wonder at the promptness of your admiration; yet how greatly I fear for the permanence of your esteem. In putting yourself under her immediate and sole protection, you have shewn me the complete dissonance of our judgments upon this subject; but I do not forget that, though you had the goodness to hear me, you had the right to decide for yourself. Trust, indeed, even against warning, is so far more amiable than suspicion, that it must always, even though it prove unfortunate, call for praise rather than censure."

The confusion of Camilla was now converted into self-reproach. What she thought coldness, she had resented; what appeared to be haughtiness, she had resisted; but truth in the form of gentleness, brought her instantly to reason, and reason could only resume its empire, to represent as rash and imprudent an expedition so repugnant, in its circumstances, to the wishes and opinions of the person whose approbation was most essential to her happiness. Edgar had paused, and her every impulse led to a candid recognition of what she felt to be wrong; but her precarious situation with him, the report of his intended flight by Jacob, the letters still detained of Sir Sadley Clarendel, and no explanation demanded, by which she could gather if his plighted honour were not now his only tie with her, curbed her design, depressed her courage, and, silently, she let him proceed.

"Upon this subject, therefore, I must say no more, except to hint a wish, that the apprehensions which first induced me to name it may, unbidden, occur as timely heralds to exertion, should any untoward circumstances point to danger, alarm, or impropriety."

The new, but strong friendship of Camilla was alarmed for its delicacy by these words. The diffidence she felt, from conscious error, for herself, extended not to Mrs. Berlington, whom, since she found guiltless, she believed to be blameless. She broke forth, therefore, into a warm eulogy, which her agitation rendered eloquent, while her own mind and spirits were re-

lieved and revived, by this flight from her mortified self, to the friend she thought deserving her most fervent justification.

Edgar listened attentively, and his eyes, though they expressed much of serious concern, shewed also an irrepressible admiration of an enthusiasm so ardent for a female friend of so much beauty.

"May she always merit this generous warmth!" cried he; "which must have excited my best wishes for her welfare, even if I had been insensible to her own claims upon every man of feeling. But I had meant, at this time; to confine my ungrateful annotations to another—to the person who had just quitted the room."

"You do not mean to name her with Mrs. Berlington? to imagine it possible I can have for her any similar regard? or any, indeed, at all, but such common goodwill as all sorts and classes of people are entitled to, who are well meaning?"

"Here, at least, then," said Edgar, with a sigh half suppressed, "our opinions may be consonant. No; I designed no such disgraceful parallel for your elegant favourite. My whole intention is to remonstrate—can you pardon so plain a word?—against your appearing in public with a person so ill adapted to insure you the respect that is so every way your due."

"I had not the smallest idea, believe me of appearing in public. I merely walked out to see the town, and to beguile, in a stroll, time, which in this person's society, hung heavy upon me at home, in the absence of Mrs. Berlington."

The concise simplicity of this innocent account, banished, in a moment, all severity of judgment; and Edgar, expressively thanking her, rose, and was approaching, her, though scarcely knowing with what purpose, when Mrs. Mittin burst into the room, exclaiming: "Well, my dear, you'll never guess how many things I have done since I left you. In the first place, there was never a wash-ball; in the next place, not a napkin nor a towel was in its proper place; then the tea-things were forgot; and as to
spoons,

spoons, not one could I find. And now I've a mind to go myself to a shop I took good notice of, and get her a little almond powder for her nice white hands; which, I dare say, will please her. I've thought of a hundred things at least. I dare say I shall quite win her heart. And I'm sure of my money again, if I lay out never so much. And I don't know what I would not do for such a good lady."

During this harangue, Camilla, ashamed of her want of resolution, secretly vowed, that, if again left alone with him, she would not lose a moment in restoring him his liberty, that with dignity she might once more receive, or with fortitude for ever resign it. She thought herself, at this moment, capable of either; but she had only thought it, since his softened look and air had made her believe she had nothing to fear from the alternative.

Mrs. Mittin soon went, though her continued and unmeaning chatter made the short term of her stay appear long.

Each eager upon their own plan, both then involuntarily arose.

Camilla spoke first. "I have something," she cried, "to say," but her voice became so husky, the inarticulate sounds died away unheard, and blushing at so feeble an opening, she strove, under the auspices of a cough, to disguise that she had spoken at all, for the purpose of beginning, in a more striking manner, again.

This succeeded with Edgar at this moment, for he had heard her voice, not her words: he began, therefore, himself. "This good lady," he said, "seems bit with the rage of obliging, though not, I think, so heroically, as much to injure her interest. But surely she flatters herself with somewhat too high a recompence? The heart of Mrs. Berlington is not, I fancy, framed for such a conqueror. But how, at the same time, is it possible conversation such as this should be heard under her roof? And how can it have come to pass that such a person—"

"Talk of her," interrupted Camilla, recovering her
her

her breath, "some other time. Let me now inquire—have you burnt—I hope so!—those foolish letters—I put into your hands?"

The countenance of Edgar was instantly overclouded. The mention of those letters brought fresh to his heart the bitterest, the most excruciating and intolerable pang it had ever experienced; it brought Camilla to his view no longer artless, pure, and single-minded, but engaged to, or trifling with, one man, while seriously accepting another. "No, madam," he solemnly said, "I have not presumed so far. Their answers are not likely to meet with so violent a death, and it seemed to me that one part of the correspondence should be preserved for the elucidation of the other."

Camilla felt stung by this reply, and tremulously answered, "Give me them back, then, if you please, and I will take care to see them all demolished together, in the same flames. Meanwhile—"

"Are you sure," interrupted Edgar, "such a conflagration will be permitted? Does the man live who would have the philosophy—the insensibility I must rather style it—ever to resign, after once possessing, marks so distinguishing of esteem? O, Camilla! I, at least, could not be that man!"

Cut to the soul by this question, which, though softened by the last phrase, she deemed severely cruel, she hastily exclaimed: "Philosophy I have no right to speak of—but as to insensibility—who is the man that ever more can surprise me by its display? Let me take, however, this opportunity—"

A footman opening the door, said, his lady had sent to beg an answer to her letter.

Camilla, in whom anger was momentary, but the love of justice permanent, rejoiced at an interruption which prevented her from speaking, with pique and displeasure, a sentence that must lose all its purpose if not uttered with mildness. She would write, she said immediately; and, bidding the man get her pen and ink, went to the window to read her letter; with a formal bow of apology to Edgar as she passed him.

"I have

"I have made you angry?" cried he, when the man was gone; "and I hate myself to have caused you a moment's pain. But you must feel for me, Camilla, in the wound you have inflicted! you know not the disorder of mind produced by a sudden, unlooked for transition from felicity to perplexity,—from serenity to misery!—"

Camilla felt touched, yet continued reading, or rather rapidly repeating to herself the words of her letter, without comprehending, or even seeking to comprehend, the meaning of one sentence.

He found himself quite unequal to enduring her displeasure; his own, all his cautions, all Dr. Marchmont's advice, were forgotten; and tenderly following her, "Have I offended," he cried, "past forgiveness? Is Camilla immovable? and is the journey from which I fondly hoped to date the renewal of every hope, the termination of every doubt, the period of all suffering and sorrow—"

He stopt abruptly, from the entrance of the servant with pen and ink, and the interruption was critical: it called him to his self-command: he stammered out that he would not impede her writing; and, though in palpable confusion, took his leave: yet, at the street-door, he gave a ticket with his name, to the servant who attended him, for Mrs. Berlington: and, with his best respects, desired she might be told he should do himself the honour to endeavour to see her in the evening.

The recollection of Edgar came too late to his aid to answer its intended purpose. The tender avowal which had escaped him to Camilla, of the view of his journey, had first with astonishment struck her ear, and next with quick enchantment vibrated to her heart, which again it speedily taught to beat with its pristine vivacity; and joy, spirit, and confidence expelled in a breath all guests but themselves.